BVTLER.

An Elephant from one of those
Two mighty armies is broke loose

Vol. II. Elephant in the Moon.

Painted by H. Singleton *Engraved by P. H. Tomkins.*

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THE

WORKS

OF THE

BRITISH POETS;

INCLUDING THE MOST ESTEEMED

TRANSLATIONS

FROM

The Greek and Roman Authors.

COLLATED WITH THE BEST EDITIONS:

BY

THOMAS PARK, F.S.A.

VOL. V.

CONTAINING

THE THIRD VOLUME OF BUTLER, AND
THE FIRST VOLUME OF DRYDEN.

LONDON:

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AND SUTTABY, EVANCE, AND FOX, STATIONERS'
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1818.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF *SAMUEL BUTLER.*

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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BY

THOMAS PARK, F.S.A.

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PREFACE.

It would be very unjust to the memory of a writer so much and so justly esteemed as Butler, to suppose it necessary to make any formal apology for the publication of these Remains. Whatever is the genuine performance of a genius of his class, cannot fail of recommending itself to every reader of taste; and all that can be required from the Publisher is to satisfy the world, that it is not imposed upon by false and spurious pretensions.

This has already been attempted in the printed proposals for the subscription; but as the perishing form of a loose paper seems too frail a monument to preserve a testimony of so much importance, it cannot, I hope, be judged impertinent to repeat the substance of what I observed upon that occasion, that the manuscripts, from which this work is printed, are Butler's own hand-writing; as evidently appears from some original letters of his found amongst them: that, upon his death, they fell into the hands of his good friend Mr. W. Longueville, of the Temple; who (as the writer of Butler's life informs us) was at the charge of burying him; that, upon Mr. Longueville's decease, they became the property of his son, the late Charles Longueville, Esq. who bequeathed them, at his death, to John Clarke, Esq. and that this gentle-

man has been prevailed upon to part with them, and favoured me with an authority to insert the following certificate of their authenticity.

'I do hereby certify, that the papers now proposed to be published by Mr. Thyer, are the *original manuscripts* of Mr. Samuel Butler, author of Hudibras, and were bequeathed to me by the late Charles Longueville, Esq.

'Walgherton, Cheshire, Nov. 20, 1754. JOHN CLARKE.'

Although, from evidence of such a nature, there cannot remain the least doubt about the genuineness of this work, and it be very certain that every thing in it is the performance of Butler; yet it must be owned, at the same time, that there is not the same degree of perfection and exactness in all the compositions here printed. Some are finished with the utmost accuracy, and were fairly transcribed for the press, as far as can be judged from outward appearance: others, though finished, and wrote with the same spirit and peculiar vein of humour which distinguishes him from all other writers, seem as if, upon a second review, he would have retouched and amended in some little particulars; and some few are left unfinished, or at least parts of them are lost or perished. This acknowledgment I think due to the poet's character and memory; and necessary to bespeak that candid allowance from the reader, which the posthumous works of every writer have a just claim to.

It is, I know, a common observation, that it is doing injustice to a departed genius to publish fragments, or such pieces as he had not given the last

hand to. Without controverting the justness of this remark in general; one may, I think, venture to affirm, that it is not to be extended to every particular case, and that a writer of so extraordinary and uncommon a turn as the author of Hudibras is not to be included under it. It would be a piece of foolish fondness to purchase at a great expense, or preserve with a particular care, the unfinished works of every tolerable painter; and yet it is esteemed a mark of fine taste to procure, at almost any price, the rough sketches and half-formed designs of a Raphael, a Rembrandt, or any celebrated master. If the elegant remains of a Greek or Roman statuary, though maimed and defective, are thought worthy of a place in the cabinets of the polite admirers of antiquity; and the learned world thinks itself obliged to laborious critics for handing down to us the half-intelligible scraps of an ancient classic: no reason can, I think, be assigned, why a genius of more modern date should not be entitled to the same privilege; except we will absurdly and enthusiastically fancy, that time gives a value to writings, as well as to coins and medals. It may be added, too, that as Butler is not only excellent, but almost singular, too, in his manner of writing; every thing of his must acquire a proportionable degree of value and curiosity.

I shall not longer detain the reader from better entertainment, by indulging my own sentiments upon these *Remains;* and shall rather choose to wait for the judgment of the public, than impertinently to obtrude my own. It is enough for me, that I have faithfully discharged the office of an editor; and shall leave to future critics the pleasure

of criticising and remarking, approving or condemning. The notes which I have given, the reader will find to be only such as were necessary to let him into the author's meaning; by reciting and explaining some circumstances, not generally known, to which he alludes: and he cannot but observe, that many more might have been added, had I given way to a fondness for scribbling, too common upon such occasions.

Although my author stands in need of no apology for the appearance he is going to make in the following sheets; the world may probably think that the publisher does, for not permitting him to do it sooner. All that I have to say (and to persons of candour I need to say no more) is, that the delay has been owing to a bad state of health, and a consequent indisposition for a work of this nature; and not to indolence, or any selfish narrow views of my own.

THE

ELEPHANT IN THE MOON [1].

A LEARN'D society of late,
The glory of a foreign state,
Agreed, upon a summer's night,
To search the Moon by her own light;
To take an invent'ry of all
Her real estate, and personal;
And make an accurate survey
Of all her lands, and how they lay,
As true as that of Ireland [2], where
The sly surveyors stole a shire:
To' observe her country, how 'twas planted [3],
With what she' abounded most, or wanted;
And make the properest observations
For settling of new plantations,

[1] This poem was intended by the author for a satire upon the Royal Society, which according to his opinion at least, ran too much at that time, into the virtuosi taste, and a whimsical fondness for surprising and wonderful stories in natural history.

[2] A supposed satirical allusion to Sir William Petty, who was employed in taking a survey of Ireland in Cromwell's time; and was afterwards impeached, for mismanagement in the allotments of the Irish lands.

[3] Bishop Wilkin's wrote a discourse to prove, that the moon may be an habitable world.

If the Society should incline
To' attempt so glorious a design.
  This was the purpose of their meeting,
For which they chose a time as fitting,
When, at the full, her radiant light
And influence too were at their height.
And now the lofty tube, the scale
With which they heav'n itself assail,
Was mounted full against the Moon,
And all stood ready to fall on,
Impatient who should have the honour
To plant an ensign first upon her.
  When one, who for his deep belief
Was virtuoso then in chief[4],
Approv'd the most profound, and wise,
To solve impossibilities,
Advancing gravely, to apply
To the' optic glass his judging eye,
Cried, 'Strange!'—then reinforc'd his sight
Against the Moon with all his might,
And bent his penetrating brow,
As if he meant to gaze her through;
When all the rest began to' admire,
And, like a train, from him took fire;
Surpris'd with wonder, beforehand,
At what they did not understand,
Cried out, impatient to know what
The matter was, they wonder'd at.
  Quoth he, 'The' inhabitants o' th' Moon,
Who, when the sun shines hot at noon,
Do live in cellars under ground,
Of eight miles deep, and eighty round,

[4] William, Viscount Brownlow, then president of the Royal Society, is the person supposed.

(In which at once they fortify
Against the sun and th' enemy)
Which they count towns and cities there,
Because their people's civiler
Than those rude peasants, that are found
To live upon the upper ground,
Call'd Privolvans, with whom they are
Perpetually in open war;
And now both armies, highly' enrag'd,
Are in a bloody fight engag'd,
And many fall on both sides slain,
As by the glass 'tis clear and plain.
Look quickly then, that every one
May see the fight before 'tis done.'
With that a great philosopher,
Admir'd, and famous far and near,
As one of singular invention,
But universal comprehension,
Applied one eye, and half a nose,
Unto the optic engine close;
For he had lately undertook
To prove, and publish in a book,
That men, whose natural eyes are out,
May, by more powerful art, be brought
To see with the' empty holes, as plain
As if their eyes were in again;
And if they chanc'd to fail of those,
To make an optic of a nose,
As clearly' it may, by those that wear
But spectacles, be made appear,
By which both senses being' united,
Does render them much better sighted.
This great man, having fix'd both sights
To view the formidable fights,

Observ'd his best, and then cried out,
'The battle's desperately fought;
The gallant Subvolvani rally,
And from their trenches make a sally
Upon the stubborn enemy,
Who now begin to rout and fly.
'These silly ranting Privolvans,
Have every summer their campaigns,
And muster, like the warlike sons
Of Rawhead and of Bloodybones,
As numerous as soland geese
I' the' islands of the Orcades,
Courageously to make a stand,
And face their neighbours hand to hand,
Until the long'd-for winter's come,
And then return in triumph home,
And spend the rest o' the' year in lies,
And vapouring of their victories.
From the' old Arcadians they're believ'd
To be, before the Moon, deriv'd,
And when her orb was new created,
To people her were thence translated:
For as the' Arcadians were reputed
Of all the Grecians the most stupid,
Whom nothing in the world could bring
To civil life, but fiddling;
They still retain the antique course
And custom of their ancestors,
And always sing and fiddle to
Things of the greatest weight they do.'
While thus the learn'd man entertains
The' assembly with the Privolvans;
Another, of as great renown,
And solid judgment, in the Moon,

That understood her various soils,
And which produc'd best genet-moyles [5].
And in the register of fame
Had enter'd his long-living name;
After he had por'd long and hard
I' the' engine, gave a start, and star'd—
  Quoth he, 'A stranger sight appears
Than e'er was seen in all the spheres;
A wonder more unparallel'd,
Than ever mortal tube beheld;
An Elephant from one of those
Two mighty armies is broke loose,
And with the horror of the fight
Appears amaz'd, and in a fright:
Look quickly, lest the sight of us
Should cause the started beast to' imboss [6].
It is a large one, far more great
Than e'er was bred in Afric yet,
From which we boldly may infer,
The Moon is much the fruitfuller.
And since the mighty Pyrrhus brought
Those living castles first, 'tis thought,
Against the Romans, in the field;
It may an argument be held
(Arcadia being but a piece,
As his dominions were, of Greece)
To prove what this illustrious person
Has made so noble a discourse on,
And amply satisfied us all
Of the' Privolvans' original.

[5] John Evelyn, Esq. F. R. S. wrote a treatise called Pomona, in which (speaking of the best sort of cider-apples) he says, 'Some commend the fox-whelp; and the gennet-moyle was once preferred to the very red-streak,' &c.

[6] To imboss, is to hide himself, or run into cover.

That Elephants are in the Moon,
Though we had now discover'd none,
Is easily made manifest;
Since, from the greatest to the least,
All other stars and constellations
Have cattle of all sorts of nations;
And heaven, like a Tartar's horde,
With great and numerous droves is stor'd:
And if the Moon produce by Nature,
A people of so vast a stature,
'Tis consequent she should bring forth
Far greater beasts, too, than the earth,
(As by the best accounts appears
Of all our great'st discoverers)
And that those monstrous creatures there
Are not such rarities as here.'
  Meanwhile the rest had had a sight
Of all particulars o' th' fight,
And every man, with equal care,
Perus'd of the' Elephant his share,
Proud of his interest in the glory
Of so miraculous a story;
When one, who for his excellence
In heightening words and shadowing sense,
And magnifying all he writ
With curious microscopic wit,
Was magnified himself no less
In home and foreign colleges,
Began (transported with the twang
Of his own trillo) thus to' harangue.
  ' Most excellent and vertuous friends,
This great discovery makes amends
For all our unsuccessful pains,
And lost expense of time and brains:

For, by this sole phænomenon,
We 've gotten ground upon the Moon,
And gain'd a pass, to hold dispute
With all the planets that stand out;
To carry this most vertuous war
Home to the door of every star,
And plant the' artillery of our tubes
Against their proudest magnitudes;
To stretch our victories beyond
The' extent of planetary ground,
And fix our engines, and our ensigns,
Upon the fixt stars' vast dimensions,
(Which Archimede, so long ago,
Durst not presume to wish to do)
And prove, if they are other suns,
(As some have held opinions,)
Or windows in the' empyreum,
From whence those bright effluvias come
Like flames of fire (as others guess)
That shine i' the mouths of furnaces.
Nor is this all we have achiev'd,
But more, henceforth to be believ'd,
And have no more our best designs,
Because they're ours, believ'd ill signs.
To' out-throw, and stretch, and to enlarge,
Shall now no more be laid t' our charge;
Nor shall our ablest vertuosis
Prove arguments for coffee-houses;
Nor those devices, that are laid
Too truly on us, nor those made
Hereafter, gain belief among
Our strictest judges, right or wrong;
Nor shall our past misfortunes more
Be charg'd upon the ancient score;

No more our making old dogs young
Make men suspect us still i' th' wrong;
Nor new-invented chariots draw
The boys to course us, without law;
Nor putting pigs to' a bitch to nurse,
To turn 'em into mongrel-curs,
Make them suspect our skulls are brittle,
And hold too much wit, or too little;
Nor shall our speculations, whether
An elder-stick will save the leather
Of schoolboys' breeches from the rod,
Make all we do appear as odd.
This one discovery's enough
To take all former scandals off—
But since the world's incredulous
Of all our scrutinies, and us;
And with a prejudice prevents
Our best and worst experiments,
(As if they' were destin'd to miscarry,
In concert tried, or solitary,)
And since it is uncertain when
Such wonders will occur again;
Let us as cautiously contrive
To draw an exact Narrative
Of what we every one can swear
Our eyes themselves have seen appear;
That when we publish the account,
We all may take our oaths upon't.'
This said, they all with one consent
Agreed to draw up th' instrument;
And, for the general satisfaction,
To print it in the next Transaction.
But whilst the chiefs were drawing up
This strange Memoir o' th' telescope,

One, peeping in the tube by chance,
Beheld the Elephant advance,
And from the west side of the Moon
To the' east was in a moment gone.
  This being related, gave a stop
To what the rest were drawing up;
And every man, amaz'd anew
How it could possibly be true,
That any beast should run a race
So monstrous, in so short a space,
Resolv'd, howe'er, to make it good,
At least as possible as he could,
And rather his own eyes condemn,
Than question what he 'ad seen with them.
  While all were thus resolv'd, a man
Of great renown there, thus began—
' 'Tis strange, I grant; but who can say
What cannot be, what can, and may?
Especially' at so hugely vast
A distance as this wonder's plac'd,
Where the least error of the sight
May show things false, but never right;
Nor can we try them, so far off,
By any sublunary proof:
For who can say that Nature there
Has the same laws she goes by here?
Nor is it like she has infus'd,
In every species there produc'd,
The same efforts she does confer
Upon the same productions here;
Since those with us, of several nations,
Have such prodigious variations,
And she affects so much to use
Variety in all she does.

Hence may b' infer'd that, though I grant
We 'ave seen i' the' Moon an Elephant,
That Elephant may differ so
From those upon the earth below,
Both in his bulk, and force, and speed,
As being of a different breed,
That though our own are but slow-pac'd,
Theirs there may fly, or run as fast,
And yet be Elephants, no less
Than those of Indian pedigrees.'
  This said, another of great worth,
Fam'd for his learned works put forth,
Look'd wise, then said—' All this is true,
And learnedly observ'd by you;
But there's another reason for't,
That falls but very little short
Of mathematic demonstration,
Upon an accurate calculation,
And that is—As the earth and moon
Do both move contrary upon
Their axes, the rapidity
Of both their motions cannot be
But so prodigiously fast,
That vaster spaces may be past
In less time than the beast has gone,
Though he 'ad no motion of his own,
Which we can take no measure of,
As you have clear'd by learned proof.
This granted, we may boldly thence
Lay claim to' a nobler inference,
And make this great phænomenon
(Were there no other) serve alone
To clear the grand hypothesis
Of the' motion of the earth from this.'

With this they all were satisfied,
(As men are wont o' the' bias'd side)
Applauded the profound dispute,
And grew more gay and resolute,
By having overcome all doubt,
Than if it never had fall'n out:
And, to complete their Narrative,
Agreed to' insert this strange retrieve.
But while they were diverted all
With wording the Memorial,
The footboys, for diversion too,
As having nothing else to do,
Seeing the telescope at leisure,
Turn'd vertuosis for their pleasure;
Began to gaze upon the Moon,
As those they waited on had done,
With monkey's ingenuity,
That love to practise what they see;
When one, whose turn it was to peep,
Saw something in the engine creep,
And, viewing well, discover'd more
Than all the learn'd had done before;
Quoth he, 'A little thing is slunk
Into the long star-gazing trunk,
And now is gotten down so nigh,
I have him just against mine eye.'
This being overheard by one
Who was not so far overgrown
In any vertuous speculation,
To judge with mere imagination;
Immediately he made a guess
At solving all appearances,
A way far more significant
Than all their hints of the' Elephant,

And found, upon a second view,
His own hypothesis most true;
For he had scarce applied his eye
To the' engine, but immediately
He found a Mouse was gotten in
The hollow tube, and, shut between
The two glass windows in restraint,
Was swell'd into an Elephant;
And prov'd the vertuous occasion
Of all this learned dissertation:
And, as a mountain heretofore
Was great with child, they say, and bore
A silly mouse; this mouse, as strange,
Brought forth a mountain in exchange.
  Meanwhile the rest in consultation
Had pen'd the wonderful Narration,
And set their hands, and seals, and wit,
To' attest the truth of what they 'ad writ,
When this accurs'd phænomenon
Confounded all they 'ad said or done:
For 'twas no sooner hinted at,
But they' all were in a tumult straight,
More furiously enrag'd by far,
Than those that in the Moon made war,
To find so admirable a hint,
When they had all agreed to' have seen't,
And were engag'd to make it out,
Obstructed with a paltry doubt:
When one, whose task was to determine
And solve the' appearances of vermin,
Who 'ad made profound discoveries
In frogs, and toads, and rats, and mice,
(Though not so curious, 'tis true,
As many a wise rat-catcher knew)

After he had with signs made way
For something great he had to say:
————' This disquisition
Is, half of it, in my discission;
For though the Elephant, as beast,
Belongs of right to all the rest,
The Mouse, being but a vermin, none
Has title to, but I alone;
And therefore hope I may be heard,
In my own province, with regard.
' It is no wonder we 're cried down,
And made the talk of all the Town,
That rants and swears, for all our great
Attempts, we have done nothing yet,
If every one have leave to doubt,
When some great secret's half made out;
And, 'cause perhaps it is not true,
Obstruct, and ruin all we do.
As no great act was ever done,
Nor ever can, with truth alone,
If nothing else but truth we' allow,
'Tis no great matter what we do:
For Truth is too reserv'd, and nice,
To' appear in mix'd societies;
Delights in solit'ry abodes,
And never shows herself in crowds;
A sullen little thing, below
All matters of pretence and show;
That deal in novelty and change,
Not of things true, but rare and strange,
To treat the world with what is fit,
And proper to its natural wit;
The world, that never sets esteem
On what things are, but what they seem;

And if they be not strange and new,
They 're ne'er the better for b'ing true.
For what has mánkind gain'd by knowing
His little truth, but his undoing,
Which wisely was by Nature hidden,
And only for his good forbidden?
And therefore with great prudence does
The world still strive to keep it close;
For if all secret truths were known,
Who would not be once more undone?
For truth has always danger in't,
And here, perhaps, may cross some hint
We have already' agreed upon,
And vainly frustrate all we 'ave done;
Only to make new work for Stubbs[7],
And all the academic clubs.
How much, then, ought we have a care
That no man know above his share,
Nor dare to understand, henceforth,
More than his contribution's worth;
That those who 'ave purchas'd of the college
A share, or half a share, of knowledge,
And brought in none, but spent repute,
Should not be' admitted to dispute,
Nor any man pretend to know
More than his dividend comes to?
For partners have been always known
To cheat their public interest prone;
And if we do not look to ours,
'Tis sure to run the self-same course.'

[7] Henry Stubbes, a physician at Warwick, published a book entitled, 'Legends no Histories; or a Specimen of some Animadversions upon the History of the Royal Society,' 1670.

This said, the whole assembly' allow'd
The doctrine to be right and good,
And, from the truth of what they 'ad heard,
Resolv'd to give Truth no regard,
But what was for their turn to vouch,
And either find, or make it such:
That 'twas more noble to create
Things like Truth, out of strong conceit,
Than with vexatious pains and doubt
To find, or think to' have found, her out.
This being resolv'd, they, one by one,
Review'd the tube, the Mouse, and Moon;
But still the narrower they pry'd
The more they were unsatisfy'd,
In no one thing they saw agreeing,
As if they 'ad several faiths of seeing.
Some swore, upon a second view,
That all they 'd seen before was true,
And that they never would recant
One syllable of the' Elephant;
Avow'd his snout could be no Mouse's,
But a true Elephant's proboscis.
Others began to doubt and waver,
Uncertain which o' the' two to favour,
And knew not whether to espouse
The cause of the' Elephant or Mouse.
Some held no way so orthodox
To try it, as the ballot-box;
And, like the nation's patriots,
To find, or make, the truth by votes:
Others conceiv'd it much more fit
To' unmount the tube, and open it,
And, for their private satisfaction,
To re-examine the Transaction,

And after explicate the rest,
As they should find cause for the best.
  To this, as the' only expedient,
The whole assembly gave consent;
But ere the tube was half let down,
It clear'd the first phænomenon:
For, at the end, prodigious swarms
Of flies and gnats, like men in arms,
Had all past muster, by mischance,
Both for the Sub- and Privolvans.
This being discover'd, put them all
Into a fresh and fiercer brawl,
Asham'd that men so grave and wise
Should be Chaldes'd by gnats and flies,
And take the feeble insects' swarms
For mighty troops of men at arms;
As vain as those who, when the Moon
Bright in a crystal river shone,
Threw casting-nets as subtly at her,
To catch and pull her out o' the water.
  But when they had unscrew'd the glass,
To find out where the' impostor was,
And saw the Mouse, that, by mishap,
Had made the telescope a trap;
Amaz'd, confounded, and afflicted,
To be so openly convicted,
Immediately they get them gone,
With this discovery alone;—
That those who greedily pursue [8]
Things wonderful, instead of true;

[8] From his moral application of the whole, it may be observed that the Poet's real intention, in this satire, was not to ridicule real and useful philosophy, but only that conceited and whimsical taste for the marvellous and surprising, which hath prevailed so much among the learned of all ages.

That in their speculations choose
To make discoveries strange news,
And natural hist'ry a Gazette
Of tales stupendous and far-fet;
Hold no truth worthy to be known
That is not huge and overgrown,
And explicate appearances,
Not as they are, but as they please,
In vain strive nature to suborn,
And, for their pains, are paid with scorn.

THE ELEPHANT IN THE MOON.

IN LONG VERSE [1].

A VERTUOUS, learn'd Society, of late
The pride and glory of a foreign state,
Made an agreement, on a summer's night,
To search the Moon at full by her own light;
To take a perfect invent'ry of all
Her real fortunes, or her personal,
And make a geometrical survey
Of all her lands, and how her country lay,
As accurate as that of Ireland, where
The sly surveyor's said to' have sunk a shire:
To' observe her country's climate, how 'twas planted,
And what she most abounded with, or wanted;
And draw maps of her properest situations
For settling, and erecting new plantations,

[1] After the Author had finished this story in short verse, he took it in his head to attempt it in long. That this was composed after the other is manifest (said Mr. Thyer) from its being wrote opposite to it upon a vacant part of the same paper.

If ever the Society should incline
To' attempt so great and glorious a design:
[A task in vain, unless the German Kepler[2]
Had found out a discovery to people her,
And stock her country with inhabitants
Of military men and Elephants:
For the' Ancients only took her for a piece
Of red-hot iron as big as Peloponnese,
Till he appear'd; for which, some write, she sent
Upon his tribe as strange a punishment.]
This was the only purpose of their meeting,
For which they chose a time and place most fitting,
When, at the full, her equal shares of light
And influence were at their greatest height.
And now the lofty telescope, the scale,
By which they venture Heav'n itself to' assail,
Was rais'd, and planted full against the Moon,
And all the rest stood ready to fall on;
Impatient who should bear away the honour
To plant an ensign, first of all, upon her.
When one, who for his solid deep belief
Was chosen vertuoso then in chief,
Had been approv'd the most profound and wise
At solving all impossibilities,
With gravity advancing, to' apply
To the' optic glass his penetrating eye,
Cried out, 'O strange!' then reinforc'd his sight
Against the Moon with all his art and might,
And bent the muscles of his pensive brow,
As if he meant to stare and gaze her through,

[2] This and the following verses, to the end of the paragraph, are not in the foregoing composition; and are distinguished, as well as the rest of the same kind, by being printed between brackets.

While all the rest began as much to' admire,
And, like a powder-train, from him took fire,
Surpris'd with dull amazement beforehand,
At what they would, but could not understand,
And grew impatient to discover what
The matter was they so much wonder'd at.
  Quoth he, 'The old inhabitants of the Moon,
Who, when the sun shines hottest about noon,
Are wont to live in cellars under ground,
Of eight miles deep, and more than eighty round,
In which at once they use to fortify
Against the sun-beams and the enemy,
Are counted borough-towns and cities there,
Because the' inhabitants are civiller
Than those rude country peasants that are found,
Like mountaineers, to live on the' upper ground,
Nam'd Privolvans, with whom the others are
Perpetually in state of open war.
And now both armies, mortally enrag'd,
Are in a fierce and bloody fight engag'd,
And many fall on both sides kill'd and slain,
As by the telescope 'tis clear and plain.
Look in it quickly then, that every one
May see his share before the battle's done.
  At this a famous great philosopher,
Admir'd, and celebrated, far and near,
As one of wondrous singular invention,
And equal universal comprehension;
[By which he had compos'd a pedlar's jargon,
For all the world to learn, and use in bargain,
An universal canting idiom,
To understand the swinging pendulum,
And to communicate, in all designs,
With the' Eastern vertuosi mandarines,]

Applied an optic nerve, and half a nose,
To the' end and centre of the engine, close:
For he had very lately undertook
To vindicate, and publish in a book,
That men, whose native eyes are blind, or out,
May by more admirable art be brought
To see with empty holes, as well and plain
As if their eyes had been put in again.
This great man, therefore, having fix'd his sight
To' observe the bloody formidable fight,
Consider'd carefully, and then cried out,
' 'Tis true, the battle's desperately fought;
The gallant Subvolvans begin to rally,
And from their trenches valiantly sally,
To fall upon the stubborn enemy,
Who fearfully begin to rout and fly.
These paltry domineering Privolvans
Have, every summer-season, their campaigns,
And muster, like the military sons
Of Rawhead and victorious Bloodybones,
As great and numerous as soland geese
I' the' summer-islands of the Orcades,
Courageously to make a dreadful stand,
And boldly face their neighbours hand to hand,
Until the peaceful, long'd-for winter's come,
And then disband, and march in triumph home,
And spend the rest of all the year in lies,
And vapouring of their unknown victories.
From the' old Arcadians they have been believ'd
To be, before the Moon herself, deriv'd;
And, when her orb was first of all created,
To be from thence, to people her, translated:
For as those people had been long reputed,
Of all the Peloponnesians the most stupid,

Whom nothing in the world could ever bring
To' endure the civil life but fiddling,
They ever since retain the antique course,
And native frenzy of their ancestors,
And always use to sing and fiddle to
Things of the most important weight they do.'
While thus the vertuoso entertains
The whole assembly with the Privolvans,
Another sophist, but of less renown,
Though longer observation of the Moon,
That understood the difference of her soils,
And which produc'd the fairest genet-moyles,
[But for an unpaid weekly shilling's pension
Had fin'd for wit, and judgment, and invention,]
Who, after poring tedious and hard
In the' optic engine, gave a start, and star'd,
And thus began—' A stranger sight appears
Than ever yet was seen in all the spheres;
A greater wonder, more unparallel'd
Than ever mortal tube or eye beheld;
A mighty Elephant from one of those
Two fighting armies is at length broke loose,
And with the desperate horror of the fight
Appears amaz'd, and in a dreadful fright:
Look quickly, lest the only sight of us
Should cause the startled creature to imboss.
It is a large one, and appears more great
Than ever was produc'd in Afric yet;
From which we confidently may infer,
The Moon appears to be the fruitfuller.
And since, of old, the mighty Pyrrhus brought
Those living castles first of all, 'tis thought,
Against the Roman army in the field,
It may a valid argument be held,

(The same Arcadia being but a piece,
As his dominions were, of antique Greece)
To vindicate what this illustrious person
Has made so learn'd and noble a discourse on,
And giv'n us ample satisfaction all
Of the' ancient Privolvan's original.
' That Elephants are really in the Moon,
Although our fortune had discover'd none,
Is easily made plain, and manifest,
Since from the greatest orbs, down to the least,
All other globes of stars and constellations
Have cattle in 'em of all sorts and nations,
And Heaven, like a northern Tartar's horde,
With numerous and mighty droves is stor'd:
And if the Moon can but produce by Nature
A people of so large and vast a stature,
'Tis more than probable, she should bring forth
A greater breed of beasts, too, than the earth;
As by the best accounts we have, appears
Of all our crediblest discoverers,
And that those vast and monstrous creatures there
Are not such far-fet rarities as here.'
Meanwhile, the' assembly now had had a sight,
Of all distinct particulars o' the' fight,
And every man, with diligence and care,
Perus'd and view'd of the' Elephant his share,
Proud of his equal interest in the glory
Of so stupendous and renown'd a story;
When one, who for his fame and excellence
In heightening words and shadowing of sense,
And magnifying all he ever writ
With delicate and microscopic wit,
Had long been magnified himself no less
In foreign and domestic colleges,

Began at last (transported with the twang
Of his own elocution) thus to' harangue:
'Most vertuous and incomparable Friends,
This great discovery fully makes amends
For all our former unsuccessful pains,
And lost expenses of our time and brains;
For by this admirable phænomenon,
We now have gotten ground upon the Moon,
And gain'd a pass to' engage and hold dispute
With all the other planets that stand out,
And carry on this brave and vertuous war
Home to the door of the' obstinatest star,
And plant the' artillery of our optic tubes
Against the proudest of their magnitudes;
To stretch our future victories beyond
The uttermost of planetary ground,
And plant our warlike engines, and our ensigns,
Upon the fix'd stars' spacious dimensions,
To prove if they are other sons or not,
As some philosophers have wisely thought,
Or only windows in the' empyreum,
Through which those bright effluvias use to come
Which Archimede, so many years ago,
Durst never venture but—to wish to know.
Nor is this all that we have now achiev'd,
But greater things!—henceforth to be believ'd;
And have no more our best or worst designs,
Because they 're ours, suspected for ill signs.
To' out-throw, and magnify, and to enlarge,
Shall, henceforth, be no more laid to our charge;
Nor shall our best and ablest vertuosis
Prove arguments again for coffee-houses;
[Nor little stories gain belief among
Our criticallest judges, right or wrong:]

Nor shall our new-invented chariots draw
The boys to course us in 'em without law;
[Make chips of elms produce the largest trees,
Or sowing saw-dust furnish nurseries:
No more our heading darts (a swinging one!)
With butter only harden'd in the sun;
Or men that use to whistle loud enough
To' be heard by others plainly five miles off,
Cause all the rest, we own and have avow'd,
To be believ'd as desperately loud.]
Nor shall our future speculations, whether
An elder-stick will render all the leather
Of schoolboys' breeches proof against the rod,
Make all we undertake appear as odd.
This one discovery will prove enough
To take all past and future scandals off:
But since the world is so incredulous
Of all our usual scrutinies and us,
And with a constant prejudice prevents
Our best as well as worst experiments,
As if they were all destin'd to miscarry,
As well in concert tried as solitary;
And that the' assembly is uncertain when
Such great discoveries will occur again,
'Tis reas'nable we should, at least, contrive
To draw up as exact a Narrative
Of that which every man of us can swear
Our eyes themselves have plainly seen appear,
That when 'tis fit to publish the account,
We all may take our several oaths upon't.'
This said, the whole assembly gave consent
To drawing up the' authentic instrument,
And, for the nation's general satisfaction,
To print and own it in their next Transaction:

But while their ablest men were drawing up
The wonderful Memoir o' th' telescope,
A member peeping in the tube by chance,
Beheld the Elephant begin to advance,
That from the west-by-north side of the Moon
To the' east-by-south was in a moment gone.
This being related, gave a sudden stop
To all their grandees had been drawing up,
And every person was amaz'd a-new,
How such a strange surprisal should be true,
Or any beast perform so great a race,
So swift and rapid, in so short a space,
Resolv'd, as suddenly, to make it good,
Or render all as fairly as they cou'd,
And rather chose their own eyes to condemn,
Than question what they had beheld with them.
While every one was thus resolv'd, a man
Of great esteem and credit thus began:
' 'Tis strange, I grant; but who, alas! can say
What cannot be, or justly can, and may?
Especially' at so hugely wide and vast
A distance, as this miracle is plac'd;
Where the least error of the glass, or sight,
May render things amiss, but never right?
Nor can we try them, when they're so far off,
By any equal sublunary proof:
For who can justify, that Nature there
Is tied to the same laws she acts by here;
Nor is it probable she has infus'd
Int' every species in the Moon produc'd,
The same efforts she uses to confer
Upon the very same productions here;
Since those upon the earth, of several nations,
Are found t' have such prodigious variations,

And she affects so constantly to use
Variety in every thing she does.
From hence may be infer'd that, though I grant
We have beheld i' the' Moon an Elephant,
That Elephant may chance to differ so
From those with us upon the earth below,
Both in his bulk, as well as force and speed,
As being of a different kind and breed,
That though 'tis true our own are but slow-pac'd,
Theirs there, perhaps, may fly, or run as fast,
And yet be very Elephants, no less
Than those deriv'd from Indian families.'
This said, another member of great worth,
Fam'd for the learned works he had put forth,
[In which the mannerly and modest author
Quotes the Right Worshipful his elder brother,]
Look'd wise a while, then said—' All this is true,
And very learnedly observ'd by you;
But there's another nobler reason for't,
That, rightly' observ'd, will fall but little short
Of solid mathematic demonstration,
Upon a full and perfect calculation;
And that is only this—As the' earth and moon
Do constantly move contrary upon
Their several axes, the rapidity
Of both their motions cannot fail to be
So violent, and naturally fast,
That larger distances may well be pass'd
In less time than the Elephant has gone,
Although he had no motion of his own,
Which we on earth can take no measure of,
As you have made it evident by proof.
This granted, we may confidently hence
Claim title to another inference,

And make this wonderful phænomenon
(Were there no other) serve our turn alone
To vindicate the grand hypothesis,
And prove the motion of the earth from this.
  This said, the' assembly now was satisfied,
As men are soon upon the bias'd side;
With great applause receiv'd the' admir'd dispute,
And grew more gay, and brisk, and resolute,
By having (right or wrong) remov'd all doubt,
Than if the' occasion never had fall'n out;
Resolving to complete their Narrative,
And punctually insert this strange retrieve.
  But while their grandees were diverted all
With nicely wording the Memorial,
The foot-boys, for their own diversion, too,
As having nothing, now, at all to do,
And when they saw the telescope at leisure,
Turn'd vertuosis, only for their pleasure,
[With drills' and monkeys' ingenuity,
That take delight to practise all they see,]
Began to stare and gaze upon the Moon,
As those, they waited on, before had done:
When one, whose turn it was by chance to peep,
Saw something in the lofty engine creep,
And, viewing carefully, discover'd more
Than all their masters hit upon before.
Quoth he, 'O strange! a little thing is slunk
On the' inside of the long star-gazing trunk;
And now is gotten down so low and nigh
I have him here directly 'gainst mine eye.'
  This chancing to be overheard by one
Who was, not yet, so hugely overgrown
In any philosophic observation,
As to conclude with mere imagination;

And yet he made immediately a guess
At fully solving all appearances
A plainer way, and more significant
Than all their hints had prov'd o' the' Elephant,
And quickly found, upon a second view,
His own conjecture, probably, most true;
For he no sooner had applied his eye
To the' optic engine, but immediately
He found a small field-mouse was gotten in
The hollow telescope, and shut between
The two glass-windows, closely in restraint,
Was magnified into an Elephant,
And prov'd the happy vertuous occasion
Of all this deep and learned dissertation.
And as a mighty mountain heretofore,
Is said to' have been begot with child, and bore
A silly mouse; this captive mouse, as strange,
Produc'd another mountain in exchange.
  Meanwhile the grandees, long in consultation,
Had finish'd the miraculous Narration,
And set their hands, and seals, and sense, and wit,
To' attest and vouch the truth of all they 'd writ,
When this unfortunate phænomenon
Confounded all they had declar'd and done:
For 'twas no sooner told and hinted at,
But all the rest were in a tumult straight,
More hot and furiously enrag'd by far,
Than both the hosts that in the moon made war,
To find so rare and admirable a hint,
When they had all agreed and sworn to' have seen't,
And had engag'd themselves to make it out,
Obstructed with a wretched paltry doubt.
When one, whose only task was to determine
And solve the worst appearances of vermin,

Who oft' had made profound discoveries,
In frogs and toads, as well as rats and mice,
(Though not so curious and exact, 'tis true,
As many an exquisite rat-catcher knew)
After he had a while with signs made way
For something pertinent he had to say,
At last prevail'd—Quoth he, 'This disquisition
Is, the one half of it, in my discission;
For though 'tis true the Elephant, as beast,
Belongs, of natural right, to all the rest;
The Mouse, that's but a paltry vermin, none
Can claim a title to but I alone;
And therefore humbly hope I may be heard,
In my own province, freely with regard.
'It is no wonder that we are cried down,
And made the table-talk of all the Town,
That rants and vapours still, for all our great
Designs and projects, we 'ave done nothing yet;
If every one have liberty to doubt,
When some great secret's more than half made out,
Because, perhaps, it will not hold out true,
And put a stop to all we' attempt to do.
As no great action ever has been done,
Nor ever's like to be, by Truth alone,
If nothing else but only truth we' allow,
'Tis no great matter what we' intend to do;
[For truth is always too reserv'd and chaste,
To' endure to be by all the Town embrac'd;
A solitary anchorite, that dwells
Retir'd from all the world, in obscure cells,]
Disdains all great assemblies, and defies
The press and crowd of mix'd societies,
That use to deal in novelty and change,
Not of things true, but great, and rare, and strange,

To entertain the world with what is fit
And proper for its genius and its wit;
The world that's never found to set esteem
On what things are, but what they' appear and seem;
And if they are not wonderful and new,
They're ne'er the better for their being true.
[For what is truth, or knowledge, but a kind
Of wantonness and luxury o' th' mind,
A greediness and gluttony o' the brain,
That longs to eat forbidden fruit again,
And grows more desperate, like the worst diseases
Upon the nobler part (the mind) it seizes?]
And what has mankind ever gain'd by knowing
His little truths, unless his own undoing,
That prudently by Nature had been hidden,
And, only for his greater good, forbidden?
And therefore with as great discretion does
The world endeavour still to keep it close:
For if the secrets of all truths were known,
Who would not, once more, be as much undone?
For truth is never without danger in't,
As here it has depriv'd us of a hint
The whole assembly had agreed upon,
And utterly defeated all we 'ad done,
[By giving foot-boys leave to interpose,
And disappoint whatever we propose:]
For nothing but to cut out work for Stubbs,
And all the busy academic clubs,
[For which they have deserv'd to run the risks
Of elder-sticks, and penitential frisks.]
How much, then, ought we have a special care
That none presume to know above his share,
Nor take upon him to' understand, henceforth,
More than his weekly contribution's worth;

That all those that have purchas'd of the college
A half, or but a quarter share, of knowledge,
And brought none in themselves, but spent repute,
Should never be admitted to dispute;
Nor any member undertake to know
More than his equal dividend comes to?
For partners have perpetually been known
To' impose upon their public interest prone;
And if we have not greater care of ours,
It will be sure to run the self-same course.'
This said, the whole Society allow'd
The doctrine to be orthodox and good,
And from the' apparent truth of what they 'ad heard,
Resolv'd, henceforth, to give Truth no regard;
But what was for their interests to vouch,
And either find it out, or make it such:
That 'twas more admirable to create
Inventions, like truth, out of strong conceit,
Than with vexatious study, pains, and doubt,
To find, or but suppose to' have found, it out.
This being resolv'd, the' assembly, one by one,
Review'd the tube, the Elephant, and Moon;
But still the more and curiouser they pry'd,
They but became the more unsatisfy'd:
In no one thing they gaz'd upon, agreeing,
As if they 'ad different principles of seeing.
Some boldly swore, upon a second view,
That all they had beheld before was true,
And damn'd themselves, they never would recant
One syllable they had seen of the' Elephant;
Avow'd his shape and snout could be no Mouse's,
But a true natural Elephant's proboscis.
Others began to doubt as much, and waver,
Uncertain which to disallow or favour:

[Until they had as many cross resolves,
As Irishmen that have been turn'd to wolves,]
And grew distracted whether to espouse
The party of the Elephant or Mouse.
Some held there was no way so orthodox,
As to refer it to the ballot-box,
And, like some other nation's patriots,
To find it out, or make the truth, by votes:
Others were of opinion 'twas more fit
To' unmount the telescope and open it,
And, for their own and all men's satisfaction,
To search and re-examine the Transaction;
And afterward to explicate the rest,
As they should see occasion for the best.
  To this, at length, as th' only expedient,
The whole assembly freely gave consent;
But ere the optic tube was half let down,
Their own eyes clear'd the first phænomenon:
For at the upper end, prodigious swarms
Of busy flies and gnats, like men in arms,
Had all past muster in the glass by chance,
For both the Peri and the Subvolvans.
  This being discover'd, once more put them all
Into a worse and desperater brawl;
Surpris'd with shame, that men so grave and wise
Should be trepan'd by paltry gnats and flies,
And to mistake the feeble insects' swarms
For squadrons and reserves of men in arms:
As politic as those who, when the Moon
As bright and glorious in a river shone,
Threw casting-nets with equal cunning at her,
To catch her wit, and pull her out o' the' water.
  But when, at last, they had unscrew'd the glass,
To find out where the sly impostor was,

And saw 'twas but a Mouse, that by mishap
Had catch'd himself, and them, in the' optic trap [3];
Amaz'd, with shame confounded, and afflicted
To find themselves so openly convicted,
Immediately made haste to get them gone,
With none, but this discovery alone,—
That learned men, who greedily pursue
Things that are rather wonderful than true,
And, in their nicest speculations, choose
To make their own discoveries strange news,
And natural history rather a Gazette
Of rarities stupendous and far-fet;
Believe no truths are worthy to be known,
That are not strongly vast and overgrown,
And strive to explicate appearances,
Not as they're probable, but as they please,
In vain endeavour Nature to suborn,
And, for their pains are justly paid with scorn.

[3] Butler, to compliment his Mouse for affording him an opportunity of indulging his satirical turn, and displaying his wit upon this occasion, to the end of this Poem subjoined the following epigrammatical note.

A Mouse, whose martial valour has so long
Ago been tried, and by old Homer sung,
And purchas'd him more everlasting glory
Than all his Grecian and his Trojan story,
Though he appears unequal match'd I grant,
In bulk and stature by the Elephant,
Yet frequently has been observ'd in battle
To have reduc'd the proud and haughty cattle,
When having boldly enter'd the redoubt,
And storm'd the dreadful outwork of his snout,
The little vermin, like an errant-knight,
Has slain the huge gigantic beast in fight.

THE ELEPHANT IN THE MOON.

A FRAGMENT [1].

A LEARNED man, whom once a week
A hundred vertuosis seek,
And like an oracle apply to,
To' ask questions, and admire, and lie to;
Who entertain'd them all of course
(As men take wives for better or worse)
And past them all for men of parts,
Though some but sceptics in their hearts:
For when they're cast into a lump,
Their talents equally must jump;
As metals mixt, the rich and base
Do both at equal values pass.
  With these the ord'nary debate
Was after news, and things of state;
Which way the dreadful comet went,
In sixty-four, and what it meant?
What nations yet are to bewail
The operation of its tail?
Or whether France or Holland yet,
Or Germany, be in its debt?
What wars and plagues in Christendom
Have happen'd since, and what to come?
What kings are dead, how many queens
And princesses are poison'd since?

[1] Butler formed a design of writing another satire upon the Royal Society, part of which was found among his papers fairly and correctly transcribed. Whether he ever finished it, or the remainder of it be lost, is uncertain; the Fragment, that is preserved, is in some sort explanatory of the preceding Poem.

And who shall next of all by turn
Make courts wear black, and tradesmen mourn?
What parties next of foot, or horse,
Will rout, or routed be, of course?
What German marches, and retreats,
Will furnish the next month's Gazettes?
What pestilent contagion next,
And what part of the world infect?
What dreadful meteor, and where,
Shall in the heavens next appear?
And when again shall lay embargo
Upon the' Admiral, the good ship Argo?
Why currents turn in seas of ice
Some thrice a day, and some but twice?
And why the tides, at night and noon,
Court, like Caligula, the Moon?
What is the natural cause why fish,
That always drink, do never p—ss?
Or whether in their home, the deep,
By night or day they ever sleep?
If grass be green, or snow be white,
But only as they take the light?
Whether possessions of the devil,
Or mere temptations do most evil?
What is't that makes all fountains still
Within the earth to run up hill,
But on the outside down again,
As if the' attempt had been in vain?
Or what's the strange magnetic cause
The steel or loadstone's drawn, or draws?
The star the needle, which the stone
Has only been but touch'd upon?
Whether the North-star's influence
With both does hold intelligence?

(For red-hot iron, held towards the pole,
Turns of itself to't, when 'tis cool:)
Or whether male and female screws
In the' iron and stone the' effect produce?
What makes the body of the sun,
That such a rapid course does run,
To draw no tail behind through th' air,
As comets do, when they appear;
Which other planets cannot do,
Because they do not burn, but glow?
Whether the Moon be sea or land,
Or charcoal, or a quench'd firebrand;
Or if the dark holes that appear,
Are only pores, not cities there?
Whether the atmosphere turn round,
And keep a just pace with the ground;
Or loiter lazily behind,
And clog the air with gusts of wind?
Or whether crescents in the wane,
(For so an author has it plain)
Do burn quite out, or wear away
Their snuffs upon the edge of day?
Whether the sea increase, or waste,
And if it do, how long 'twill last?
Or if the sun approaches near
The earth, how soon it will be there?
These were their learned speculations,
And all their constant occupations,
To measure wind, and weigh the air,
And turn a circle to a square;
To make a powder of the sun,
By which all doctors should b' undone,
To find the north-west passage out,
Although the furthest way about;

If chemists from a rose's ashes
Can raise the rose itself in glasses?
Whether the line of incidence
Rise from the object, or the sense?
To stew the' elixir in a bath
Of hope, credulity, and faith;
To explicate, by subtle hints,
The grain of diamonds and flints,
And in the braying of an ass
Find out the treble and the bass;
If mares neigh alto, and a cow
A double diapason lowe.

REPARTEES BETWEEN CAT AND PUSS,

AT A CATERWAULING.

IN THE MODERN HEROIC WAY [1].

It was about the middle age of night,
When half the earth stood in the other's light,
And sleep, Death's brother, yet a friend to life,
Gave wearied Nature a restorative;
When Puss, wrapt warm in his own native furs,
Dreamt soundly of as soft and warm amours,
Of making gallantry in gutter-tiles,
And sporting on delightful faggot-piles;

[1] This poem is a satirical banter upon those heroic plays which were so much in vogue at the time our author lived; the dialogues of which, having what they called Heroic Love for their subject, are carried on exactly in this strain: as any one may perceive who will consult the dramatic pieces of Dryden, Settle, and others.

Of bolting out of bushes in the dark,
As ladies use at midnight in the Park;
Or seeking in tall garrets an alcove,
For assignations in th' affairs of love.
At once his passion was both false and true,
And the more false, the more in earnest grew.
He fancied that he heard those amorous charms
That us'd to summon him to soft alarms,
To which he always brought an equal flame,
To fight a rival, or to court a dame:
And as in dreams love's raptures are more taking
Than all their actual enjoyments waking,
His amorous passion grew to that extreme,
His dream itself awak'd him from his dream.
Thought he, 'What place is this? or whither art
Thou vanish'd from me, mistress of my heart?
But now I had her in this very place,
Here, fast imprison'd in my glad embrace;
And, while my joys beyond themselves were rapt,
I know not how, nor whither, thou'rt escap'd:
Stay, and I'll follow thee'—With that he leapt
Up from the lazy couch on which he slept,
And wing'd with passion, through his known purlieu,
Swift as an arrow from a bow he flew,
Nor stop'd, until his fire had him convoy'd
Where many assignations he 'ad enjoy'd;
Where finding, what he sought, a mutual flame,
That long had stay'd and call'd before he came;
Impatient of delay, without one word,
To lose no further time, he fell aboard,
But grip'd so hard, he wounded what he lov'd,
While she, in anger, thus his heat reprov'd:—
C. Forbear, foul ravisher, this rude address;
Canst thou, at once, both injure and caress?

P. Thou hast bewitch'd me with thy powerful charms,
And I, by drawing blood, would cure my harms.
C. He that does love would set his heart a-tilt,
Ere one drop of his lady's should be spilt.
P. Your wounds are but without, and mine within;
You wound my heart, and I but prick your skin;
And while your eyes pierce deeper than my claws,
You blame the' effect, of which you are the cause.
C. How could my guiltless eyes your heart invade,
Had it not first been by your own betray'd?
Hence 'tis my greatest crime has only been
(Not in mine eyes, but your's) in being seen.
P. I hurt to love, but do not love to hurt.
C. That's worse than making cruelty a sport.
P. Pain is the foil of pleasure and delight,
That sets it off to a more noble height.
C. He buys his pleasure at a rate too vain,
That takes it up beforehand of his pain.
P. Pain is more dear than pleasure when 'tis past.
C. But grows intolerable if it last.
P. Love is too full of honour to regard
What it enjoys, but suffers as reward.
What knight durst ever own a lover's name,
That had not been half-murder'd by his flame;
Or lady, that had never lain at stake,
To death, or force of rivals for his sake?
C. When love does meet with injury and pain,
Disdain's the only med'cine for disdain.
P. At once I'm happy, and unhappy too,
In being pleas'd, and in displeasing you.
C. Preposterous way of pleasure and of love,
That contrary to its own end would move!
'Tis rather hate, that covets to destroy;
Love's business is to love, and to enjoy.

P. Enjoying and destroying are all one;
As flames destroy that which they feed upon.
C. He never lov'd at any generous rate,
That in the' enjoyment found his flame abate;
As wine (the friend of love) is wont to make
The thirst more violent it pretends to slake,
So should fruition do the lover's fire,
Instead of lessening, inflame desire.
P. What greater proof that passion does transport,
When what I would die for, I'm forc'd to hurt?
C. Death among lovers is a thing despis'd,
And far below a sullen humour priz'd,
That is more scorn'd and rail'd at than the gods,
When they are cross'd in love, or fall at odds:
But since you understand not what you do,
I am the judge of what I feel, not you.
P. Passion begins indifferent to prove,
When love considers any thing but love.
C. The darts of love, like lightning, wound within,
And though they pierce it, never hurt the skin;
They leave no marks behind them where they fly,
Though through the tenderest part of all, the eye;
But your sharp claws have left enough to shew
How tender I have been, how cruel you.
P. Pleasure is pain; for when it is enjoy'd,
All it could wish for was but to be' alloy'd.
C. Force is a rugged way of making love.
P. What you like best, you always disapprove.
C. He that will wrong his love will not be nice,
To' excuse the wrong he does to wrong her twice.
P. Nothing is wrong but that which is ill meant.
C. Wounds are ill cured with a good intent.
P. When you mistake that for an injury
never meant, you do the wrong, not I.

C. You do not feel yourself the pain you give;
But 'tis not that alone for which I grieve,
But 'tis your want of passion that I blame,
That can be cruel where you own a flame.
P. 'Tis you are guilty of that cruelty
Which you at once outdo, and blame in me;
For while you stifle and inflame desire,
You burn, and starve me, in the self-same fire.
C. It is not I, but you, that do the hurt,
Who wound yourself, and then accuse me for't;
As thieves, that rob themselves 'twixt sun and sun,
Make others pay for what themselves have done.

TO THE HONOURABLE

EDWARD HOWARD, ESQ.

UPON HIS INCOMPARABLE POEM OF THE BRITISH PRINCES [1].

SIR,

You have oblig'd the British nation more
Than all their bards could ever do before;
And, at your own charge, monuments more hard
Than brass or marble to their fame have rear'd:
For as all warlike nations take delight
To hear how brave their ancestors could fight,
You have advanc'd to wonder their renown,
And no less virtuously improv'd your own:

[1] Most of the celebrated wits in Charles the Second's reign addressed this gentleman, in a bantering way, upon his poem called 'The British Princes,' and, among the rest, Butler.

For 'twill be doubted whether you do write,
Or they have acted at a nobler height.
You of their ancient princes have retriev'd
More than the ages knew in which they liv'd;
Describ'd their customs and their rites anew,
Better than all their Druids ever knew;
Unriddled their dark oracles as well
As those themselves that made them could foretell:
For as the Britons long have hop'd, in vain,
Arthur would come to govern them again,
You have fulfill'd that prophecy alone,
And in this poem plac'd him on his throne.
Such magic power has your prodigious pen,
To raise the dead, and give new life to men;
Make rival princes meet in arms and love,
Whom distant ages did so far remove:
For as eternity has neither past
Nor future, (authors say) nor first nor last,
But is all instant; your eternal Muse
All ages can to any one reduce.
Then why should you, whose miracle of art
Can life at pleasure to the dead impart,
Trouble in vain your better-busied head
To' observe what time they liv'd in, or were dead?
For since you have such arbitrary power,
It were defect in judgment to go lower,
Or stoop to things so pitifully lewd,
As use to take the vulgar latitude.
There's no man fit to read what you have writ,
That holds not some proportion with your wit;
As light can no way but by light appear,
He must bring sense that understands it here.

A PALINODE

TO THE

HON. EDWARD HOWARD, ESQ.

UPON HIS INCOMPARABLE BRITISH PRINCES.

It is your pardon, sir, for which my Muse
Thrice humbly thus, in form of paper, sues;
For having felt the dead weight of your wit,
She comes to ask forgiveness, and submit;
Is sorry for her faults, and, while I write,
Mourns in the black, does penance in the white:
But such is her belief in your just candour,
She hopes you will not so misunderstand her,
To wrest her harmless meaning to the sense
Of silly emulation or offence;
No: your sufficient wit does still declare
Itself too amply, they are mad that dare
So vain and senseless a presumption own,
To yoke your vast parts in comparison:
And yet you might have thought upon a way
To' instruct us how you'd have us to obey,
And not command our praises; and then blame
All that's too great or little for your fame:
For who could choose but err, without some trick
To take your elevation to a nick?
As he that was desir'd, upon occasion,
To make the Mayor of London an oration,
Desir'd his Lordship's favour, that he might
Take measure of his mouth, to fit it right:

So, had you sent a scantling of your wit,
You might have blam'd us if it did not fit;
But 'tis not just to' impose, and then cry down
All that's unequal to your huge renown:
For he that writes below your vast desert,
Betrays his own, and not your want of art.
Praise, like a robe of state, should not sit close
To the' person 'tis made for, but wide and loose;
Derives its comeliness from being unfit,
And such have been our praises of your wit;
Which is so extraordinary, no height
Of fancy but your own can do it right:
Witness those glorious poems you have writ
With equal judgment, learning, art, and wit,
And those stupendious discoveries
You've lately made of wonders in the skies:
For who, but from yourself, did ever hear
The sphere of atoms was the atmosphere?
Who ever shut those stragglers in a room,
Or put a circle about *vacuum?*
What should confine those undetermin'd crowds,
And yet extend no further than the clouds?
Who ever could have thought, but you alone,
A sign and an ascendant were all one?
Or how 'tis possible the moon should shrowd
Her face, to peep at Mars behind a cloud;
Since clouds below are so far distant plac'd,
They cannot hinder her from being barefac'd?
Who ever did a language so enrich,
To scorn all little particles of speech? [found
For though they make the sense clear, yet they're
To be a scurvy hindrance to the sound;
Therefore you wisely scorn your style to humble,
Or for the sense's sake to wave the rumble.

Had Homer known this art, he'd ne'er been fain
To use so many particles in vain,
That to no purpose serve, but (as he haps
To want a syllable) to fill up gaps.
You justly coin new verbs, to pay for those
Which in construction you o'ersee and lose;
And by this art do Priscian no wrong
When you break 's head, for 'tis as broad as long.
These are your own discoveries, which none
But such a Muse as your's could hit upon,
That can, in spite of laws of art, or rules,
Make things more intricate than all the schools:
For what have laws of art to do with you,
More than the laws with honest men and true?
He that's a prince in poetry, should strive
To cry 'em down by his prerogative,
And not submit to that which has no force
But o'er delinquents and inferiors.
Your poems will endure to be tried
I' the' fire, like gold, and come forth purified;
Can only to eternity pretend,
For they were never writ to any end.
All other books bear an uncertain rate,
But those you write are always sold by weight;
Each word and syllable brought to the scale,
And valued to a scruple in the sale.
For, when the paper's charg'd with your rich wit,
'Tis for all purposes and uses fit;
Has an abstersive virtue to make clean
Whatever Nature made in man obscene.
Boys find, b' experiment, no paper-kite,
Without your verse, can make a noble flight.
It keeps our spice and aromatics sweet;
In Paris they perfume their rooms with it:

For burning but one leaf of your's, they say,
Drives all their stinks and nastiness away.
Cooks keep their pies from burning with your wit,
Their pigs and geese from scorching on the spit;
And vintners find their wines are ne'er the worse,
When arsenic's only wrap'd up in the verse.
These are the great performances that raise
Your mighty parts above all reach of praise,
And give us only leave to' admire your worth,
For no man, but yourself, can set it forth;
Whose wondrous power's so generally known,
Fame is the echo, and her voice your own.

A PANEGYRIC

UPON SIR JOHN DENHAM'S RECOVERY FROM HIS MADNESS[1].

Sir, you've outliv'd so desperate a fit
As none could do, but an immortal wit;
Had your's been less, all helps had been in vain,
And thrown away, though on a less sick brain;
But you were so far from receiving hurt,
You grew improv'd, and much the better for't.
As when the' Arabian bird does sacrifice,
And burn himself in his own country's spice,
A maggot first breeds in his pregnant urn,
Which after does to a young phœnix turn:
So your hot brain, burnt in its native fire,
Did life renew'd, and vigorous youth acquire;

[1] Wood informs us that Denham was made a knight of the Bath, and much esteemed by the king; but upon some discontent arising from a second marriage, became for a time deranged.

And with so much advantage, some have guest,
Your after-wit is like to be your best,
And now expect far greater matters of ye
Than the bought 'Cooper's Hill,' or borrow'd 'So-
Such as your Tully lately dress'd in verse, [phy;'
Like those he made himself, or not much worse;
And Seneca's dry sand, unmix'd with lime,
Such as you cheat the King with, botch'd in rhyme.
Nor were your morals less improv'd, all pride
And native insolence quite laid aside;
And that ungovern'd outrage, that was wont
All, that you durst with safety, to affront.
No china cupboard rudely overthrown,
Nor lady tipp'd, by being accosted, down;
No poet jeer'd, for scribbling amiss,
With verses forty times more lewd than his:
Nor did your crutch give battle to your duns,
And hold it out, where you had built a sconce;
Nor furiously laid orange-wench aboard,
For asking what in fruit and love you'd scor'd;
But all civility and complaisance,
More than you ever us'd before or since.
Beside, you never over-reach'd the King
One farthing, all the while, in reckoning;
Nor brought in false accompt, with little tricks
Of passing broken rubbish for whole bricks;
False mustering of workmen by the day,
Deduction out of wages, and dead pay
For those that never liv'd; all which did come,
By thrifty management, to no small sum.
You pull'd no lodgings down, to build them worse,
Nor repair'd others, to repair your purse,
As you were wont; till all you built appear'd
Like that Amphion with his fiddle rear'd:

For had the stones (like his) charm'd by your verse,
Built up themselves, they could not have done worse:
And sure, when first you ventur'd to survey,
You did design to do't no other way.
All this was done before those days began
In which you were a wise and happy man:
For who e'er liv'd in such a paradise,
Until fresh straw and darkness op'd your eyes?
Who ever greater treasure could command,
Had nobler palaces, and richer land,
Than you had then, who could raise sums as vast
As all the cheats of a Dutch war could waste,
Or all those practis'd upon public money?
For nothing, but your cure, could have undone ye.
For ever are you bound to curse those quacks
That undertook to cure your happy cracks;
For though no art can ever make them sound,
The tampering cost you threescore thousand pound.
How high might you have liv'd, and play'd, and lost,
Yet been no more undone by being choust;
Nor forc'd upon the King's accompt to lay
All that, in serving him, you lost at play!
For nothing but your brain was ever found
To suffer sequestration, and compound.
Yet you 've an imposition laid on brick,
For all you then laid out at Beast or Gleek;
And when you've rais'd a sum, straight let it fly,
By understanding low, and venturing high;
Until you have reduc'd it down to tick,
And then recruit again from lime and brick.

UPON CRITICS,

WHO JUDGE OF MODERN PLAYS PRECISELY BY THE RULES OF THE ANCIENTS [1].

WHOEVER will regard poetic fury,
When it is once found Idiot by a jury,
And every pert and arbitrary fool
Can all poetic license over-rule;
Assume a barbarous tyranny to handle
The Muses, worse than Ostrogoth and Vandal;
Make 'em submit to verdict and report,
And stand or fall to the' orders of a court?
Much less be sentenc'd by the arbitrary
Proceedings of a witless plagiary,
That forges old records and ordinances
Against the right and property of fancies;
More false and nice, than weighing of the weather
To the' hundredth atom of the lightest feather,
Or measuring of air upon Parnassus,
With cylinders of Torricellian glasses;
Reduce all tragedy, by rules of art,
Back to its antique theatre, a cart;
And make them henceforth keep the beaten roads
Of reverend choruses and episodes;
Reform and regulate a puppet-play,
According to the true and ancient way,

[1] This warm invective was very probably occasioned by Mr. Rymer, historiographer to Charles II. who censured three tragedies of Beaumont and Fletcher; and who stigmatised some of Shakspeare's plays as bloody farces, and his heroes as jack-puddings.

That not an actor shall presume to squeak,
Unless he have a licence for't in Greek;
Nor Whittington henceforward sell his cat in
Plain vulgar English, without mewing Latin:
No pudding shall be suffer'd to be witty,
Unless it be in order to raise pity;
Nor devil in the puppet-play be' allow'd
To roar and spit fire, but to fright the crowd,
Unless some god or demon chance t' have piques
Against an ancient family of Greeks;
That other men may tremble, and take warning,
How such a fatal progeny they're born in;
For none but such for Tragedy are fitted,
That have been ruin'd only to be pitied;
And only those held proper to deter,
Who've had the' ill luck against their wills to err:
Whence only such as are of middling sizes,
Between morality and venial vices,
Are qualified to be destroy'd by Fate,
For other mortals to take warning at.
As if the antique laws of Tragedy
Did with our own municipal agree,
And serv'd, like cobwebs, but to ensnare the weak,
And give diversion to the great to break;
To make a less delinquent to be brought
To answer for a greater person's fault,
And suffer all the worst, the worst approve
Can, to excuse and save himself, discover.
No longer shall Dramatics be confin'd
To draw true images of all mankind;
To punish in effigy criminals,
Reprieve the innocent, and hang the false;
But a club-law to execute and kill,
For nothing, whomsoe'er they please, at will,

To terrify spectators from committing
The crimes they did, and suffer'd for unwitting.
  These are the reformations of the Stage,
Like other reformations of the age,
On purpose to destroy all wit and sense,
As the' other did all law and conscience;
No better than the laws of British plays,
Confirm'd in the' ancient good King Howel's days,
Who made a general council regulate
Men's catching women by the—you know what;
And set down in the rubric at what time
It should be counted legal, when a crime,
Declare when 'twas, and when 'twas not a sin,
And on what days it went out or came in.
  An English poet should be tried by' his peers,
And not by pedants and philosophers,
Incompetent to judge poetic fury,
As butchers are forbid to be' of a jury;
Besides the most intolerable wrong
To try their matters in a foreign tongue,
By foreign jurymen, like Sophocles,
Or Tales falser than Euripides;
When not an English native dares appear
To be a witness for the prisoner;
When all the laws they use to' arraign and try
The innocent and wrong'd delinquent by,
Were made by a foreign lawyer, and his pupils,
To put an end to all poetic scruples;
And by th' advice of vertuosi-Tuscans,
Determin'd all the doubts of socks and buskins;
Gave judgment on all past and future plays,
As is apparent by Speroni's case,
Which Lope Vega first began to steal,
And after him the French filou Corneille;

And since our English plagiaries nim,
And steal their far-fet criticisms from him,
And by an action falsely laid of Trover,
The lumber for their proper goods recover;
Enough to furnish all the lewd impeachers
Of witty Beaumont's poetry, and Fletcher's,
Who for a few misprisions of wit,
Are charg'd by those who ten times worse commit;
And for misjudging some unhappy scenes,
Are censur'd for't with more unlucky sense;
When all their worst miscarriages delight,
And please more, than the best that pedants write.

PROLOGUE

TO THE

QUEEN OF ARRAGON,

ACTED BEFORE THE DUKE OF YORK, UPON HIS BIRTH-DAY.

Sir, while so many nations strive to pay
The tribute of their glories to this day,
That gave them earnest of so great a sum
Of glory (from your future acts) to come,
And which you have discharg'd at such a rate,
That all succeeding times must celebrate;
We, that subsist by your bright influence,
And have no life but what we own from thence,
Come humbly to present you, our own way,
With all we have, (beside our hearts) a play.
But as devoutest men can pay no more
To deities than what they gave before,

We bring you only what your great commands
Did rescue for us from engrossing hands,
That would have taken our administration
Of all departed poets' goods i' the nation;
Or, like to lords of manors, seiz'd all plays
That come within their reach, as wefts and strays;
And claim'd a forfeiture of all past wit;
But that your justice put a stop to it.
'Twas well for us, who else must have been glad
To' admit of all who now write new and bad;
For still the wickeder some authors write,
Others to write worse are encourag'd by't;
And though those fierce inquisitors of wit,
The critics, spare no flesh that ever writ;
But just as tooth-draw'rs find, among the rout,
Their own teeth work, in pulling others out,
So they, decrying all of all that write,
Think to erect a trade of judging by't.
Small poetry, like other heresies,
By being persecuted multiplies;
But here they're like to fail of all pretence;
For he that writ this play is dead long since,
And not within their power: for bears are said
To spare those that lie still, and seem but dead.

EPILOGUE

TO THE SAME. TO THE DUCHESS.

MADAM, the joys of this great day are due,
No less than to your royal Lord, to you;
And while three mighty kingdoms pay your part,
You have, what's greater than them all, his heart;

That heart that, when it was his country's guard,
The fury of two elements outdar'd,
And made a stubborn haughty enemy
The terror of his dreadful conduct fly;
And yet you conquer'd it—and made your charms
Appear no less victorious than his arms;
For which you oft have triumph'd on this day,
And many more to come Heav'n grant you may!
But as great princes use, in solemn times
Of joy, to pardon all but heinous crimes,
If we have sin'd without an ill intent,
And done below what really we meant;
We humbly ask your pardon for't, and pray
You would forgive, in honour of the day.

UPON

PHILIP NYE'S THANKGIVING BEARD[1].

A BEARD is but the vizard of a face,
That Nature orders for no other place;

[1] Philip Nye was educated at Oxford, first in Brazen Nose College, and afterwards in Magdalen Hall, where, under the influence of a puritanical tutor, he received the first tincture of sedition, and disgust to our ecclesiastical establishment. After taking his degrees he went into orders, but soon left England to go and reside in Holland. In the year 1640 he returned home, became a furious Presbyterian, and a zealous stickler for the Parliament, and was thought considerable enough, in his way, to be sent by his party into Scotland, to encourage and spirit up the cause of the Covenant; in defence of which he wrote several pamphlets. However, as his zeal arose from self-interest and ambition, when the Independents began to have the ascendant, and power and profit ran in that channel, he faced about, and became a strenuous preacher on that side; and in this situation he was when he fell under the lash of Butler's satire.

The fringe and tassel of a countenance,
That hides his person from another man's,
And, like the Roman habits of their youth,
Is never worn until his perfect growth;
A privilege no other creature has,
To wear a natural mask upon his face,
That shifts its likeness every day he wears,
To fit some other persons' characters;
And by its own mythology implies,
That men were born to live in some disguise.
  This satisfied a reverend man, that clear'd
His disagreeing conscience by his Beard.
He 'ad been prefer'd i' the' army, when the church
Was taken with a *Why not?* in the lurch;
When primate, metropolitan, and prelates,
Were turn'd to officers of horse, and zealots,
From whom he held the most pluralities
Of contributions, donatives, and salaries;
Was held the chiefest of those sp'ritual trumpets,
That sounded charges to their fiercest combats,
But in the desperatest of defeats
Had never blown as opportune retreats;
Until the Synod order'd his departure
To London, from his caterwauling quarter,
To sit among 'em, as he had been chosen,
And pass or null things at his own disposing;
Could clap up souls in limbo with a vote,
And, for their fees, discharge and let them out;
Which made some grandees bribe him with the place
Of holding-forth upon Thanksgiving-days,
Whither the Members, two and two abreast,
March'd to take in the spoils of all—the feast;
But by the way repeated the oh-hones
Of his wild Irish, and chromatic tones;

His frequent and pathetic hums and haws,
He practis'd only t' animate the Cause,
With which the Sisters were so prepossest,
They could remember nothing of the rest.
  He thought upon it, and resolv'd to put
His Beard into as wonderful a cut,
And, for the further service of the women,
To' abate the rigidness of his opinion;
And, but a day before, had been to find
The ablest virtuoso of the kind,
With whom he long and seriously confer'd
On all intrigues that might concern his Beard;
By whose advice he sate for a design
In little drawn, exactly to a line;
That if the creature chance to have occasion
To undergo a thorough reformation,
It might be borne conveniently about,
And by the meanest artist copied out.
  This done, he sent a journeyman sectary
He 'ad brought up to retrieve, and fetch, and carry,
To find out one that had the greatest practice,
To prune and bleach the beards of all Fanatics,
And set their most confus'd disorders right,
Not by a new design, but newer light;
Who us'd to shave the grandees of their sticklers,
And crop the worthies of their Conventiclers;
To whom he show'd his new-invented draught,
And told him how 'twas to be copied out.
  Quoth he, ' 'Tis but a false and counterfeit,
And scandalous device of human wit,
That's abs'lutely forbidden in the Scripture,
To make of any carnal thing the picture.'
  Quoth t' other saint, ' You must leave that to us
To' agree what's lawful, or what scandalous;

For till it is determin'd by our vote,
'Tis either lawful, scandalous, or not;
Which, since we have not yet agreed upon,
Is left indifferent to avoid or own.'
Quoth he, 'My conscience never shall agree
To do it, till I know what 'tis to be;
For though I use it in a lawful time,
What if it after should be made a crime?
'Tis true we fought for liberty of conscience,
'Gainst human constitutions, in our own sense,
Which I'm resolv'd perpetually to' avow,
And make it lawful whatsoe'er we do;
Then do your office with your greatest skill,
And let the' event befal us how it will.'
This said, the nice barbarian took his tools
To prune the zealot's tenets and his jowls;
Talk'd on as pertinently, as he snipt,
A hundred times for every hair he clipt;
Until the Beard at length began to' appear,
And reassume its antique character;
Grew more and more itself, that art might strive,
And stand in competition with the life;
For some have doubted if 'twere made of snips
Of sables, glew'd and fitted to his lips,
And set in such an artificial frame,
As if it had been wrought in filograin,
More subtly fill'd and polish'd, than the gin
That Vulcan caught himself a cuckold in;
That Lachesis, that spins the threads of Fate,
Could not have drawn it out more delicate.
But being design'd and drawn so regular,
To' a scrupulous punctilio of a hair,
Who could imagine that it should be portal
To selfish, inward-unconforming mortal?

And yet it was, and did abominate
The least compliance in the Church or State;
And from itself did equally dissent,
As from religion and the government[2].

[2] Mr. Thyer found among Butler's manuscripts several other little sketches upon the same subject, but none worth printing, except the following:

This reverend brother, like a goat,
Did wear a tail upon his throat,
The fringe and tassel of a face,
That gives it a becoming grace.
But set in such a curious frame,
As if 'twere wrought in filograin,
And cut so even, as if 't had been
Drawn with a pen upon his chin.
No topiary hedge of quickset
Was e'er so neatly cut, or thickset,
That made beholders more admire,
Than China-plate that's made of wire;
But being wrought so regular
In every part, and every hair,
Who would believe it shou'd be portal
To unconforming-inward mortal?
And yet it was, and did dissent
No less from its own government,
Than from the Church's, and detest
That which it held forth and profest;
Did equally abominate
Conformity in Church and State;
And, like an hypocritic brother,
Profess'd one thing, and did another;
As all things, where they're most profest,
Are found to be regarded least.

A SATIRE:

UPON THE WEAKNESS AND MISERY OF MAN.

WHO would believe that wicked earth,
Where Nature only brings us forth
To be found guilty and forgiv'n,
Should be a nursery for Heav'n;
When all we can expect to do
Will not pay half the debt we owe,
And yet more desperately dare,
As if that wretched trifle were
Too much for the eternal Pow'rs,
Our great and mighty creditors,
Not only slight what they enjoin,
But pay it in adulterate coin?
We only in their mercy trust,
To be more wicked and unjust;
All our devotions, vows, and pray'rs
Are our own interest, not theirs;
Our offerings, when we come to' adore,
But begging presents to get more;
The purest business of our zeal
Is but to err, by meaning well,
And make that meaning do more harm
Than our worst deeds, that are less warm;
For the most wretched and perverse
Does not believe himself he errs.
  Our holiest actions have been
The' effects of wickedness and sin;
Religious houses made compounders
For the' horrid actions of the founders;

Steeples that totter'd in the air,
By letchers sin'd into repair;
As if we had retain'd no sign
Nor character of the divine
And heavenly part of human nature,
But only the coarse earthy matter.
Our universal inclination
Tends to the worst of our creation,
As if the stars conspir'd to' imprint,
In our whole species, by instinct,
A fatal brand and signature
Of nothing else but the impure.
The best of all our actions tend
To the preposterousest end,
And, like to mongrels, we're inclin'd
To take most to the' ignobler kind;
Or monsters, that have always least
Of the' human parent, not the beast.
Hence 'tis we 've no regard at all
Of our best half original;
But, when they differ, still assert
The interest of the' ignobler part;
Spend all the time we have upon
The vain caprices of the one,
But grudge to spare one hour, to know
What to the better part we owe.
As in all compound substances,
The greater still devours the less;
So, being born and bred up near
Our earthy gross relations here,
Far from the ancient nobler place
Of all our high paternal race,
We now degenerate, and grow
As barbarous, and mean, and low,

As modern Grecians are, and worse,
To their brave nobler ancestors.
Yet as no barbarousness beside
Is half so barbarous as pride,
Nor any prouder insolence
Than that which has the least pretence;
We are so wretched to profess
A glory in our wretchedness,
To vapour sillily, and rant
Of our own misery and want,
And grow vain-glorious on a score
We ought much rather to deplore;
Who, the first moment of our lives,
Are but condemn'd, and giv'n reprieves,
And our great'st grace is not to know
When we shall pay 'em back, nor how,
Begotten with a vain caprich,
And live as vainly to that pitch.
  Our pains are real things, and all
Our pleasures but fantastical:
Diseases of their own accord,
But cures come difficult and hard.
Our noblest piles, and stateliest rooms,
Are but outhouses to our tombs;
Cities, though e'er so great and brave,
But mere warehouses to the grave.
Our bravery's but a vain disguise,
To hide us from the world's dull eyes,
The remedy of a defect,
With which our nakedness is deckt;
Yet makes us swell with pride, and boast,
As if we 'ad gain'd by being lost.
  All this is nothing to the evils
Which men, and their confederate devils

Inflict, to aggravate the curse
On their own hated kind much worse,
As if by Nature they 'd been serv'd
More gently than their fate deserv'd,
Take pains (in justice) to invent,
And study their own punishment;
That, as their crimes should greater grow,
So might their own inflictions too.
Hence bloody wars at first began,
The artificial plague of man,
That from his own invention rise,
To scourge his own iniquities;
That if the heavn's should chance to spare
Supplies of constant poison'd air,
They might not, with unfit delay,
For lingering destruction stay,
Nor seek recruits of death so far,
But plague themselves with blood and war.
  And if these fail, there is no good
Kind Nature e'er on man bestow'd,
But he can easily divert
To his own misery and hurt;
Make that which Heaven meant to bless
The' ungrateful world with, gentle Peace;
With luxury' and excess, as fast,
As war and desolation waste;
Promote mortality, and kill
As fast as arms, by sitting still;
Like earthquakes, slay without a blow,
And only moving, overthrow;
Make law and equity as dear
As plunder and free-quarter were,
And fierce encounters at the bar,
Undo as fast as those in war;

Enrich bawds, whores, and usurers,
Pimps, scriveners, silenc'd ministers;
That get estates by being' undone
For tender conscience, and have none.
Like those that with their credit drive
A trade, without a stock, and thrive;
Advance men in the church and state
For being of the meanest rate,
Rais'd for their double-guil'd deserts,
Before integrity and parts;
Produce more grievous complaints
For plenty, than before for wants,
And make a rich and fruitful year
A greater grievance than a dear;
Make jests of greater dangers far,
Than those they trembled at in war;
Till, unawares, they 've laid a train
To blow the public up again;
Rally with horror, and in sport,
Rebellion and destruction court;
And make Fanatics, in despite
Of all their madness, reason right,
And vouch to all they have foreshown,
As other monsters oft have done,
Although from truth and sense as far,
As all their other maggots are;
For things said false, and never meant,
Do oft prove true by accident.
  That wealth, that bounteous Fortune sends
As presents to her dearest friends,
Is oft laid out upon a purchase
Of two yards long in parish-churches,
And those too happy men that bought it
Had liv'd, and happier too, without it:

For what does vast wealth bring but cheat,
Law, luxury, disease, and debt;
Pain, pleasure, discontent, and sport [1];
An easy-troubled life, and short?
But all these plagues are nothing near
Those, far more cruel and severe,
Unhappy man takes pains to find,
To' inflict himself upon his mind:
And out of his own bowels spins
A rack and torture for his sins;
Torments himself, in vain, to know
That most which he can never do;
And the more strictly 'tis denied,
The more he is unsatisfied;
Is busy in finding scruples out,
To languish in eternal doubt;
Sees spectres in the dark, and ghosts,
And starts, as horses do at posts;
And, when his eyes assist him least,
Discerns such subtle objects best.

[1] On a vacancy in the sheet opposite to this line, Mr. Thyer found the following verses, which probably were intended to be added; but as they are not regularly inserted, he chose rather to give them by way of note.

For men ne'er digg'd so deep into
The bowels of the earth below,
For metals, that are found to dwell
Near neighbour to the pit of hell,
And have a magic power to sway
The greedy souls of men that way,
But with their bodies have been fain
To fill those trenches up again;
When bloody battles have been fought
For sharing that which they took out:
For wealth is all things that conduce
To man's destruction or his use;
A standard both to buy and sell
All things from heaven down to hell.

On hypothetic dreams and visions
Grounds everlasting disquisitions,
And raises endless controversies
On vulgar theorems and hearsays;
Grows positive and confident,
In things so far beyond the' extent
Of human sense, he does not know
Whether they be at all or no,
And doubts as much in things that are
As plainly evident and clear;
Disdains all useful sense, and plain,
To' apply to the' intricate and vain;
And cracks his brains in plodding on
That, which is never to be known;
To pose himself with subtleties,
And hold no other knowledge wise;
Although the subtler all things are,
They're but to nothing the more near;
And the less weight they can sustain,
The more he still lays on in vain,
And hangs his soul upon as nice
And subtle curiosities,
As one of that vast multitude
That on a needle's point have stood;
Weighs right and wrong, and true and false,
Upon as nice and subtle scales,
As those that turn upon a plane
With the' hundredth part of half a grain;
And still the subtiler they move,
The sooner false and useless prove:
So man, that thinks to force and strain,
Beyond its natural sphere, his brain,
In vain torments it on the rack,
And, for improving, sets it back;

Is ignorant of his own extent,
And that to which his aims are bent;
Is lost in both, and breaks his blade
Upon the anvil where 'twas made:
For as abortions cost more pain
Than vigorous births, so all the vain
And weak productions of man's wit
That aim at purposes unfit,
Require more drudgery, and worse,
Than those of strong and lively force.

SATIRE

UPON THE LICENTIOUS AGE OF CHARLES II.

'Tis a strange age we 've liv'd in, and a lewd,
As e'er the sun in all his travels view'd;
An age as vile as ever Justice urg'd,
Like a fantastic lecher, to be scourg'd;
Nor has it scap'd, and yet has only learn'd,
The more 'tis plagued, to be the less concern'd.
Twice have we seen two dreadful judgments rage,
Enough to fright the stubborn'st-hearted age;
The one to mow vast crowds of people down,
The other (as then needless) half the Town [1];
And two as mighty miracles restore
What both had ruin'd and destroy'd before;
In all as unconcern'd as if they 'ad been
But pastimes for diversion to be seen,

[1] Alluding to the plague and fire of London, in the years 1665 and 1666.

Or, like the plagues of Egypt, meant a curse,
Not to reclaim us, but to make us worse.
Twice have men turn'd the World (that silly blockhead)
The wrong side outward, like a juggler's pocket;
Shook out hypocrisy as fast and loose
As e'er the devil could teach, or sinners use;
And on the other side at once put in
As impotent, iniquity and sin.
As skulls that have been crack'd are often found
Upon the wrong side to receive the wound,
And like tobacco-pipes at one end hit,
To break at the' other still that's opposite;
So men, who one extravagance would shun,
Into the contrary extreme have run;
And all the difference is, that as the first
Provokes the other freak to prove the worst,
So, in return, that strives to render less
The last delusion, with its own excess?
And, like two unskill'd gamesters, use one way,
With bungling t' help out one another's play.
For those who heretofore sought private holes,
Securely in the dark to damn their souls,
Wore vizards of hypocrisy, to steal
And slink away in masquerade to hell;
Now bring their crimes into the open sun,
For all mankind to gaze their worst upon,
As eagles try their young against his rays,
To prove if they're of generous breed or base;
Call heav'n and earth to witness how they've aim'd,
With all their utmost vigour, to be damn'd,
And by their own examples, in the view
Of all the world, strive to damn others too;

On all occasions sought to be as civil
As possible they could, to' his grace the Devil,
To give him no unnecessary trouble,
Nor in small matters use a friend so noble;
But with their constant practice done their best
To' improve and propagate his interest:
For men have now made vice so great an art
The matter of fact's become the slightest part;
And the debauched'st actions they can do,
Mere trifles to the circumstance and show.
For 'tis not what they do that's now the sin,
But what they lewdly' affect and glory in,
As if preposterously they would profess
A forc'd hypocrisy of wickedness;
And affectation, that makes good things bad,
Must make affected shame accurs'd and mad;
For vices for themselves may find excuse,
But never for their complement and shews;
That if there ever were a mystery
Of moral secular iniquity,
And that the churches may not lose their due
By being incroach'd upon, 'tis now, and new:
For men are now as scrupulous and nice,
And tender-conscienc'd of low paltry vice,
Disdain as proudly to be thought to have
To do in any mischief but the brave,
As the most scrupulous zealot of late times
To' appear in any but the horrid'st crimes;
Have as precise and strict punctilios
Now to appear, as then to make no shows;
And steer the world by disagreeing force
Of different customs' gainst her natural course:
So powerful's ill example to incroach,
And Nature, spite of all her laws, debauch,

Example, that imperious dictator
Of all that's good or bad to human nature,
By which the world's corrupted and reclaim'd,
Hopes to be sav'd, and studies to be damn'd;
That reconciles all contrarieties,
Makes wisdom foolishness, and folly wise;
Imposes on divinity, and sets
Her seal alike on truths and counterfeits;
Alters all characters of virtue' and vice,
And passes one for the' other in disguise;
Makes all things, as it pleases, understood,
The good receiv'd for bad, and bad for good;
That slily counterchanges wrong and right,
Like white in fields of black, and black in white:
As if the laws of Nature had been made
Of purpose only to be disobey'd;
Or man had lost his mighty interest,
By having been distinguish'd from a beast;
And had no other way but sin and vice,
To be restor'd again to Paradise.

How copious is our language lately grown
To make blaspheming wit, and a jargon!
And yet how' expressive and significant,
In *damme*, at once to curse, and swear, and rant!
As if no way express'd men's souls so well,
As damning of them to the pit of hell;
Nor any asseveration were so civil,
As mortgaging salvation to the devil;
Or that his name did add a charming grace,
And blasphemy a purity' to' our phrase.
For what can any language more enrich,
Than to pay souls for vitiating speech;

When the great'st tyrant in the world made those [2]
But lick their words out, that abus'd his prose?
What trivial punishments did then protect
To public censure a profound respect,
When the most shameful penance, and severe,
That could be' inflicted on a Cavalier
For infamous debauchery, was no worse
Than but to be degraded from his horse,
And have his livery of oats and hay,
Instead of cutting spurs off, ta'en away?
They held no torture then so great as shame,
And that to slay was less than to defame;
For just so much regard as men express
To the' censure of the public, more or less,
The same will be return'd to them again,
In shame or reputation, to a grain;
And how perverse soe'er the world appears,
'Tis just to all the bad it sees and hears;
And, for that virtue, strives to be allow'd
For all the injuries it does the good.
How silly were their sages heretofore,
To fright their heroes with a syren-whore?
Make 'em believe a water-witch, with charms,
Could sink their men of war as easy' as storms,
And turn their mariners, that heard them sing,
Into land-porpusses, and cod, and ling;
To terrify those mighty champions,
As we do children now, with Bloodybones;
Until the subtlest of their conjurers
Seal'd up the labels to his soul, his ears,

[2] This tyrant was Caligula: the fact is recorded by Suetonius.

And tied his deafen'd sailors (while he pass'd
The dreadful lady's lodgings) to the mast;
And rather venture drowning than to wrong
The sea-pugs' chaste ears with a bawdy song:
To be' out of countenance, and, like an ass,
Not pledge the lady Circe one beer-glass;
Unmannerly refuse her treat, and wine,
For fear of being turn'd into a swine;
When one of our heroic' advent'rers now
Would drink her down, and turn her into' a sow.
So simple were those times, when a grave sage
Could with an old-wife's tale instruct the age;
Teach virtue more fantastic ways and nice,
Than ours will now endure to' improve in vice;
Made a dull sentence, and a moral fable,
Do more than all our holdings-forth are able;
A forc'd obscure mythology convince,
Beyond our worst inflictions upon sins;
When an old proverb, or an end of verse,
Could more than all our penal laws coerce,
And keep men honester than all our furies
Of gaolers, judges, constables, and juries;
Who were converted then with an old saying,
Better than all our preaching now, and praying.
What fops had these been, had they liv'd with us,
Where the best reason's made ridiculous,
And all the plain and sober things we say,
By raillery are put beside their play?
For men are grown above all knowledge now,
And what they're ignorant of, disdain to know;
Engross truth (like fanatics) underhand;
And boldly judge, before they understand;
The self-same courses equally advance
In sp'ritual and carnal ignorance,

And, by the same degrees of confidence,
Become impregnable against all sense;
For as they outgrew ordinances then,
So would they now morality again.
Though Dudgery and Knowledge are of kin,
And both descended from one parent, Sin;
And therefore seldom have been known to part,
In tracing out the ways of Truth and Art;
Yet they have north-west passages to steer,
A shorter way to it, without pains or care:
For as implicit faith is far more stiff
Than that which understands its own belief;
So those that think, and do but think, they know,
Are far more obstinate than those that do;
And more averse, than if they'd ne'er been taught
A wrong way, to a right one to be brought;
Take boldness upon credit beforehand,
And grow too positive to understand;
Believe themselves as knowing and as famous,
As if their gifts had gotten a *mandamus*,
A bill of store to take up a degree,
With all the learning to it, custom-free,
And look as big for what they bought at Court,
As if they 'ad done their exercises for't.

SATIRE,

UPON GAMING.

What fool would trouble Fortune more,
When she has been too kind before;
Or tempt her to take back again
What she had thrown away in vain,
By idly venturing her good graces
To be dispos'd of by ames-aces;

Or settling it in trust, to uses
Out of his power, on trays and deuces;
To put it to the chance, and try,
I' th' ballot of a box and die,
Whether his money be his own,
And lose it, if he be o'erthrown;
As if he were betray'd, and set
By his own stars to every cheat,
Or wretchedly condemn'd by Fate
To throw dice for his own estate;
As mutineers, by fatal doom,
Do for their lives, upon a drum?
For what less influence can produce
So great a monster as a chouse,
Or any two-legg'd thing possess
With such a brutish sottishness?
Unless those tutelary stars,
Intrusted by astrologers,
To have the charge of man, combin'd
To use him in the self-same kind;
As those that help'd them to the trust,
Are wont to deal with others just.
For to become so sadly dull
And stupid, as to fine for gull,
(Not as, in cities, to be' excus'd,
But to be judg'd fit to be us'd)
That whosoe'er can draw it in
Is sure inevitably to' win,
And, with a curs'd half-witted fate,
To grow more dully desperate,
The more 'tis made a common prey,
And cheated foppishly at play,
Is their condition; Fate betrays
To Folly first, and then destroys.

For what but miracles can serve
So great a madness to preserve,
As his, that ventures goods and chattles,
(Where there's no quarter giv'n) in battles,
And fights with money-bags as bold,
As men with sand-bags did of old[1];
Put lands, and tenements, and stocks,
Into a paltry juggler's box;
And, like an alderman of Gotham,
Embarketh in so vile a bottom;
Engages blind and senseless hap
'Gainst high, and low, and slur, and knap,
(As Tartars, with a man of straw,
Encounter lions hand to paw)
With those that never venture more
Than they had safely' insur'd before;
Who, when they knock the box, and shake,
Do like the Indian rattle-snake,
But strive to ruin and destroy
Those that mistake it for fair play;
That have their Fulhams[2] at command,
Brought up to do their feats at hand;
That understand their calls and knocks,
And how to place themselves i' th' box;
Can tell the oddses of all games,
And when to answer to their names;
And, when he conjures them to' appear,
Like imps are ready every where;
When to play foul, and when run fair
(Out of design) upon the square,
And let the greedy cully win,
Only to draw him further in;

[1] Alluding probably to the sport of the Quintin.
[2] False dice, manufactured at Fulham in Middlesex.

While those with which he idly plays
Have no regard to what he says,
Although he jernie and blaspheme
(When they miscarry) Heav'n and them;
And damn his soul, and swear, and curse,
And crucify his Saviour worse
Than those jew-troopers that threw out,
When they were raffling for his coat;
Denounce revenge, as if they heard,
And rightly understood and fear'd,
And would take heed another time,
How to commit so bold a crime;
When the poor bones are innocent
Of all he did, or said, or meant,
And have as little sense, almost,
As he that damns them when he 'as lost;
As if he had relied upon
Their judgment rather than his own;
And that it were their fault, not his,
That manag'd them himself amiss,
And gave them ill instructions how
To run, as he would have them do;
And then condemns them, sillily,
For having no more wit than he?

SATIRE,

(TO A BAD POET.)

GREAT famous wit, whose rich and easy vein,
Free, and unus'd to drudgery and pain,
Has all Apollo's treasure at command,
And how good verse is coin'd do'st understand;

In all Wit's combats master of defence,
Tell me, how dost thou pass on rhyme and sense?
'Tis said they' apply to thee, and in thy verse
Do freely range themselves as volunteers.
And without pain, or pumping for a word,
Place themselves fitly of their own accord.
I, whom a loud caprich (for some great crime
I have committed) has condemn'd to rhyme,
With slavish obstinacy vex my brain
To reconcile 'em, but, alas! in vain:
Sometimes I set my wits upon the rack,
And, when I would say white, the verse says black.
When I would draw a brave man to the life,
It names some slave that pimps to his own wife,
Or base poltroon, that would have sold his daughter,
If he had met with any to have bought her.
When I would praise an author, the untoward
Damn'd sense says Virgil, but the rhyme—[says Howard [1].]
In fine, whate'er I strive to bring about,
The contrary (spite of my heart) comes out.
Sometimes, enrag'd for time and pains mispent,
I give it over, tir'd, and discontent;
And, damning the dull fiend a thousand times,
By whom I was possess'd, forswear all rhymes;
But having curs'd the Muses, they appear,
To be reveng'd for 't, ere I am aware.
Spite of myself, I straight take fire again,
Fall to my task, with paper, ink, and pen,
And breaking all the oaths I made, in vain
From verse to verse expect their aid again.
But if my Muse or I were so discreet
To' endure, for rhyme's sake, one dull epithet,

[1] See before, a poem to Edward Howard, Esq. p. 49.

I might, like others, easily command
Words without study, ready and at hand.
In praising Chloris, moons, and stars, and skies,
Are quickly made to match her face and eyes;—
And gold and rubies, with as little care,
To fit the colour of her lips and hair; [stones,
And mixing suns and flowers, and pearls and
Make 'em serve all complexions at once.
With these fine fancies, at hap-hazard writ,
I could make verses without art or wit;
And, shifting forty times the verb and noun,
With stol'n impertinence patch up mine own:
But in the choice of words my scrupulous wit
Is fearful to pass one that is unfit;
Nor can endure to fill up a void place,
At a line's end, with one insipid phrase;
And, therefore, when I scribble twenty times,
When I have written four, I blot two rhymes.
May he be damn'd who first found out that curse,
To' imprison and confine his thoughts in verse;
To hang so dull a clog upon his wit,
And make his reason to his rhyme submit.
Without this plague I freely might have spent
My happy days with leisure and content;
Had nothing in the world to do or think,
Like a fat priest, but whore, and eat, and drink;
Had past my time as pleasantly away,
Slept all the night, and loiter'd all the day.
My soul, that's free from care, and fear, and hope,
Knows how to make her own ambition stoop,
To' avoid uneasy greatness and resort,
Or for preferment following the Court.
How happy had I been if, for a curse,
The Fates had never sentenc'd me to verse?

But ever since this peremptory vein,
With restless frenzy, first possess'd my brain,
And that the devil tempted me, in spite
Of my own happiness, to judge and write;
Shut up against my will, I waste my age
In mending this, and blotting out that page,
And grow so weary of the slavish trade,
I envy their condition that write bad.
O happy Scudery[2]! whose easy quill
Can, once a month, a mighty volume fill;
For though thy works are written in despite
Of all good sense; impertinent, and slight;
They never have been known to stand in need
Of stationer to sell, or sot to read;
For so the rhyme be at the verse's end,
No matter whither all the rest does tend.
Unhappy is that man who, spite of 's heart,
Is forc'd to be tied up to rules of art.
A fop that scribbles, does it with delight,
Takes no pains to consider what to write:
But, fond of all the nonsense he brings forth,
Is ravish'd with his own great wit and worth;
While brave and noble writers vainly strive
To such a height of glory to arrive;
But still with all they do unsatisfied,
Ne'er please themselves, though all the world beside:
And those whom all mankind admire for wit,
Wish, for their own sakes, they had never writ.
Thou, then, that seest how ill I spend my time,
Teach me, for pity, how to make a rhyme;
And if the' instructions chance to prove in vain,
Teach—how ne'er to write again.

[2] Monsieur Scudery was also tartly satirized by Boileau, for the fecundity of his pen.

SATIRE,

(ON OUR RIDICULOUS IMITATION OF THE FRENCH.)

WHO would not rather get him gone
Beyond the' intolerablest zone,
Or steer his passage through those seas
That burn in flames, or those that freeze,
Than see one nation go to school,
And learn of another, like a fool?
To study all its tricks and fashions
With epidemic affectations,
And dare to wear no mode or dress,
But what they in their wisdom please;
As monkies are, by being taught
To put on gloves and stockings, caught;
Submit to all that they devise,
As if it wore their liveries;
Make ready' and dress the' imagination,
Not with the clothes, but with the fashion;
And change it (to fulfil the curse
Of Adam's fall) for new, though worse;
To make their breeches fall and rise
From middle legs to middle thighs.
The tropics between which the hose
Move always as the fashion goes:
Sometimes wear hats like pyramids,
And sometimes flat, like pipkins' lids;
With broad brims, sometimes, like umbrellas,
And sometimes narrow' as Punchinellos:
In coldest weather go unbrac'd,
And close in hot, as if th' were lac'd;

Sometimes with sleeves and bodies wide,
And sometimes straiter than a hide:
Wear perukes, and with false grey hairs
Disguise the true ones, and their years;
That, when they 're modish, with the young
The old may seem so in the throng:
And as some pupils have been known,
In time to put their tutors down,
So ours are often found to 'ave got
More tricks than ever they were taught:
With sly intrigues and artifices
Usurp their p—xes and their vices;
With garnitures upon their shoes,
Make good their claim to gouty toes;
By sudden starts, and shrugs, and groans,
Pretend to aches in their bones,
To scabs and botches; and lay trains
To prove their running of the reins;
And, lest they should seem destitute
Of any mange that 's in repute,
And be behind hand with the mode,
Will swear to crystalline and node;
And, that they may not lose their right,
Make it appear how they came by't:
Disdain the country where th' were born,
As bastards their own mothers scorn;
And that which brought them forth contemn,
As it deserves for bearing them;
Admire whate'er they find abroad,
But nothing here, though e'er so good:
Be natives wheresoe'er they come,
And only foreigners at home;
To which th' appear so far estrang'd,
As if they 'ad been i' the' cradle chang'd,

Or from beyond the seas convey'd
By witches—not born here, but laid;
Or by outlandish fathers were
Begotten on their mothers here,
And therefore justly slight that nation
Where they 've so mongrel a relation;
And seek out other climates, where
They may degenerate less than here;
As woodcocks, when their plumes are grown,
Borne on the wind's wings and their own,
Forsake the countries where they 're hatch'd,
And seek out others to be catch'd:
So they more naturally may please
And humour their own geniuses,
Apply to all things which they see
With their own fancies best agree;
No matter how ridiculous,
'Tis all one, if it be in use;
For nothing can be bad or good,
But as 'tis in or out of mode;
And as the nations are that use it,
All ought to practise or refuse it;
T' observe their postures, move and stand,
As they give out the word o' command;
To learn the dullest of their whims,
And how to wear their very limbs;
To turn and manage every part,
Like puppets, by their rules of art;
To shrug discreetly, act, and tread,
And politicly shake the head,
Until the ignorant (that guess
At all things by the' appearances)
To see how Art and Nature strive,
Believe them really alive,

And that they 're very men, not things
That move by puppet-work and springs;
When truly all their fates have been
As well perform'd by motion-men,
And the worst drolls of Punchinellos
Were much the' ingeniouser fellows;
For when they 're perfect in their lesson,
Th' hypothesis grows out of season,
And, all their labour lost, they 're fain
To learn new, and begin again;
To talk eternally and loud,
And altogether in a crowd,
No matter what; for, in the noise
No man minds what another says;
To' assume a confidence beyond
Mankind, for solid and profound,
And still the less and less they know,
The greater dose of that allow:
Decry all things; for to be wise
Is not to know, but to despise;
And deep judicious confidence
Has still the odds of wit and sense,
And can pretend a title to
Far greater things than they can do:
To' adorn their English with French scraps,
And give their very language claps;
To jernie rightly, and renounce,
I' the' pure and most approv'd-of tones,
And, while they idly think to' enrich,
Adulterate their native speech:
For though to smatter ends of Greek
Or Latin be the rhetoric
Of pedants counted, and vain-glorious,
To smatter French is meritorious;

And to forget their mother-tongue,
Or purposely to speak it wrong,
A hopeful sign of parts and wit,
And that they' improve and benefit;
As those that have been taught amiss
In liberal arts and sciences,
Must all they 'ad learnt before in vain
Forget quite, and begin again.

SATIRE,

(UPON DRUNKENNESS.)

'Tis pity wine, which Nature meant
To man in kindness to present,
And gave him kindly, to caress
And cherish his frail happiness,
Of equal virtue to renew
His wearied mind and body too,
Should (like the cider-tree in Eden,
Which only grew to be forbidden)
No sooner come to be enjoy'd,
But the' owner's fatally destroy'd;
And that which she for good design'd,
Becomes the ruin of mankind,
That for a little vain excess
Runs out of all its happiness,
And makes the friend of Truth and Love
Their greatest adversary prove;
To' abuse a blessing she bestow'd
So truly' essential to his good,
To countervail his pensive cares,
And slavish drudgery of affairs;

To teach him judgment, wit, and sense,
And, more than all these, confidence:
To pass his times of recreation
In choice and noble conversation,
Catch truth and reason unawares,
As men do health in wholesome airs;
(While fools their conversants possess
As unawares with sottishness)
To gain access a private way
To man's best sense, by its own key,
Which painful judgers strive in vain
By any other course to' obtain;
To pull off all disguise, and view
Things as they 're natural and true;
Discover fools and knaves, allow'd
For wise and honest in the crowd;
With innocent and virtuous sport
Make short days long, and long nights short,
And mirth, the only antidote
Against diseases ere they 're got:
To save health harmless from the' access
Both of the med'cine and disease;
Or make it help itself, secure
Against the desperat'st fit, the cure.
All these sublime prerogatives
Of happiness to human lives,
He vainly throws away, and slights
For madness, noise, and bloody fights;
When nothing can decide, but swords
And pots, the right or wrong of words,
Like princes' titles; and he's outed
The justice of his cause, that's routed.
No sooner has a charge been sounded
With—*son of a whore*, and *damn'd confounded*,

And the bold signal giv'n, the *lie ;*
But instantly the bottles fly,
Where cups and glasses are small shot,
And cannon-ball a pewter-pot :
That blood, that's hardly in the vein,
Is now remanded back again ;
Though sprung from wine of the same piece,
And near a-kin, within degrees,
Strives to commit assassinations
On its own natural relations ;
And those twin-spirits, so kind-hearted,
That from their friends so lately parted,
No sooner several ways are gone,
But by themselves are set upon,
Surpris'd like brother against brother,
And put to the' sword by one another :
So much more fierce are civil wars,
Than those between mere foreigners ;
And man himself, with wine possess'd,
More savage than the wildest beast.
For serpents, when they meet to water,
Lay by their poison and their nature ;
And fiercest creatures, that repair,
In thirsty deserts, to their rare
And distant rivers' banks to drink,
In love and close alliance link ;
And from their mixture of strange seeds
Produce new, never-heard-of breeds,
To whom the fiercer unicorn
Begins a large health with his horn ;
As cuckolds put their antidotes,
When they drink coffee, into the' pots :
While man, with raging drink inflam'd,
Is far more savage and untam'd ;

Supplies his loss of wit and sense
With barbarousness and insolence;
Believes himself, the less he's able,
The more heroic' and formidable;
Lays by his reason in his bowls,
(As Turks are said to do their souls)
Until it has so often been
Shut out of its lodging, and let in,
At length it never can attain
To find the right way back again;
Drinks all his time away, and prunes
The end of 's life, as vignerons
Cut short the branches of a vine,
To make it bear more plenty o' wine;
And that which Nature did intend
To' enlarge his life, perverts to' its end.
  So Noah, when he anchor'd safe on
The mountain's top, his lofty haven,
And all the passengers he bore
Were on the new world set ashore,
He made it next his chief design
To plant and propagate a vine;
Which since has overwhelm'd and drown'd
Far greater numbers, on dry ground,
Of wretched mankind, one by one,
Than all the flood before had done.

SATIRE,

(UPON MARRIAGE.)

SURE marriages were never so well fitted,
As when to matrimony' men were committed,
Like thieves by justices; and to a wife
Bound, like to good behaviour, during life:

For then, 'twas but a civil contract made
Between two partners that set up a trade;
And if both fail'd, there was no conscience
Nor faith invaded in the strictest sense;
No canon of the church nor vow was broke,
When men did free their gall'd necks from the yoke;
But when they tir'd, like other horned beasts,
Might have it taken off, and take their rests,
Without being bound in duty to show cause,
Or reckon with divine or human laws.
  For since, what use of matrimony' has been
But to make gallantry a greater sin?
As if there were no appetite nor gust,
Below adultery, in modish lust;
Or no debauchery were exquisite,
Until it has attain'd its perfect height.
For men do now take wives to nobler ends,
Not to bear children, but to bear 'em friends,
Whom nothing can oblige at such a rate
As these endearing offices of late.
For men are now grown wise, and understand
How to improve their crimes as well as land;
And if they 've issue, make the infants pay
Down for their own begetting on the day,
The charges of the gossiping disburse,
And pay beforehand (ere they're born) the nurse;
As he that got a monster on a cow,
Out of design of setting up a show.
For why should not the brats for all account,
As well as for the christening at the font,
When those that stand for them, lay down the rate
O' the' banquet and the priest in spoons and plate?
  The ancient Romans made the state allow
For getting all men's children above two;

Then married men, to propagate the breed,
Had great rewards for what they never did,
Were privileg'd, and highly honour'd too,
For owning what their friends were fain to do;
For so they 'ad children, they regarded not
By whom (good men) or how they were begot.
To borrow wives (like money) or to lend,
Was then the civil office of a friend;
And he that made a scruple in the case,
Was held a miserable wretch and base;
For when they 'ad children by 'em, th' honest men
Return'd 'em to their husbands back again.
Then for the' encouragement and propagation
Of such a great concernment to the nation,
All people were so full of complaisance,
And civil duty to the public sense,
They had no name to' express a cuckold then,
But that which signified all married men;
Nor was the thing accounted a disgrace,
Unless among the dirty populace,
And no man understands on what account
Less civil nations after hit upon't:
For to be known a cuckold can be no
Dishonour, but to him that thinks it so;
For if he feel no chagrin or remorse,
His forehead's shot-free, and he's ne'er the worse:
For horns (like horny calluses) are found
To grow on skulls that have receiv'd a wound,
Are crackt, and broken; not at all on those
That are invulnerate, and free from blows.
What a brave time had cuckold-makers then,
When they were held the worthiest of men,
The real fathers of the commonwealth,
That planted colonies in Rome itself?

When he that help'd his neighbours, and begot
Most Romans, was the noblest patriot?
For if a brave man, that preserv'd from death,
One citizen was honour'd with a wreath,
He that more gallantly got three or four,
In reason must deserve a great deal more.
Then if those glorious worthies of old Rome,
That civiliz'd the world they 'ad overcome,
And taught it laws and learning, found this way
The best to save their empire from decay;
Why should not these, that borrow all the worth
They have from them, not take this lesson forth,—
Get children, friends, and honour too, and money,
By prudent managing of matrimony?
For if 'tis hon'rable by all confest,
Adult'ry must be worshipful at least;
And these times great, when private men are come
Up to the height and politic of Rome.
All by-blows were not only free-born then,
But, like John Lilburn, free-begotten men;
Had equal right and privilege with these
That claim, by title, right of the four seas:
For being' in marriage born, it matters not
After what liturgy they were begot;
And if there be a difference, they have
The' advantage of the chance in proving brave,
By being' engender'd with more life and force
Than those begotten the dull way of course.
  The Chinese place all piety and zeal
In serving with their wives the commonweal;
Fix all their hopes of merit and salvation
Upon their women's supererogation;
With solemn vows their wives and daughters bind,
Like Eve in Paradise, to all mankind;

And those that can produce the most gallants,
Are held the preciousest of all their saints;
Wear rosaries about their necks, to con
Their exercises of devotion on;
That serve them for certificates, to show
With what vast numbers they have had to do:
Before they're married make a conscience
To' omit no duty of incontinence;
And she that has been oft'nest prostituted,
Is worthy of the greatest match reputed.
But when the conquering Tartar went about
To root this orthodox religion out,
They stood for conscience, and resolv'd to die,
Rather than change the ancient purity
Of that religion, which their ancestors
And they had prosper'd in so many years;
Vow'd to their gods to sacrifice their lives,
And die their daughters' martyrs and their wives,
Before they would commit so great a sin
Against the faith they had been bred up in.

SATIRE,

(UPON PLAGIARIES [1].)

Why should the world be so averse
To plagiary privateers,
That all men's sense and fancy seize,
And make free prize of what they please?

[1] It is not improbable that Butler, in this satire, obliquely hints at Sir John Denham, on whom, in a preceding poem, he had made a direct attack. The first couplet was thus altered in the margin:

Why should the world be so severe
To every small-wit privateer?

As if, because they huff and swell
Like pilferers, full of what they steal,
Others might equal power assume,
To pay 'em with as hard a doom;
To shut them up, like beasts in pounds,
For breaking into others' grounds;
Mark 'em with characters and brands,
Like other forgers of men's hands,
And in effigy hang and draw
The poor delinquents by club-law,
When no indictment justly lies,
But where the theft will bear a price.
  For though wit never can be learn'd,
It may be' assum'd, and own'd, and earn'd,
And, like our noblest fruits, improv'd,
By being transplanted and remov'd;
And as it bears no certain rate,
Nor pays one penny to the state,
With which it turns no more to' account
Than virtue, faith, and merit's wont;
Is neither moveable, nor rent,
Nor chattle, goods, nor tenement,
Nor was it ever pass'd by' entail,
Nor settled upon the heirs-male;
Or if it were, like ill-got land,
Did never fall to' a second hand;
So 'tis no more to be engross'd,
Than sunshine or the air inclos'd,
Or to propriety confin'd,
Than the' uncontroll'd and scatter'd wind.
  For why should that which Nature meant
To owe its being to its vent;
That has no value of its own,
But as it is divulg'd and known;

As perishable and destroy'd,
As long as it lies unenjoy'd;
Be scanted of that liberal use,
Which all mankind is free to choose;
And idly hoarded where 'twas bred,
Instead of being dispers'd and spread?
And the more lavish and profuse,
'Tis of the nobler general use;
As riots, though supplied by stealth,
Are wholesome to the commonwealth;
And men spend freelier what they win,
Than what they 'ave freely coming in.
  The world's as full of curious wit,
Which those that father, never writ;
As 'tis of bastards, which the sot
And cuckold owns, that ne'er begot;
Yet pass as well as if the one
And t' other by-blow were their own.
For why should he that's impotent
To judge, and fancy, and invent,
For that impediment be stopt
To own and challenge, and adopt,
At least the' expos'd and fatherless
Poor orphans of the pen and press,
Whose parents are obscure or dead,
Or in far countries born and bred?
  As none but kings have pow'r to raise
A levy, which the subject pays;
And though they call that tax a loan,
Yet, when 'tis gather'd, 'tis their own:
So he that's able to impose
A wit-excise on verse or prose,
And, still the abler authors are,
Can make them pay the greater share,

Is prince of poets of his time,
And they his vassals that supply' him;
Can judge more justly' of what he takes
Than any of the best he makes,
And more impartially conceive
What's fit to choose, and what to leave.
For men reflect more strictly' upon
The sense of others than their own;
And wit, that's made of wit and sleight,
Is richer than the plain downright:
As salt that's made of salt, 's more fine,
Than when it first came from the brine;
And spirits of a nobler nature
Drawn from the dull ingredient matter.
  Hence mighty Virgil's said, of old,
From dung to have extracted gold,
(As many a lout and silly clown
By his instructions since has done)
And grew more lofty by that means,
Than by his livery-oats and beans,
When from his carts and country-farms
He rose a mighty man at arms;
To' whom the' Heroics ever since
Have sworn allegiance as their prince,
And faithfully have in all times
Observ'd his customs in their rhymes.
  'Twas counted learning once, and wit,
To void but what some author writ,
And what men understood by rote,
By as implicit sense to quote:
Then many a magisterial clerk
Was taught, like singing birds, i' th' dark,
And understood as much of things,
As the' ablest blackbird what it sings;

And yet was honour'd and renown'd
For grave, and solid, and profound.
Then why should those who pick and choose
The best of all the best compose,
And join it by Mosaic art,
In graceful order, part to part,
To make the whole in beauty suit,
Not merit as complete repute
As those who with less art and pains
Can do it with their native brains,
And make the homespun business fit
As freely with their mother-wit:
Since what by Nature was denied
By art and industry's supplied,
Both which are more our own, and brave,
Than all the alms that Nature gave?
For what we' acquire by pains and art
Is only due to' our own desert;
While all the' endowments she confers,
Are not so much our own as her's,
That, like good fortune, unawares
Fall not to' our virtue, but our shares;
And all we can pretend to merit
We do not purchase, but inherit.
  Thus all the great'st inventions, when
They first were found out, were so mean,
That the' authors of them are unknown,
As little things they scorn'd to own;
Until by men of nobler thought
Th' were to their full perfection brought.
This proves that Wit does but rough-hew,
Leaves Art to polish and review,
And that a wit at second-hand
Has greatest interest and command;

For to improve, dispose, and judge,
Is nobler than to' invent and drudge.
  Invention's humorous and nice,
And never at command applies;
Disdains to' obey the proudest wit,
Unless it chance to be' in the fit;
(Like prophecy, that can presage
Successes of the latest age,
Yet is not able to tell when
It next shall prophesy again)
Makes all her suitors course and wait,
Like a proud minister of state;
And, when she's serious, in some freak,
Extravagant, and vain, and weak,
Attend her silly lazy pleasure,
Until she chance to be at leisure:
When 'tis more easy to steal wit;
To clip, and forge, and counterfeit,
Is both the business and delight,
Like hunting-sports, of those that write;
For thievery is but one sort,
The learned say, of hunting-sport.
  Hence 'tis that some, who set up first
As raw, and wretched, and unverst,
And open'd with a stock as poor
As a healthy beggar with one sore;
That never writ in prose or verse,
But pick'd, or cut it, like a purse;
And at the best could but commit
The petty-larceny of wit,
To whom to write was to purloin,
And printing but to stamp false coin;
Yet after long and sturdy' endeavours
Of being painful wit-receivers,

With gathering rags and scraps of wit,
As paper's made, on which 'tis writ,
Have gone forth authors, and acquir'd
The right—or wrong to be admir'd;
And arm'd with confidence, incur'd
The fool's good luck, to be prefer'd.
For as a banker can dispose
Of greater sums, he only owes,
Than he who honestly is known
To deal in nothing but his own;
So whosoe'er can take up most,
May greatest fame and credit boast.

SATIRE,

IN TWO PARTS,

(UPON THE IMPERFECTION AND ABUSE OF HUMAN LEARNING.)

PART I.

It is the noblest act of human reason
To free itself from slavish prepossession,
Assume the legal right to disengage
From all it had contracted under age,
And not its ingenuity and wit
To all it was imbued with first submit;
Take true or false for better or for worse,
To have or t' hold indifferently of course.
For Custom, though but usher of the school
Where Nature breeds the body and the soul,

Usurps a greater power and interest
O'er man, the heir of Reason, than brute beast,
That by two different instincts is led,
Born to the one, and to the other bred;
And trains him up with rudiments more false
Than Nature does her stupid animals;
And that's one reason, why more care's bestow'd
Upon the body, than the soul's allow'd;
That is not found to understand and know
So subtly as the body's found to grow.

Though children without study, pains, or thought,
Are languages and vulgar notions taught,
Improve their natural talents without care,
And apprehend, before they are aware;
Yet, as all strangers never leave the tones
They have been us'd of children to pronounce,
So most men's reason never can outgrow
The discipline it first receiv'd to know,
But renders words, they first began to con,
The end of all that's after to be known,
And sets the help of education back,
Worse than, without it, man could ever lack;
Who, therefore, finds the artificial'st fools
Have not been chang'd i' the' cradle, but the schools,
Where error, pedantry, and affectation,
Run them behind-hand with their education,
And all alike are taught poetic rage,
When hardly one's fit for it in an age.

No sooner are the organs of the brain
Quick to receive, and stedfast to retain
Best knowledges, but all's laid out upon
Retrieving of the curse of Babylon,
To make confounded languages restore
A greater drudgery than it barr'd before:

And therefore those imported from the East,
Where first they were incur'd, are held the best,
Although convey'd in worse Arabian pothooks
Than gifted tradesmen scratch in sermon note-
Are really but pains and labour lost, [books;
And not worth half the drudgery they cost,
Unless, like rarities, as they 'ave been brought
From foreign climates, and as dearly bought;
When those who had no other but their own,
Have all succeeding eloquence outdone;
As men that wink with one eye, see more true,
And take their aim much better than with two:
For the more languages a man can speak,
His talent has but sprung the greater leak;
And, for the industry he' has spent upon't,
Must full as much some other way discount.
The Hebrew, Chaldee, and the Syriac,
Do, like their letters, set men's reason back,
And turn their wits, that strive to understand it,
(Like those that write the characters) left-handed:
Yet he that is but able to express
No sense at all in several languages,
Will pass for learneder than he that's known
To speak the strongest reason in his own.
  These are the modern arts of education,
With all the learned of mankind in fashion,
But practis'd only with the rod and whip,
As riding-schools inculcate horsemanship;
Or Romish penitents let our their skins,
To bear the penalties of others' sins.
When letters, at the first, were meant for play,
And only us'd to pass the time away;
When the ancient Greeks and Romans had no name
To express a school and playhouse but the same:

And in their languages, so long agone,
To study or be idle was all one;
For nothing more preserves men in their wits,
Than giving of them leave to play by fits,
In dreams to sport, and ramble with all fancies,
And waking, little less extravagances,
The rest and recreation of tir'd thought,
When 'tis run down with care and overwrought;
Of which whoever does not freely take
His constant share, is never broad awake;
And when he wants an equal competence
Of both recruits, abates as much of sense.
  Nor is their education worse design'd
Than Nature (in her province) proves unkind:
The greatest inclinations with the least
Capacities are fatally possest.
Condemn'd to drudge, and labour, and take pains,
Without an equal competence of brains;
While those she has indulg'd in soul and body,
Are most averse to industry and study,
And the' activ'st fancies share as loose alloys,
For want of equal weight to counterpoise.
But when those great conveniences meet,
Of equal judgment, industry, and wit,
The one but strives the other to divert,
While Fate and Custom in the feud take part,
And scholars by prepost'rous over-doing,
And under-judging, all their projects ruin;
Who, though the understanding of mankind
Within so straight a compass is confin'd,
Disdain the limits Nature sets to bound
The wit of man, and vainly rove beyond.
The bravest soldiers scorn, until they're got
Close to the enemy, to make a shot:

Yet great philosophers delight to stretch
Their talents most at things beyond their reach,
And proudly think to' unriddle every cause
That Nature uses, by their own bye-laws;
When 'tis not only' impertinent, but rude,
Where she denies admission, to intrude;
And all their industry is but to err,
Unless they have free quarantine from her;
Whence 'tis the world the less has understood,
By striving to know more than 'tis allow'd.
  For Adam, with the loss of Paradise,
Bought knowledge at too desperate a price,
And ever since that miserable fate
Learning did never cost an easier rate;
For though the most divine and sovereign good,
That Nature has upon mankind bestow'd,
Yet it has prov'd a greater hinderance
To the' interest of truth than ignorance.
And therefore never bore so high a value
As when 'twas low, contemptible, and shallow;
Had academics, schools, and colleges,
Endow'd for its improvement and increase;
With pomp and show was introduc'd with maces,
More than a Roman magistrate had fasces;
Impower'd with statute, privilege, and mandate,
To' assume an art, and after understand it;
Like bills of store for taking a degree,
With all the learning to it custom-free;
And own professions which they never took
So much delight in as to read one book:
Like princes, had prerogative to give
Convicted malefactors a reprieve;
And having but a little paltry wit
More than the world, reduc'd and govern'd it,

But scorn'd, as soon as 'twas but understood,
(As better is a spiteful foe to good,)
And now has nothing left for its support,
But what the darkest times provided for't.
  Man has a natural desire to know,
But th' one half is for interest, t' other show:
As scriveners take more pains to learn the sleight
Of making knots, than all the hands they write:
So all his study is not to extend
The bounds of knowledge, but some vainer end;
To' appear and pass for learned, though his claim
Will hardly reach beyond the empty name:
For most of those that drudge and labour hard,
Furnish their understandings by the yard,
As a French library by the whole is,
So much an ell for quartos and for folios;
To which they are but indexes themselves,
And understand no further than the shelves;
But smatter with their titles and editions,
And place them in their classical partitions:
When all a student knows of what he reads
Is not in's own, but under general heads
Of common-places, not in his own pow'r,
But, like a Dutchman's money, i' th' cantore,
Where all he can make of it, at the best,
Is hardly three *per cent.* for interest;
And whether he will ever get it out,
Into his own possession, is a doubt;
Affects all books of past and modern ages,
But reads no further than the title-pages,
Only to con the authors' names by rote,
Or, at the best, those of the books they quote,
Enough to challenge intimate acquaintance
With all the learned Moderns and the Ancients.

As Roman noblemen were wont to greet,
And compliment the rabble in the street,
Had nomenclators in their trains, to claim
Acquaintance with the meanest by his name;
And by so mean contemptible a bribe
Trepan'd the suffrages of every tribe:
So learned men, by authors' names unknown,
Have gain'd no small improvement to their own,
And he's esteem'd the learned'st of all others,
That has the largest catalogue of authors.

FRAGMENTS

OF AN INTENDED SECOND PART OF THE FOREGOING SATIRE.

Men's talents grow more bold and confident,
The further they're beyond their just extent,
As smatterers prove more arrogant and pert,
The less they truly understand an art;
And, where they 'ave least capacity to doubt,
Are wont to' appear most perempt'ry and stout;
While those that know the mathematic lines
Where Nature all the wit of man confines,
And when it keeps within its bounds, and where
It acts beyond the limits of its sphere;
Enjoy an absoluter free command
O'er all they have a right to understand,
Than those that falsely venture to encroach
Where Nature has denied them all approach;
And still the more they strive to understand,
Like great estates, run furthest behind-hand;

Will undertake the universe to fathom,
From infinite down to a single atom;
Without a geometric instrument,
To take their own capacity's extent;
Can tell as easy how the world was made,
As if they had been brought up to the trade,
And whether Chance, Necessity, or Matter,
Contriv'd the whole establishment of Nature;
When all their wits to understand the world
Can never tell, why a pig's tail is curl'd;
Or give a rational account, why fish,
That always use to drink, do never p—ss.

What mad fantastic gambols have been play'd
By the' ancient Greek forefathers of the trade,
That were not much inferior to the freaks
Of all our lunatic fanatic sects?
The first and best philosopher of Athens
Was crackt, and ran stark-staring mad with patience,
And had no other way to show his wit,
But when his wife was in her scolding fit;
Was after in the Pagan inquisition,
And suffer'd martyrdom for no religion.
Next him, his scholar striving to expel
All poets his poetic commonweal,
Exil'd himself, and all his followers,
Notorious poets, only bating verse.
The Stagyrite, unable to expound
The Euripus, leapt into't, and was drown'd:
So he that put his eyes out to consider
And contemplate on natural things the steadier,
Did but himself for idiot convince,
Though reverenc'd by the learned ever since.
Empedocles to be esteem'd a god,
Leapt into Ætna, with his sandles shod,

And being blown out, discover'd what an ass
The great philosopher and juggler was,
That to his own deity sacrific'd,
And was himself the victim and the priest.
The Cynic coin'd false money, and for fear
Of being hang'd for't, turn'd philosopher;
Yet with his lantern went, by day, to find
One honest man i' the' heap of all mankind;
An idle freak he needed not have done,
If he had known himself to be but one.
With swarms of maggots of the self-same rate,
The learned of all ages celebrate
Things that are properer for Knightsbridge-college,
Than the' authors and originals of knowledge;
More sottish than the two fanatics, trying
To mend the world by laughing, or by crying;
Or he that laugh'd until he chok'd his whistle,
To rally on an ass that ate a thistle;
That the' antique sage, that was gallant to' a goose,
A fitter mistress could not pick and choose,
Whose tempers, inclinations, sense, and wit,
Like two indentures, did agree so fit.

The ancient sceptics constantly denied
What they maintain'd, and thought they justified;
For when th' affirm'd that nothing's to be known,
They did but what they said before disown;
And, like Polemics of the Post, pronounce
The same thing to be true and false at once.
  These follies had such influence on the rabble,
As to engage them in perpetual squabble;
Divided Rome and Athens into clans
Of ignorant mechanic partisans;
That, to maintain their own hypotheses,
Broke one another's block-heads, and the peace;

Were often set by officers i' the' stocks
For quarrelling about a paradox: [stools,
When pudding-wives were launch'd in cucking-
For falling foul on oyster-women's schools:
No herb-women sold cabbages or onions,
But to their gossips of their own opinions:
A Peripatetic cobbler scorn'd to sole
A pair of shoes of any other school;
And porters of the judgment of the Stoics,
To go an errand of the Cyrenaics;
That us'd to' encounter in athletic lists,
With beard to beard, and teeth and nails to fists,
Like modern kicks and cuffs among the youth
Of Academics, to maintain the truth.
But in the boldest feasts of arms, the Stoic
And Epicureans were most heroic,
That stoutly ventur'd breaking of their necks,
To vindicate the interests of their sects,
And still behav'd themselves as resolute
In waging cuffs and bruises, as dispute;
Until with wounds and bruises which th' had got,
Some hundreds were kill'd dead upon the spot;
When all their quarrels, rightly understood,
Were but to prove disputes the sovereign good.

Distinctions, that had been at first design'd
To regulate the errors of the mind,
By being too nicely overstrain'd and vex'd,
Have made the comment harder than the text;
And do not now, like carving, hit the joint,
But break the bones in pieces of a point;
And, with impertinent evasions, force
The clearest reason from its native course—
That argue things so' uncertain, 'tis no matter
Whether they are, or never were in nature;

And venture to demonstrate when they 've slur'd,
And palm'd a fallacy upon a word.
For disputants (as swordsmen use to fence
With blunted foils) engage with blunted sense;
And as they're wont to falsify a blow,
Use nothing else to pass upon the foe;
Or, if they venture further to attack,
Like bowlers, strive to beat away the jack; [on,
And, when they find themselves too hardly press'd
Prevaricate, and change the state o' the' question.
The noblest science of defence and art
In practice now with all that controvert;
And the' only mode of prizes from Bear-Garden
Down to the schools, in giving blows, or warding.

As old knights-errant in their harness [1] fought
As safe as in a castle or redoubt;
Gave one another desperate attacks,
To storm the counterscarps upon their backs;
So disputants advance, and post their arms,
To storm the works of one another's terms;
Fall foul on some extravagant expression,
But ne'er attempt the main design and reason—
So some polemics use to draw their swords
Against the language only, and the words;
As he who fought at barriers with Salmasius [2],
Engag'd with nothing but his style and phrases;
Wav'd to assert the murder of a prince,
The author of false Latin to convince;

[1] Harness was an ancient term for armour.

[2] Salmasius was a learned Frenchman, and the political antagonist of Milton; who is obviously glanced at here, for having in his '*Defensio Populi*' carped at the latinity of Salmasius.

But laid the merits of the cause aside,
By those, that understood them, to be tried;
And counted breaking Priscian's head a thing
More capital than to behead a king,
For which he 'as been admir'd by all the learn'd
Of knaves concern'd, and pedants unconcern'd.

JUDGMENT is but a curious pair of scales,
That turns with the' hundredth part of true or false;
And still the more 'tis us'd, is wont to' abate
The subtlety and niceness of its weight,
Until 'tis false; and will not rise, nor fall,
Like those that are less artificial;
And therefore students, in their ways of judging,
Are fain to swallow many a senseless gudgeon,
And, by their over-understanding, lose
Its active faculty with too much use;
For reason, when too curiously 'tis spun,
Is but the next of all remov'd from none.—
  It is opinion governs all mankind,
As wisely as the blind that leads the blind:
For as those surnames are esteem'd the best
That signify in all things else the least,
So men pass fairest in the world's opinion,
That have the least of truth and reason in 'em.
Truth would undo the world, if it possest
The meanest of its right and interest;
Is but a titular princess, whose' authority
Is always under age, and in minority;
Has all things done, and carried in its name,
But most of all where it can lay no claim:
As far from gaiety and complaisance,
As greatness, insolence, and ignorance;
And therefore has surrender'd her dominion
O'er all mankind to barbarous Opinion,

That in her right usurps the tyrannies
And arbitrary government of lies—
As no tricks on the rope but those that break,
Or come most near to breaking of a neck,
Are worth the sight; so nothing goes for wit
But nonsense, or the next of all to it:
For nonsense being neither false nor true,
A little wit to any thing may screw;
And, when it has a while been us'd, of course
Will stand as well in virtue, power, and force,
And pass for sense to' all purposes as good
As if it had at first been understood:
For nonsense has the amplest privileges,
And more than all the strongest sense obliges:
That furnishes the schools with terms of art,
The mysteries of science to impart;
Supplies all seminaries with recruits
Of endless controversies and disputes;
For learned nonsense has a deeper sound
Than easy sense, and goes for more profound.

For all our learned authors now compile
At charge of nothing, but the words and style;
And the most curious critics of the learned
Believe themselves in nothing else concerned;
For as it is the garniture and dress
That all things wear in books and languages,
(And all men's qualities are wont to' appear
According to the habits that they wear)
'Tis probable to be the truest test
Of all the ingenuity o' the' rest.
The lives of trees lie only in the barks,
And in their styles the wit of greatest clerks;
Hence 'twas the ancient Roman politicians
Went to the schools of foreign rhetoricians,

To learn the art of patrons, in defence
Of interest and their clients' eloquence;
When consuls, censors, senators, and prætors,
With great dictators, us'd to' apply to rhetors,
To hear the greater magistrate o' the school
Give sentence in his haughty chair-curule,
And those who mighty nations overcame,
Were fain to say their lessons and declaim.
  Words are but pictures, true or false design'd,
To draw the lines and features of the mind;
The characters and artificial draughts,
To' express the inward images of thoughts;
And artists say, a picture may be good
Although the moral be not understood;
Whence some infer they may admire a style,
Though all the rest be e'er so mean and vile;
Applaud the' outsides of words, but never mind
With what fantastic tawdry they are lin'd.
  So orators, inchanted with the twang
Of their own trillos, take delight to' harangue;
Whose science, like a juggler's box and balls,
Conveys and counterchanges true and false;
Casts mists before an audience's eyes,
To pass the one for t' other in disguise;
And, like a morrice-dancer dress'd with bells,
Only to serve for noise and nothing else;
Such as a carrier makes his cattle wear,
And hangs for pendents in a horse's ear;
For if the language will but bear the test,
No matter what becomes of all the rest:
The ablest orator, to save a word,
Would throw all sense and reason overboard.
  Hence 'tis, that nothing else but eloquence
Is tied to such a prodigal expense;

That lays out half the wit and sense it uses
Upon the other half's as vain excuses:
For all defences and apologies
Are but specifics to' other frauds and lies;
And the' artificial wash of eloquence
Is daub'd in vain upon the clearest sense,
Only to stain the native ingenuity
Of equal brevity and perspicuity,
Whilst all the best and soberest things he does,
Are when he coughs, or spits, or blows his nose;
Handles no point so evident and clear
(Besides his white gloves) as his handkercher;
Unfolds the nicest scruple so distinct,
As if his talent had been wrapt up in't
Unthriftily, and now he went about
Henceforward to improve and put it out.

The pedants are a mongrel breed, that sojourn
Among the ancient writers and the modern;
And, while their studies are between the one
And t'other spent, have nothing of their own;
Like sponges, are both plants and animals,
And equally to both their natures false:
For whether 'tis their want of conversation
Inclines them to all sorts of affectation;
Their sedentary life and melancholy,
The everlasting nursery of folly;
Their poring upon black and white too subtly
Has turn'd the insides of their brains to motley;
Or squandering of their wits and time upon
Too many things, has made them fit for none;
Their constant overstraining of the mind
Distorts the brain, as horses break their wind;

Or rude confusions of the things they read
Get up, like noxious vapours, in the head,
Until they have their constant wanes, and fulls,
And changes, in the insides of their skulls;
Or venturing beyond the reach of wit
Has render'd them for all things else unfit;
But never bring the world and books together,
And, therefore, never rightly judge of either;
Whence multitudes of reverend men and critics,
Have got a kind of intellectual rickets,
And by the' immoderate excess of study
Have found the sickly head to' outgrow the body.
  For pedantry is but a corn or wart,
Bred in the skin of judgment, sense, and art,
A stupified excrescence, like a wen,
Fed by the peccant humours of learn'd men,
That never grows from natural defects
Of downright and untutor'd intellects,
But from the over-curious and vain
Distempers of an artificial brain—
  So he that once stood for the learned'st man [3],
Has read out Little Britain and Duck Lane,
Worn out his reason, and reduc'd his body
And brain to nothing, with perpetual study;
Kept tutors of all sorts, and vertuosis,
To read all authors to him with their glosses,
And made his lackies, when he walk'd, bear folios
Of dictionaries, lexicons, and scholias,
To be read to him every way the wind
Should chance to sit, before him or behind;

[3] Mr. Thyer conceived that this character was designed for Seldon, at whom several gibes were cast in Butler's common-place book. They had once been friends, but afterwards quarrelled.

Had read out all the' imaginary duels
That had been fought by consonants and vowels;
Had crack'd his skull, to find out proper places
To lay up all memoirs of things in cases;
And practis'd all the tricks upon the charts,
To play with packs of sciences and arts,
That serve to' improve a feeble gamester's study,
That ventures at grammatic beast, or noddy:
Had read out all the catalogues of wares,
That come in dry fats o'er from Francfort fairs,
Whose authors use to' articulate their surnames
With scraps of Greek more learned than the Germans;
Was wont to scatter books in every room,
Where they might best be seen by all that come,
And lay a train that naturally should force
What he design'd, as if it fell of course;
And all this with a worse success than Cardan,
Who bought both books and learning at a bargain,
When lighting on a philosophic spell,
Of which he never knew one syllable,
Presto, be gone, he' unriddled all he read,
As if he had to nothing else been bred.

UPON AN
HYPOCRITICAL NONCONFORMIST.
A PINDARIC ODE.

THERE's nothing so absurd, or vain,
Or barbarous, or inhumane,
But if it lay the least pretence
To piety and godliness,

Or tender-hearted conscience,
And zeal for gospel-truths profess,
Does sacred instantly commence,
And all that dare but question it, are straight
Pronounc'd the' uncircumcis'd and reprobate:
As malefactors, that escape and fly
Into a sanctuary for defence,
Must not be brought to justice thence,
Although their crimes be ne'er so great and high;
And he that dares presume to do't,
Is sentenc'd and deliver'd up
To Satan, that engag'd him to't,
For venturing wickedly to put a stop
To his immunities and free affairs,
Or meddle saucily with theirs
That are employ'd by him, while he and they
Proceed in a religious and a holy way.

And as the Pagans heretofore
Did their own handyworks adore,
And made their stone and timber deities,
Their temples and their altars, of one piece,
The same outgoings seem to' inspire
Our modern self-will'd Edifier,
That out of things as far from sense, and more,
Contrives new light and revelation,
The creatures of the' imagination
To worship and fall down before;
Of which his crack'd delusions draw
As monstrous images and rude,
As ever Pagan, to believe in, hew'd,
Or madman in a vision saw;
Mistakes the feeble impotence,
And vain delusions of his mind,

For sp'ritual gifts and offerings
Which Heaven, to present him, brings;
And still the further 'tis from sense,
Believes it is the more refin'd,
And ought to be receiv'd with greater reverence.

But as all tricks whose principles
Are false, prove false in all things else;
The dull and heavy hypocrite
Is but in pension with his conscience,
That pays him for maintaining it
With zealous rage and impudence,
And as the one grows obstinate,
So does the other rich and fat;
Disposes of his gifts and dispensations
Like spiritual foundations,
Endow'd to pious uses, and design'd
To entertain the weak, the lame, and blind,
But still diverts them to as bad, or worse,
Than others are by unjust governors:
For, like our modern publicans,
He still puts out all dues
He owes to Heav'n, to the devil to use,
And makes his godly interest great gains;
Takes all the Brethren (to recruit
The spirit in him) contribute,
And, to repair and edify his spent
And broken-winded outward man, present
For painful holding-forth against the government.

The subtle spider never spins
But on dark days his slimy gins;
Nor does our engineer much care to plant
His spiritual machines

Unless among the weak and ignorant,
The' inconstant, credulous, and light,
The vain, the factious, and the slight,
That in their zeal are most extravagant:
For trouts are tickled best in muddy water;
And still the muddier he finds their brains,
The more he's sought and follow'd after,
And greater ministrations gains;
For talking idly is admir'd,
And speaking nonsense held inspir'd;
And still the flatter and more dull
His gifts appear, is held more powerful;
For blocks are better cleft with wedges,
Than tools of sharp and subtle edges;
And dullest nonsense has been found,
By some, to be the solid'st and the most profound.

A great Apostle once was said
With 'too much learning to be mad';
But our great Saint becomes distract,
And only with too little crackt;
Cries moral truths and human learning down,
And will endure no reason but his own:
For 'tis a drudgery and task
Not for a saint, but Pagan oracle,
To answer all men can object or ask;
But to be found impregnable,
And with a sturdy forehead to hold out
In spite of shame or reason resolute,
Is braver than to argue and confute:
As he that can draw blood, they say,
From witches, takes their magic pow'r away,
So he that draws blood into' a Brother's face,
Takes all his gifts away, and light, and grace:

For while he holds that nothing is so damn'd
And shameful as to be asham'd,
He never can be attack'd,
But will come off; for Confidence, well back'd,
Among the weak and prepossess'd, [press'd.
Has often Truth, with all her kingly pow'r, op-

It is the nature of late zeal,
'Twill not be subject, nor rebel,
Nor left at large, nor be restrain'd,
But where there's something to be gain'd;
And that being once reveal'd, defies
The law, with all its penalties,
And is convinc'd no pale
O' the' church can be so sacred as a gaol:
For as the Indians' prisons are their mines,
So he has found are all restraints
To thriving and free-conscienc'd Saints;
For the same thing enriches that confines:
And like to Lully, when he was in hold,
He turns his baser metals into gold;
Receives returning and retiring fees
For holding-forth, and holding of his peace;
And takes a pension to be advocate
And standing counsel 'gainst the church and state,
For gall'd and tender consciences;
Commits himself to prison to trepan,
Draw in, and spirit all he can;
For birds in cages have a call,
To draw the wildest into nets,
More prevalent and natural
Than all our artificial pipes and counterfeits.

His slippery conscience has more tricks
Than all the juggling empirics,

And every one another contradicts;
All laws of heav'n and earth can break,
And swallow oaths, and blood, and rapine easy;
And yet is so infirm and weak,
'Twill not endure the gentlest check,
But at the slightest nicety grows queasy;
Disdains control, and yet can be
No where, but in a prison, free;
Can force itself, in spite of God,
Who makes it free as thought at home,
A slave and villain to become,
To serve its interests abroad:
And though no Pharisee was e'er so cunning
At tithing mint and cummin,
No dull idolater was e'er so flat
In things of deep and solid weight;
Pretends to charity and holiness,
But is implacable to peace,
And out of tenderness grows obstinate.
And though the zeal of God's house ate a prince
And prophet up (he says) long since,
His cross-grain'd peremptory zeal
Would eat up God's house, and devour it at a meal.

He does not pray, but prosecute
(As if he went to law) his suit;
Summons his Maker to appear
And answer what he shall prefer;
Returns him back his gift of prayer,
Not to petition, but declare;
Exhibits cross complaints
Against him for the breach of Covenants,
And all the charters of the Saints;

Pleads guilty to the action, and yet stands
Upon high terms and bold demands;
Excepts against him and his laws,
And will be judge himself in his own cause;
And grows more saucy and severe
Than the' heathen emperor [1] was to Jupiter,
That us'd to wrangle with him and dispute,
And sometimes would speak softly in his ear,
And sometimes loud, and rant, and tear,
And threaten, if he did not grant his suit.

But when his painful gifts he' employs
In holding-forth, the virtue lies
Not in the letter of the sense,
But in the spiritual vehemence,
The pow'r and dispensation of the voice,
The zealous pangs and agonies,
And heavenly turnings of the eyes;
The groans with which he piously destroys,
And drowns the nonsense in the noise;
And grows so loud, as if he meant to force
And take in Heav'n by violence;
To fright the Saints into salvation,
Or scare the devil from temptation;
Until he falls so low and hoarse,
No kind of carnal sense
Can be made out of what he means:
But as the ancient Pagans were precise
To use no short-tail'd beast in sacrifice,
He still conforms to them, and has a care
To' allow the largest measure to his paltry ware.

The ancient churches, and the best,
By their own martyr's blood increas'd;

[1] Caligula. See his life by Suetonius.

But he has found out a new way,
To do it with the blood of those
That dare his church's growth oppose,
Or her imperious canons disobey;
And strives to carry on the work,
Like a true primitive reforming Turk,
With holy rage, and edifying war,
More safe and powerful ways by far:
For the Turk's patriarch, Mahomet,
Was the first great reformer, and the chief
Of the' ancient Christian belief,
That mix'd it with new light, and cheat,
With revelations, dreams, and visions,
And apostolic superstitions,
To be held forth and carried on by war;
And his successor was a Presbyter,
With greater right than Haly or Abubeker [2].

For as a Turk that is to act some crime
Against his Prophet's holy law
Is wont to bid his soul withdraw,
And leave his body for a time;
So when some horrid action's to be done,
Our Turkish proselyte puts on
Another spirit, and lays by his own;
And when his over-heated brain
Turns giddy, like his brother Mussulman,
He's judg'd inspir'd, and all his frenzies held
To be prophetic, and reveal'd.
The one believes all madmen to be saints,
Which the' other cries him down for and abhors,
And yet in madness all devotion plants,
And where he differs most concurs;

[2] The sons-in-law of Mahomet.

Both equally exact and just
In perjury and breach of trust;
So like in all things, that one brother
Is but a counterpart of t'other;
And both unanimously damn
And hate (like two that play one game)
Each other for it, while they strive to do the same.

Both equally design to raise
Their churches by the self-same ways;
With war and ruin to assert
Their doctrine, and with sword and fire convert;
To preach the gospel with a drum,
And for convincing overcome:
And though, in worshipping of God, all blood
Was by his own laws disallow'd,
Both hold no holy rites to be so good;
And both to propagate the breed
Of their own Saints one way proceed;
For lust and rapes in war repair as fast
As fury and destruction waste:
Both equally allow all crimes
As lawful means to propagate a sect;
For laws in war can be of no effect,
And license does more good in gospel-times.
Hence 'tis that holy wars have ever been
The horrid'st scenes of blood and sin;
For when religion does recede
From her own nature, nothing but a breed
Of prodigies and hideous monsters can succeed.

UPON MODERN CRITICS.

A PINDARIC ODE.

'Tis well that equal Heav'n has plac'd
Those joys above, that to reward
The just and virtuous, are prepar'd,
Beyond their reach until their pains are past;
Else men would rather venture to possess
By force, than earn their happiness;
And only take the devil's advice,
As Adam did, how soonest to be wise,
Though at the' expense of Paradise:
For, as some say, to fight is but a base
Mechanic handy-work, and far below
A generous spirit to' undergo:
So 'tis to take the pains to know,
Which some, with only confidence and face,
More easily and ably do;
For daring nonsense seldom fails to hit,
Like scatter'd shot, and pass with some for wit.
Who would not rather make himself a judge,
And boldly usurpate the chair,
Than with dull industry and care
Endure to study, think, and drudge,
For that which he much sooner may advance
With obstinate and pertinacious ignorance?

For all men challenge, though in spite
Of Nature and their stars, a right,
To censure, judge, and know;
Though she can only order who

Shall be, and who shall ne'er be wise:
Then why should those whom she denies
Her favour and good graces to,
Not strive to take opinion by surprise,
And ravish what it were in vain to woo?
For he that desperately assumes
The censure of all wits and arts,
Though without judgment, skill, and parts,
Only to startle and amuse,
And mask his ignorance (as Indians use
With gaudy-colour'd plumes
Their homely nether parts to' adorn)
Can never fail to captive some,
That will submit to his oraculous doom,
And reverence what they ought to scorn;
Admire his sturdy confidence
For solid judgment and deep sense;
And credit purchas'd without pains or wit,
Like stolen pleasures, ought to be most sweet.

Two self-admirers, that combine
Against the world, may pass a fine
Upon all judgment, sense, and wit,
And settle it as they think fit
On one another; like the choice
Of Persian princes, by one's horse's voice:
For those fine pageants which some raise,
Of false and disproportion'd praise,
To' enable whom they please to' appear,
And pass for what they never were,
In private only being but nam'd,
Their modesty must be asham'd,
And not endur'd to hear,
And yet may be divulg'd and fam'd,

And own'd in public every where:
So vain some authors are to boast
Their want of ingenuity, and club
Their affidavit-wits, to dub
Each other but a Knight o' the Post,
As false as suborn'd perjurers, [ears.
That vouch away all right they have to their own

But when all other courses fail,
There is one easy artifice
That seldom has been known to miss,
To cry all mankind down, and rail:
For he whom all men do contemn,
May be allow'd to rail again at them,
And in his own defence
To outface reason, wit, and sense,
And all that makes against himself condemn;
To snarl at all things right or wrong,
Like a mad dog, that has a worm in his tongue;
Reduce all knowledge back of good and evil
To' its first original, the devil;
And, like a fierce inquisitor of wit,
To spare no flesh that ever spoke or writ;
Though to perform his task as dull,
As if he had a toadstone in his scull,
And could produce a greater stock
Of maggots than a pastoral poet's flock.

The feeblest vermin can destroy
As sure as stoutest beasts of prey,
And only with their eyes and breath
Infect and poison men to death;
But that more impotent buffoon
That makes it both his business and his sport

To rail at all, is but a drone
That spends his sting on what he cannot hurt;
Enjoys a kind of lechery in spite,
Like o'ergrown sinners, that in whipping take de-
Invades the reputation of all those [light;
That have, or have it not to lose;
And if he chance to make a difference,
'Tis always in the wrongest sense:
As rooking gamesters never lay
Upon those hands that use fair play,
But venture all their bets
Upon the slurs and cunning tricks of ablest cheats.

Nor does he vex himself much less
Than all the world beside,
Falls sick of other men's excess,
Is humbled only at their pride,
And wretched at their happiness;
Revenges on himself the wrong
Which his vain malice and loose tongue
To those, that feel it not, have done;
And whips and spurs himself, because he is out-
gone;
Makes idle characters and tales,
As counterfeit, unlike, and false,
As witches' pictures are of wax and clay
To those, whom they would in effigy slay.
And as the devil, that has no shape of's own,
Affects to put the ugliest on,
And leaves a stink behind him when he's gone;
So he that's worse than nothing, strives to' appear
I' the' likeness of a wolf or bear,
To fright the weak; but when men dare
Encounter with him, stinks, and vanishes to air.

TO THE HAPPY MEMORY OF THE

MOST RENOWNED DU-VAL.

A PINDARIC ODE.

'Tis true, to compliment the dead
Is as impertinent and vain,
As 'twas of old to call them back again;
Or, like the Tartars, give them wives,
With settlements for after-lives:
For all that can be done or said,
Though ere so noble, great, and good,
By them is neither heard nor understood.
All our fine sleights and tricks of art,
First to create, and then adore desert;
And those romances which we frame,
To raise ourselves, not them, a name,
In vain are stuft with ranting flatteries,
And such as, if they knew, they would despise.
For as those times the Golden Age we call,
In which there was no gold in use at all,
So we plant glory and renown
Where it was ne'er deserv'd nor known,
But to worse purpose, many times,
To flourish o'er nefarious crimes,
And cheat the world, that never seems to mind
How good or bad men die, but what they leave be-
[hind.
And yet the brave Du-Val, whose name
Can never be worn out by Fame,
That liv'd and died to leave behind
A great example to mankind;

That fell a public sacrifice,
From ruin to preserve those few
Who, though born false, may be made true,
And teach the world to be more just and wise,
Ought not, like vulgar ashes, rest
Unmention'd in his silent chest,
Not for his own, but public interest.
He, like a pious man, some years before
The' arrival of his fatal hour,
Made every day he had to live
To his last minute a preparative;
Taught the wild Arabs on the road
To act in a more genteel mode;
Take prizes more obligingly than those
Who never had been bred *filous;*
And how to hang in a more graceful fashion
Than e'er was known before to the dull English [nation.
In France, the staple of new modes,
Where garbs and miens are current goods,
That serves the ruder northern nations
With methods of address and treat;
Prescribes new garnitures and fashions,
And how to drink and how to eat
No out-of-fashion wine or meat,
To understand cravats and plumes,
And the most modish from the old perfumes;
To know the age and pedigrees
Of points of Flanders or Venice;
Cast their nativities, and, to a day,
Foretel how long they'll hold, and when decay;
To' affect the purest negligences
In gestures, gaits, and miens,
And speak by *repartee-rotines*
Out of the most authentic of romances,

And to demonstrate, with substantial reason,
What ribbons, all the year, are in or out of season.

In this great ácademy of mankind
He had his birth and education,
Where all men are so' ingeniously inclin'd,
They understand by imitation,
Improve untaught, before they are aware,
As if they suck'd their breeding from the air,
That naturally does dispense
To all a deep and solid confidence;
A virtue of that precious use,
That he whom bounteous Heaven endues
But with a moderate share of it,
Can want no worth, abilities, or wit,
In all the deep hermetic arts:
(For so of late the learned call
All tricks, if strange and mystical.)
He had improv'd his natural parts,
And with his magic rod could sound
Where hidden treasure might be found:
He, like a lord o' the' manor, seiz'd upon
Whatever happen'd in his way,
As lawful weft and stray,
And after, by the custom, kept it as his own.

From these first rudiments he grew
To nobler feats, and tried his force
Upon whole troops of foot and horse,
Whom he as bravely did subdue;
Declar'd all caravans that go
Upon the king's highway, the foe;
Made many desperate attacks
Upon itinerant brigades
Of all professions, ranks, and trades,
On carriers' loads, and pedlars' packs;

Made 'em lay down their arms, and yield,
And, to the smallest piece, restore
All that by cheating they had gain'd before;
And after plunder'd all the baggage of the field.
In every bold affair of war
He had the chief command, and led them on;
For no man is judg'd fit to have the care
Of other's lives, until he 'as made it known
How much he does despise and scorn his own.

Whole provinces, betwixt sun and sun,
Have by his conquering sword been won;
And mighty sums of money laid,
For ransom, upon every man,
And hostages deliver'd till 'twas paid.
The' excise and chimney-publican,
The jew-forestaller and enhancer,
To him for all their crimes did answer.
He vanquish'd the most fierce, and fell,
Of all his foes, the Constable;
And oft had beat his quarters up,
And routed him and all his troop.
He took the dreadful lawyer's fees,
That in his own allow'd highway
Does feats of arms as great as his,
And when they' encounter in it, wins the day:
Safe in his garrison, the Court,
Where meaner criminals are sentenc'd for't,
To this stern foe he oft gave quarter;
But as the Scotchman did a Tartar,
That he, in time to come,
Might in return from him receive his fatal doom.

He would have starv'd this mighty town,
And brought its haughty spirit down,

Have cut it off from all relief,
And, like a wise and valiant chief,
Made many a fierce assault
Upon all ammunition-carts,
And those that bring up cheese, or malt,
Or bacon, from remoter parts;
No convoy e'er so strong with food
Durst venture on the desperate road:
He made the' undaunted waggoner obey,
And the fierce higgler contribution pay;
The savage butcher and stout drover
Durst not to him their feeble troops discover;
And if he had but kept the field,
In time had made the City yield:
For great towns, like to crocodiles, are found
I' the' belly aptest to receive a mortal wound.

But when the fatal hour arriv'd
In which his stars began to frown,
And had in close cabals contriv'd
To pull him from his height of glory down;
And he, by numerous foes oppress'd,
Was in the' enchanted dungeon cast,
Secur'd with mighty guards,
Lest he by force or stratagem
Might prove too cunning for their chains and them,
And break through all their locks, and bolts, and [wards,
Had both his legs by charms committed
To one another's charge,
That neither might be set at large,
And all their fury and revenge outwitted.
As jewels of high value are
Kept under locks with greater care
Than those of meaner rates;
So he was in stone walls, and chains, and iron grates.

Thither came ladies from all parts,
To offer up close prisoners their hearts,
Which he receiv'd as tribute due,
And made them yield up love and honour too;
But in more brave heroic ways
Than e'er were practis'd yet in plays:
For those two spiteful foes, who never meet
But full of hot contest and pique
About punctilios and mere tricks,
Did all their quarrels to his doom submit,
And, far more generous and free,
In contemplation only of him did agree,
Both fully satisfied; the one,
With those fresh laurels he had won,
And all the brave renowned feats
He had perform'd in arms;
The other, with his person and his charms:
For just as larks are catch'd in nets,
By gazing on a piece of glass,
So while the ladies view'd his brighter eyes,
And smoother polish'd face,
Their gentle hearts, alas! were taken by surprise.

Never did bold knight, to relieve
Distressed dames, such dreadful feats achieve,
As feeble damsels, for his sake,
Would have been proud to undertake;
And, bravely' ambitious to redeem
The world's loss and their own,
Strove who should have the honour to lay down
And change a life with him;
But finding all their hopes in vain
To move his fix'd determin'd fate,
Their life itself began to hate,

As if it were an infamy
To live when he was doom'd to die;
Made loud appeals and moans,
To less hard-hearted grates and stones;
Came, swell'd with sighs, and drown'd in tears,
To yield themselves his fellow-sufferers,
And follow'd him, like prisoners of war,
Chain'd to the lofty wheels of his triumphant car.

A BALLAD[1].

As close as a goose
Sat the Parliament-house,
  To hatch the royal gull;
After much fiddle-faddle,
The egg proved addle,
  And Oliver came forth Nol.

Yet old Queen Madge,
Though things do not fadge,
  Will serve to be queen of a May-pole;
Two princes of Wales,
For Whitsun-ales,
  And her Grace Maid-Marian Clay-pole.

[1] This Ballad refers to the Parliament which deliberated about making Oliver king, and petitioned him to accept the title; which he, out of fear of some republican zealots in his party, refused to accept; and contented himself with the power, under the name of *Protector*.

In a robe of cow-hide
Sat yesty Pride [2],
  With his dagger and his sling;
He was the pertinent'st peer
Of all that were there,
  To' advise with such a king.

A great philosopher [3]
Had a goose for his lover,
  That follow'd him day and night:
If it be a true story,
Or but an allegory,
  It may be both ways right.

Strickland and his son,
Both cast into one,
  Were meant for a single baron;
But when they came to sit,
There was not wit
  Enough in them both, to serve for one.

Wherefore 'twas thought good
To add Honeywood;
  But when they came to trial,
Each one prov'd a fool,
Yet three knaves in the whole,
  And that made up a Pair-royal [4].

[2] Col. Pride had been a brewer, or a brewer's man.

[3] Amphilochus supposed. See Pliny, Ælian, &c.

[4] Mr. Thyer explains the wit of this to lie in the ambiguity of the word *Pair*-royal; which is applicable to three knaves at the game of Brag, and signifies at the same time, in French, a peer or baron.

A BALLAD,
IN TWO PARTS.

(CONJECTURED TO BE ON OLIVER CROMWELL.)

PART I.

Draw near, good people all, draw near,
And hearken to my ditty;
A stranger thing
Than this I sing
Came never to this city.

Had you but seen this monster,
You would not give a farthing
For the lions in the grate,
Nor the mountain-cat,
Nor the bears in Paris-garden.

You would defy the pageants
Are borne before the mayor;
The strangest shape
You e'er did gape
Upon at Bart'lomy fair!

His face is round and decent,
As is your dish or platter;
On which there grows
A thing like a nose,
But, indeed, it is no such matter.

On both sides of the' aforesaid
Are eyes, but they' re not matches,
On which there are
To be seen two fair
And large well-grown mustaches.

Now this with admiration
  Does all beholders strike,
    That a beard should grow
    Upon a thing's brow;
Did ye ever see the like?

He has no skull, 'tis well known
  To thousands of beholders;
    Nothing but a skin
    Does keep his brains in
  From running about his shoulders.

On both sides of his noddle
  Are straps o' the' very same leather;
    Ears are implied,
    But they are mere hide,
  Or morsels of tripe, choose ye whether.

Between these two extendeth
  A slit from ear to ear,
    That every hour
    Gapes to devour
  The sowce, that grows so near.

Beneath a tuft of bristles,
  As rough as a frize-jerkin;
    If it had been a beard,
    'Twould have serv'd a herd
  Of goats, that are of his near kin.

Within a set of grinders
  Most sharp and keen, corroding
    Your iron and brass
    As easy as,
  That you would do a pudding.

But the strangest thing of all is,
  Upon his rump there groweth
    A great long tail,
    That useth to trail
  Upon the ground as he goeth.

PART II.

This monster was begotten
  Upon one of the witches,
    By an imp that came to her,
    Like a man, to woo her,
  With black doublet and breeches.

When he was whelp'd, for certain,
  In divers several countries
    The hogs and swine
    Did grunt and whine,
  And the ravens croak'd upon trees.

The winds did blow, the thunder
  And lightning loud did rumble;
    The dogs did howl,
    The hollow tree in the' owl—
  'Tis a good horse that ne'er stumbled.

As soon as he was brought forth,
  At the midwife's throat he flew,
    And threw the pap
    Down in her lap;
  (They say 'tis very true.)

And up the walls he clamber'd,
  With nails most sharp and keen,
    The prints whereof,
    I' the' boards and roof,
  Are yet for to be seen.

And out o' the' top o' the' chimney
He vanish'd, seen of none;
For they did wink,
Yet by the stink
Knew which way he was gone.

The country round about there
Became like to a wildern-
ess; for the sight
Of him did fright
Away men, women, and children.

Long did he there continue,
And all those parts much harmed,
Till a wise-woman, which
Some call a white witch,
Him into a hog-sty charmed.

There, when she had him shut fast,
With brimstone and with nitre,
She sing'd the claws
Of his left paws,
With tip of his tail, and his right ear.

And with her charms and ointments
She made him tame as a spaniel;
For she us'd to ride
On his back astride,
Nor did he do her any ill.

But to the admiration
Of all both far and near,
He hath been shown
In every town,
And eke in every shire.

And now, at length, he's brought
Unto fair London city,
Where in Fleet-street
All those may see't,
That will not believe my ditty.

God save the King and Parliament [1],
And eke the Prince's highness,
And quickly send
The wars an end,
As here my song has—*Finis.*

MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS [2].

All men's intrigues and projects tend,
By several courses, to one end;
To compass, by the properest shows,
Whatever their designs propose;
And that which owns the fair'st pretext
Is often found the indirect'st.
Hence 'tis, that hypocrites still paint
Much fairer than the real saint,

[1] From these circumstances it appears, that this Ballad was wrote before the death of the King, and that it is the earliest performance of Butler's that has yet been made public.

[2] This, and the other little Sketches that follow, were, among many of the same kind, fairly wrote out by Butler, in a sort of poetical Thesaurus. Whether he intended ever to publish any of them, as separate distinct thoughts, or to interweave them into some future compositions, (a thing very usual with him) cannot be ascertained; nor is it, indeed, very material to those who are fond of his manner of thinking and writing. Mr. Thyer gave them the title of *Miscellaneous Thoughts.*

And knaves appear more just and true
Than honest men, that make less shew:
The dullest idiots in disguise
Appear more knowing than the wise;
Illiterate dunces, undiscern'd,
Pass on the rabble for the learn'd;
And cowards, that can damn and rant,
Pass muster for the valiant:
For he that has but impudence,
To all things has a just pretence,
And, put among his wants but shame,
To all the world may lay his claim.

How various and innumerable
Are those, who live upon the rabble?
'Tis they maintain the church and state,
Employ the priest and magistrate;
Bear all the charge of government,
And pay the public fines and rent;
Defray all taxes and excises,
And impositions of all prices;
Bear all the' expense of peace and war,
And pay the pulpit and the bar;
Maintain all churches and religions,
And give their pastors exhibitions;
And those who have the greatest flocks
Are primitive and orthodox;
Support all schismatics and sects,
And pay 'em for tormenting texts;
Take all their doctrines off their hands,
And pay 'em in good rents and lands;
Discharge all costly offices,
The doctor's and the lawyer's fees,
The hangman's wages, and the scores
Of caterpillar bawds and whores;

Discharge all damages and costs
Of Knights and Squires of the Post;
All statesmen, cutpurses, and padders,
And pay for all their ropes and ladders;
All pettifoggers, and all sorts
Of markets, churches, and of courts;
All sums of money paid or spent,
With all the charges incident,
Laid out, or thrown away, or giv'n
To purchase this world, hell, or heav'n.

SHOULD once the world resolve to' abolish
All that's ridiculous and foolish,
It would have nothing left to do,
To' apply in jest or earnest to,
No business of importance, play,
Or state, to pass its time away.

THE world would be more just, if truth and lies,
And right and wrong, did bear an equal price;
But since impostors are so highly rais'd,
And faith and justice equally debas'd,
Few men have tempers, for such paltry gains
To' undo themselves with drudgery and pains.

THE sottish world without distinction looks
On all that passes on the' account of books;
And when there are two scholars, that within
The species only hardly are a-kin,
The world will pass for men of equal knowledge,
If equally they' ve loiter'd in a college.

CRITICS are like a kind of flies that breed
In wild fig-trees, and, when they're grown up, feed
Upon the raw fruit of the nobler kind,
And, by their nibbling on the outward rind,

Open the pores, and make way for the sun
To ripen it sooner than he would have done.

As all Fanatics preach, so all men write
Out of the strength of gifts and inward light,
In spite of art; as horses thorough pac'd
Were never taught, and therefore go more fast.

In all mistakes, the strict and regular
Are found to be the desp'rat'st ways to err,
And worst to be avoided; as a wound
Is said to be the harder cur'd that's round:
For error and mistake, the less they' appear,
In the' end are found to be the dangerouser;
As no man minds those clocks that use to go
Apparently too over-fast or slow.

The truest characters of ignorance
Are vanity, and pride, and arrogance;
As blind men use to bear their noses higher
Than those that have their eyes and sight entire.

The metaphysic's but a puppet-motion
That goes with screws, the notion of a notion;
The copy of a copy, and lame draught
Unnaturally taken from a thought;
That counterfeits all pantomimic tricks,
And turns the eyes like an old crucifix;
That counterchanges whatsoe'er it calls
By' another name, and makes it true or false;
Turns truth to falsehood, falsehood into truth,
By virtue of the Babylonian's tooth.

'Tis not the art of schools to understand,
But make things hard, instead of being explain'd;
And therefore those are commonly the learnedst,
That only study between jest and earnest:

For when the end of learning's to pursue
And trace the subtle steps of false and true,
They ne'er consider how they're to apply,
But only listen to the noise and cry,
And are so much delighted with the chase,
They never mind the taking of their preys.

More proselytes and converts use to' accrue
To false persuasions than the right and true;
For error and mistake are infinite,
But truth has but one way to be i' the' right;
As numbers may to' infinity be grown,
But never be reduc'd to less than one.

All wit and fancy, like a diamond,
The more exact and curious 'tis ground,
Is forc'd for every carat to abate
As much in value as it wants in weight.

The great Saint Lewis, king of France,
Fighting against Mahometans,
In Egypt, in the Holy war,
Was routed and made prisoner:
The Sultan then, into whose hands
He and his army fell, demands
A thousand weight of gold, to free,
And set them all at liberty.
The king pays down one half o' the nail,
And for the other offers bail,
The pyx, and in 't the eucharist,
The body of our Saviour Christ.
The Turk consider'd, and allow'd
The king's security for good:—
Such credit had the Christian zeal,
In those days, with an Infidel,
That will not pass for twopence now,
Among themselves, 'tis grown so low.

THOSE that go up-hill, use to bow
Their bodies forward, and stoop low,
To poise themselves, and sometimes creep,
When the' way is difficult and steep:
So those at court, that do address
By low ignoble offices,
Can stoop to any thing that's base,
To wriggle into trust and grace,
Are like to rise to greatness sooner
Than those that go by worth and honour.

ALL acts of grace, and pardon, and oblivion,
Are meant of services that are forgiven,
And not of crimes delinquents have committed,
And rather been rewarded than acquitted.

LIONS are kings of beasts, and yet their pow'r
Is not to rule and govern, but devour:
Such savage kings all tyrants are, and they
No better than mere beasts that do obey.

NOTHING's more dull and negligent
Than an old lazy government,
That knows no interest of state,
But such as serves a present strait,
And to patch up, or shift, will close,
Or break alike, with friends or foes;
That runs behind-hand, and has spent
Its credit to the last extent;
And the first time 'tis at a loss,
Has not one true friend nor one cross [3].

THE devil was the first o' the' name,
From whom the race of rebels came,
Who was the first bold undertaker
Of bearing arms against his Maker;

[3] A coin so called, from its impress.

And though, miscarrying in the' event,
Was never yet known to repent,
Though tumbled from the top of bliss
Down to the bottomless abyss;
A property which, from their prince,
The family owns ever since,
And therefore ne'er repent the evil
They do or suffer, like the devil.

The worst of rebels never arm
To do their king or country harm,
But draw their swords to do them good;
As doctors cure, by letting blood.

No seared conscience is so fell
As that which has been burnt with zeal;
For Christian charity 's as well
A great impediment to zeal,
As zeal a pestilent disease
To Christian charity and peace.

As thistles wear the softest down,
To hide their prickles till they're grown,
And then declare themselves, and tear
Whatever ventures to come near;
So a smooth knave does greater feats
Than one that idly rails and threats,
And all the mischief that he meant,
Does, like a rattlesnake, prevent.

Man is supreme lord and master
Of his own ruin and disaster;
Controls his fate, but nothing less
In ordering his own happiness;
For all his care and providence
Is too, too feeble a defence

To render it secure and certain
Against the injuries of Fortune;
And oft, in spite of all his wit,
Is lost with one unlucky hit,
And ruin'd with a circumstance,
And mere punctilio, of chance.

Dame Fortune, some men's tutelar,
Takes charge of them without their care,
Does all their drudgery and work,
Like Fairies, for them in the dark;
Conducts them blindfold, and advances
The naturals by blinder chances;
While others by desert or wit
Could never make the matter hit,
But still the better they deserve,
Are but the abler thought to starve.

Great wits have only been prefer'd,
In princes' trains to be inter'd,
And, when they cost them nothing, plac'd
Among their followers not the last;
But while they liv'd, were far enough
From all admittances kept off.

As gold, that 's proof against the' assay,
Upon the touchstone wears away;
And having stood the greater test,
Is overmaster'd by the least:
So some men, having stood the hate
And spiteful cruelty of Fate,
Transported with a false caress
Of unacquainted happiness,
Lost to humanity and sense,
Have fall'n as low as insolence.

INNOCENCE is a defence
For nothing else but patience;
'Twill not bear out the blows of Fate,
Nor fence against the tricks of state;
Nor from the' oppression of the laws
Protect the plain'st and justest cause;
Nor keep unspotted a good name
Against the obloquies of Fame;
Feeble as Patience, and as soon,
By being blown upon, undone:
As beasts are hunted for their furs,
Men for their virtues fare the worse.

WHO doth not know with what fierce rage
Opinions, true or false, engage?
And, 'cause they govern all mankind,
Like the blind's leading of the blind,
All claim an equal interest,
And free dominion, o'er the rest.
And as one shield that fell from Heav'n
Was counterfeited by eleven,
The better to secure the fate
And lasting empire of a state,
The false are numerous, and the true,
That only have the right, but few.
Hence fools, that understand 'em least,
Are still the fiercest in contest;
Unsight, unseen, espouse a side
At random, like a prince's bride,
To damn their souls, and swear and lie for,
And at a venture live and die for.

OPINION governs all mankind,
Like the blind's leading of the blind;
For he that has no eyes in's head,
Must be by' a dog glad to be led;

And no beasts have so little in 'em
As that inhuman brute, Opinion:
'Tis an infectious pestilence,
The tokens upon wit and sense,
That with a venomous contagion
Invades the sick imagination;
And when it seizes any part,
It strikes the poison to the heart.
This men of one another catch
By contract as the humours match;
And nothing's so perverse in nature
As a profound opiniator.

AUTHORITY intoxicates,
And makes mere sots of magistrates;
The fumes of it invade the brain,
And make men giddy, proud, and vain:
By this the fool commands the wise,
The noble with the base complies,
The sot assumes the rule of wit,
And cowards make the base submit.

A GODLY man that has serv'd out his time
In holiness, may set up any crime:
As scholars, when they've taken their degrees,
May set up any faculty they please.

WHY should not piety be made,
As well as equity, a trade,
And men get money by devotion,
As well as making of a motion?
Be' allow'd to pray upon conditions,
As well as suitors in petitions?
And in a congregation pray,
No less than Chancery, for pay?

A TEACHER's doctrine, and his proof,
Is all his province, and enough;
But is no more concern'd in use,
Than shoemakers to wear all shoes.

THE soberest saints are more stiff-necked
Than the' hottest-headed of the wicked.

HYPOCRISY will serve as well
To propagate a church as zeal;
As persecution and promotion
Do equally advance devotion:
So round white stones will serve, they say,
As well as eggs, to make hens lay.

THE greatest saints and sinners have been made
Of proselytes, of one another's trade.

YOUR wise and cautious consciences
Are free to take what course they please;
Have plenary indulgence to dispose,
At pleasure, of the strictest vows,
And challenge Heav'n, they made 'em to,
To vouch and witness what they do;
And when they prove averse and loth,
Yet for convenience take an oath;
Not only can dispense, but make it
A greater sin to keep than take it;
Can bind and loose all sorts of sin,
And only keeps the keys within;
Has no superior to controul,
But what itself sets o'er the soul;
And when it is enjoin'd to' obey,
Is but confin'd, and keeps the key;
Can walk invisible, and where,
And when, and how, it will appear;

Can turn itself into disguises
Of all sorts, for all sorts of vices;
Can transubstantiate, metamorphose,
And charm whole herds of beasts, like Orpheus;
Make woods, and tenements, and lands,
Obey and follow its commands,
And settle on a new freehold,
As Marcly-hill remov'd of old;
Make mountains move with greater force
Than faith, to new proprietors;
And perjurers, to secure the' enjoyments
Of public charges and employments:
For true and faithful, good and just,
Are but preparatives to trust;
The gilt and ornament of things,
And not their movements, wheels, and springs.

All love, at first, like generous wine,
Ferments and frets until 'tis fine;
But when 'tis settled on the lee,
And from the' impurer matter free,
Becomes the richer still the older,
And proves the pleasanter the colder.

The motions of the earth or sun,
(The Lord knows which) that turn, or run,
Are both perform'd by fits and starts;
And so are those of lovers' hearts,
Which, though they keep no even pace,
Move true and constant to one place.

Love is too great a happiness
For wretched mortals to possess;
For could it hold inviolate
Against those cruelties of Fate

Which all felicities below
By rigid laws are subject to,
It would become a bliss too high
For perishing mortality,
Translate to earth the joys above;
For nothing goes to Heaven but love.

All wild but generous creatures live, of course,
As if they had agreed for better or worse:
The lion's constant to his only miss,
And never leaves his faithful lioness;
And she as chaste and true to him again,
As virtuous ladies use to be to men.
The docile and ingenuous elephant
To' his own and only female is gallant;
And she as true and constant to his bed,
That first enjoy'd her single maidenhead;
But paltry rams, and bulls, ~~and~~ goats, and boars,
Are never satisfied with new amours;
As all poltroons with us delight to range,
And, though but for the worst of all, to change.

The souls of women are so small,
That some believe they 've none at all;
Or if they have, like cripples, still
They 've but one faculty, the will;
The other two are quite laid by
To make up one great tyranny;
And though their passions have most pow'r,
They are, like Turks, but slaves the more
To the' abs'lute will, that with a breath
Has sovereign pow'r of life and death,
And, as its little interests move,
Can turn 'em all to hate or love;

For nothing, in a moment, turn
To frantic love, disdain, and scorn;
And make that love degenerate
To' as great extremity of hate;
And hate again, and scorn, and piques,
To flames, and raptures, and love-tricks.

All sorts of votaries, that profess
To bind themselves apprentices
To Heav'n; abjure, with solemn vows,
Not Cut and Long-tail, but a spouse;
As the' worst of all impediments
To hinder their devout intents.

Most virgins marry, just as nuns
The same thing the same way renounce;
Before they 've wit to understand
The bold attempt they take in hand;
Or having staid and lost their tides,
Are out of season grown for brides.

The credit of the marriage-bed
Has been so loosely husbanded,
Men only deal for ready money,
And women, separate alimony;
And ladies-errant, for debauching,
Have better terms, and equal caution;
And for their journey-work and pains
The chairwomen clear greater gains.

As wine that with its own weight runs is best,
And counted much more noble than the prest;
So is that poetry, whose generous strains
Flow without servile study, art, or pains.

Some call it fury, some a muse,
That, as possessing devils use,

Haunts and forsakes a man by fits,
And when he 's in, he 's out of 's wits.

All writers, though of different fancies,
Do make all people in romances,
That are distress'd and discontent,
Make songs, and sing to' an instrument,
And poets by their sufferings grow;
As if there were no more to do,
To make a poet excellent,
But only want and discontent.

It is not poetry that makes men poor;
For few do write that were not so before:
And those that have writ best, had they been rich,
Had ne'er been clapp'd with a poetic itch;
Had lov'd their ease too well to take the pains
To undergo that drudgery of brains;
But being for all other trades unfit,
Only to' avoid being idle, set up wit.

They that do write in authors' praises,
And freely give their friends their voices,
Are not confin'd to what is true;
That 's not to give, but pay a due:
For praise, that 's due, does give no more
To worth than what it had before;
But to commend, without desert,
Requires a mastery of art,
That sets a gloss on what 's amiss,
And writes what should be, not what is.

In foreign universities,
When a king's born, or weds, or dies,
Straight other studies are laid by,
And all apply to poetry:

Some write in Hebrew, some in Greek,
And some (more wise) in Arabic,
To' avoid the critic, and the' expense
Of difficulter wit and sense;
And seem more learnedish than those
That at a greater charge compose.
The doctors lead, the students follow;
Some call him Mars, and some Apollo,
Some Jupiter, and give him the' odds,
On even terms, of all the gods:
Then Cæsar he 's nicknam'd, as duly as
He that in Rome was christen'd Julius,
And was address'd to, by a crow,
As pertinently long ago;
And with more heroes' names is stil'd,
Than saints' are club'd to' an Austrian child:
And as wit goes by colleges,
As well as standing and degrees,
He still writes better than the rest,
That 's of the house that 's counted best.

Far greater numbers have been lost by hopes,
Than all the magazines of daggers, ropes,
And other ammunitions of despair,
Were ever able to dispatch—by fear.

There's nothing our felicities endears
Like that which falls among our doubts and fears,
And, in the miserablest of distress,
Improves attempts as desperate with success;
Success, that owns and justifies all quarrels,
And vindicates deserts of hemp with laurels;
Or, but miscarrying in the bold attempt,
Turns wreaths of laurel back again to hemp.

THE people have as much a neg'tive voice
To hinder making war without their choice,
As kings of making laws in parliament;
No money is as good as No assent.

WHEN princes idly lead about,
Those of their party follow suit,
Till others trump upon their play,
And turn the cards another way.

WHAT makes all subjects discontent
Against a prince's government,
And princes take as great offence
At subjects' disobedience,
That neither t' other can abide,—
But too much reason on each side?

AUTHORITY is a disease and cure,
Which men can neither want nor well endure.

DAME Justice puts her sword into the scales,
With which she 's said to weigh out true and false,
With no design but, like the antique Gaul,
To get more money from the capital.

ALL that which law and equity miscalls
By the' empty idle names of True and False,
Is nothing else but maggots blown between
False witnesses and falser jurymen.

No court allows those partial interlopers
Of law and equity, two single paupers,
To' encounter hand to hand at bars, and trounce
Each other gratis in a suit at once:
For one at one time, and upon free cost, is
Enough to play the knave and fool with justice;

And when the one side bringeth custom in,
And the' other lays out half the reckoning,
The devil himself will rather choose to play
At paltry small game, than sit out, they say;
But when at all there's nothing to be got,
The old wife, Law and Justice, will not trot.

THE law, that makes more knaves than e'er it hung,
Little considers right or wrong;
But, like authority', is soon satisfied
When 'tis to judge on its own side.

THE law can take a purse in open court,
Whilst it condemns a less delinquent for't.

WHO can deserve, for breaking of the laws,
A greater penance than an honest cause?

ALL those that do but rob and steal enough,
Are punishment and court of justice proof,
And need not fear, nor be concern'd a straw,
In all the idle bugbears of the law;
But confidently rob the gallows too,
As well as other sufferers, of their due.

OLD laws have not been suffer'd to be pointed,
To leave the sense at large the more disjointed,
And furnish lawyers, with the greater ease,
To turn and wind them any way they please.
The statute-law's their Scripture, and reports
The ancient rev'rend fathers of their courts,
Records their general councils, and decisions
Of judges on the bench their sole traditions;
For which, like Catholics, they've greater awe,
As the' arbitrary and unwritten law,
And strive perpetually to make the standard
Of right between the tenant and the landlord;

And when two cases at a trial meet,
That, like indentures, jump exactly fit,
And all the points, like Chequer-tallies, suit,
The Court directs the obstinat'st dispute;
There 's no decorum us'd of time, nor place,
Nor quality, nor person, in the case.

A MAN of quick and active wit
For drudgery is more unfit,
Compar'd to those of duller parts,
Than running-nags to draw in carts.

Too much or too little wit
Do only render the' owners fit
For nothing, but to be undone
Much easier than if they 'd none.

As those that are stark blind, can trace
The nearest ways from place to place,
And find the right way easier out,
Than those that hood-wink'd try to do't;
So tricks of state are manag'd best
By those that are suspected least,
And greatest *finesse* brought about
By engines most unlike to do't.

ALL the politics of the great
Are like the cunning of a cheat,
That lets his false dice freely run,
And trusts them to themselves alone;
But never lets a true one stir
Without some fingering trick, or slur;
And, when the gamesters doubt his play,
Conveys his false dice safe away,
And leaves the true ones in the lurch,
To' endure the torture of the search.

What else does History use to tell us,
But tales of subjects being rebellious;
The vain perfidiousness of lords,
And fatal breach of princes' words;
The sottish pride and insolence
Of statesmen, and their want of sense;
Their treachery, that undoes, of custom,
Their own selves first, next those who trust 'em?

Because a feeble limb 's carest,
And more indulg'd than all the rest,
So frail and tender consciences
Are humour'd to do what they please;
When that which goes for weak and feeble
Is found the most incorrigible
To outdo all the fiends in hell
With rapine, murder, blood, and zeal.

As at the' approach of winter, all
The leaves of great trees use to fall,
And leave them naked to engage
With storms and tempests when they rage,
While humbler plants are found to wear
Their fresh green liveries all the year;
So when the glorious season 's gone
With great men, and hard times come on,
The great'st calamities oppress
The greatest still, and spare the less.

As when a greedy raven sees
A sheep entangled by the fleece,
With hasty cruelty he flies
To' attack him, and pick out his eyes;
So do those vultures use, that keep
Poor prisoners fast, like silly sheep,

As greedily to prey on all
That in their ravenous clutches fall.
For thorns and brambles, that came in
To wait upon the curse for sin,
And were no part o' the' first creation,
But, for revenge, a new plantation,
Are yet the fitt'st materials
To' enclose the earth with living walls:
So gaolers that are most accurst,
Are found most fit in being worst.

There needs no other charm, nor conjurer
To raise infernal spirits up, but fear;
That makes men pull their horns in like a snail,
That 's both a prisoner to itself, and gaol;
Draws more fantastic shapes than in the grains
Of knotted wood, in some men's crazy brains,
When all the cocks, they think they see, and bulls,
Are only in the insides of their skulls.

The Roman Mufti, with his triple crown,
Does both the earth, and hell, and heaven own,
Beside the' imaginary territory,
He lays a title to—in Purgatory;
Declares himself an absolute free prince
In his dominions, only over sins;
But as for Heaven, since it lies so far
Above him, is but only titular,
And, like his Cross-keys badge upon a tavern,
Has nothing there to tempt, command, or govern:
Yet when he comes to take accompt, and share
The profit of his prostituted ware,
He finds his gains increase, by sin and women,
Above his richest titular dominion.

A JUBILEE is but a sp'ritual fair,
To' expose to sale all sorts of impious ware,
In which his Holiness buys nothing in,
To stock his magazines, but deadly sin;
And deals in extraordinary crimes,
That are not vendible at other times:
For dealing both for Judas and the' high-priest,
He makes a plentifuller trade of Christ.

THAT sp'ritual pattern of the church, the ark,
In which the ancient world did once imbark,
Had ne'er a helm in 't to direct its way,
Although bound through an universal sea;
When all the modern church of Rome's concern
Is nothing else but in the helm and stern.

IN the church of Rome to go to shrift,
Is but to put the soul on—a clean shift.

AN ass will with his long ears fray
The flies, that tickle him, away;
But man delights to have his ears
Blown maggots in by flatterers.

ALL wit does but divert men from the road
In which things vulgarly are understood,
And force Mistake and Ignorance to own
A better sense than commonly is known.

IN little trades more cheats and lying
Are us'd in selling than in buying;
But in the great, unjuster dealing
Is us'd in buying than in selling.

ALL smatterers are more brisk and pert
Than those that understand an art;

As little sparkles shine more bright
Than glowing coals, that give them light.

Law does not put the least restraint
Upon our freedom, but maintain't;
Or if it does, 'tis for our good,
To give us freer latitude:
For wholesome laws preserve us free,
By stinting of our liberty.

The world has long endeavour'd to reduce
Those things to practice that are of no use,
And strives to practise things of speculation,
And bring the practical to contemplation;
And by that error renders both in vain,
By forcing Nature's course against the grain.

In all the world there is no vice,
Less prone to' excess than avarice;
It neither cares for food nor clothing:
Nature's content with little; that, with nothing.

In Rome no temple was so low
As that of Honour, built to show
How humble honour ought to be,
Though there 'twas all authority.

It is a harder thing for men to rate
Their own parts at an equal estimate,
Than cast up fractions, in the' accompt of Heav'n,
Of time and motion, and adjust them ev'n;
For modest persons never had a true
Particular, of all that is their due.

Some people's fortunes, like a weft or stray,
Are only gain'd by losing of their way.

As he that makes his mark is understood
To write his name, and 'tis in law as good;
So he that cannot write one word of sense,
Believes he has as legal a pretence
To scribble what he does not understand,
As idiots have a title to their land.

WERE Tully now alive, he'd be to seek
In all our Latin terms of art, and Greek;
Would never understand one word of sense
The most irrefragable schoolman means:
As if the schools design'd their terms of art
Not to advance a science, but divert;
As Hocus Pocus conjures, to amuse
The rabble from observing what he does.

As 'tis a greater mystery in the' art
Of painting, to foreshorten any part
Than draw it out; so 'tis in books the chief
Of all perfections, to be plain and brief.

THE man that for his profit's bought to' obey,
Is only hir'd, on liking, to betray;
And when he 's bid a liberaller price,
Will not be sluggish in the work, nor nice.

OPINIATORS naturally differ
From other men; as wooden legs are stiffer
Than those of pliant joints, to yield and bow,
Which way soe'er they are design'd to go.

NAVIGATION, that withstood
The mortal fury of the Flood,
And prov'd the only means to save
All earthly creatures from the wave;
Has, for it, taught the sea and wind
To lay a tribute on mankind,

That, by degrees, has swallow'd more
Than all it drown'd at once before.

THE prince of Syracuse, whose destin'd fate
It was to keep a school, and rule a state,
Found that his sceptre never was so aw'd,
As when it was translated to a rod;
And that his subjects ne'er were so obedient,
As when he was inaugurated pedant:
For to instruct is greater than to rule,
And no commands so' imperious as a school.

As he whose destiny does prove
To dangle in the air above,
Does lose his life for want of air,
That only fell to be his share;
So he whom Fate at once design'd
To plenty and a wretched mind,
Is but condemn'd to' a rich distress,
And starves with niggardly excess.

THE universal med'cine is a trick,
That Nature never meant to cure the sick,
Unless by death; the singular receipt,
To root out all diseases by the great:
For universals deal in no one part
Of Nature, nor particulars of Art;
And therefore that French quack, that set up physic,
Call'd his receipt *a general specific.*
For though in mortal poisons, every one
Is mortal universally alone,
Yet Nature never made an antidote
To cure 'em all as easy as they 're got;
Much less, among so many variations
Of different maladies and complications,

Make all the contrarieties in Nature
Submit themselves to' an equal moderator.

A CONVERT's but a fly, that turns about
After his head 's pull'd off, to find it out.

ALL mankind is but a rabble,
As silly and unreasonable
As those that, crowding in the street,
To see a show or monster meet,
Of whom no one is in the right,
Yet all fall out about the sight;
And when they chance to' agree, the choice is
Still in the most and worst of vices;
And all the reasons that prevail
Are measur'd, not by weight, but tale.

As in all great and crowded fairs
Monsters and puppet-plays are wares
Which in the less will not go off,
Because they have not money enough;
So men in princes' courts will pass,
That will not in another place.

LOGICIANS use to clap a proposition,
As justices do criminals, in prison;
And in as learn'd authentic nonsense writ
The names of all their moods and figures fit:
For a logician's one that has been broke
To ride and pace his reason by the book,
And by their rules, and precepts, and examples,
To put his wits into a kind of trammels.

THOSE get the least that take the greatest pains,
But most of all, i' th' drudgery of brains;
A natural sign of weakness, as an ant
Is more laborious than an elephant;

And children are more busy at their play
Than those that wiselyest pass their time away.

All the inventions that the world contains,
Were not by reason first found out, nor brains;
But pass for theirs, who had the luck to light
Upon them by mistake or oversight.

TRIPLETS UPON AVARICE.

As misers their own laws enjoin
To wear no pockets in the mine,
For fear they should the ore purloin:

So he that toils and labours hard
To gain, and what he gets has spar'd,
Is from the use of all debar'd.

And though he can produce more spankers
Than all the usurers and bankers,
Yet after more and more he hankers:

And after all his pains are done,
Has nothing he can call his own,
But a mere livelihood alone.

DESCRIPTION OF HOLLAND.

A country that draws fifty foot of water,
In which men live as in the hold of Nature;
And when the sea does in upon them break,
And drowns a province, does but spring a lake;

That always ply the pump, and never think
They can be safe, but at the rate they stink;
That live as if they had been run aground,
And, when they die, are cast away and drown'd;
That dwell in ships, like swarms of rats, and prey
Upon the goods all nations' fleets convey;
And, when their merchants are blown up and crackt,
Whole towns are cast away in storms, and wreckt;
That feed, like Cannibals, on other fishes,
And serve their cousin-germans up in dishes:
A land that rides at anchor, and is moor'd,
In which they do not live, but go aboard.

TO HIS MISTRESS.

Do not unjustly blame
  My guiltless breast,
For venturing to disclose a flame
  It had so long supprest.

In its own ashes it design'd
  For ever to have lain;
But that my sighs, like blasts of wind,
  Made it break out again.

TO THE SAME.

Do not mine affection slight,
'Cause my locks with age are white:
Your breasts have snow without, and snow within,
While flames of fire in your bright eyes are seen.

EPIGRAM ON A CLUB OF SOTS.

THE jolly members of a toping club,
Like pipe-staves, are but hoop'd into a tub:
And in a close confederacy link,
For nothing else, but only to hold drink.

HUDIBRAS'S ELEGY[1].

IN days of yore, when knight or squire
By Fate were summon'd to retire,
Some menial poet still was near,
To bear them to the hemisphere,
And there among the stars to leave 'em,
Until the gods sent to relieve 'em:
And sure our Knight, whose very sight wou'd
Entitle him Mirror of Knighthood,
Should he neglected lie, and rot,
Stink in his grave, and be forgot,
Would have just reason to complain,
If he should chance to rise again;
And therefore to prevent his dudgeon,
In mournful doggrel thus we trudge on.
  Oh me! what tongue, what pen, can tell
How this renowned champion fell?
But must reflect, alas! alas!
All human glory fades like grass,

[1] Neither this Elegy, nor the following Epitaph, are to be found in *The Genuine Remains* of Butler, as published by Mr. Thyer from the manuscripts in the possession of the late William Longueville, Esq.; but have constantly made a part of the Collection of poems frequently reprinted under the title of *The Posthumous Works of Samuel Butler.*

And that the strongest martial feats
Of errant knights are all but cheats:
Witness our Knight, who sure has done
More valiant actions, ten to one,
Than of More-Hall, the mighty More,
Or him that made the Dragon roar;
Has knock'd more men and women down,
Than Bevis of Southampton town,
Or than our modern heroes can,
To take them singly, man by man.
No, sure, the grisly King of terror
Has been to blame, and in an error,
To issue his dead-warrant forth
To seize a knight of so much worth,
Just in the nick of all his glory;
I tremble when I tell the story.
Oh! help me, help me, some kind Muse,
This surly tyrant to abuse,
Who, in his rage, has been so cruel
To rob the world of such a jewel;
A knight more learned, stout, and good,
Sure ne'er was made of flesh and blood:
All his perfections were so rare,
The wit of man could not declare
Which single virtue, or which grace,
Above the rest had any place,
Or which he was most famous for,
The camp, the pulpit, or the bar;
Of each he had an equal spice,
And was in all so very nice,
That, to speak truth, the' account is lost,
In which he did excel the most.
When he forsook the peaceful dwelling,
And out he went a colonelling,

Strange hopes and fears possess'd the nation,
How he could manage that vocation,
Until he show'd it, to a wonder,
How nobly he could fight and plunder.
At preaching, too, he was a dab,
More exquisite by far than Squab;
He could fetch uses, and infer,
Without the help of metaphor,
From any Scripture text, howe'er
Remote it from the purpose were;
And with his fist, instead of a stick,
Beat pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,
Till he made all the audience weep,
Excepting those that fell asleep.
Then at the bar he was right able,
And could bind o'er as well as swaddle;
And famous, too, at petty sessions,
'Gainst thieves and whores for long digressions.
He could most learnedly determine
To Bridewell, or the stocks, the vermin.
For his address and way of living,
All his behaviour was so moving,
That let the dame be ne'er so chaste,
As people say, below the waist,
If Hudibras but once come at her,
He'd quickly make her chaps to water:
Then for his equipage and shape,
On vestals they'd commit a rape,
Which often, as the story says,
Have made the ladies weep both ways.
Ill has he read that never heard,
How he with Widow Tomson far'd,
And what hard conflict was between
Our Knight and that insulting queen.

Sure captive knight ne'er took more pains,
For rhymes for his melodious strains,
Nor beat his brains, or made more faces,
To get into a jilt's good graces,
Than did Sir Hudibras to get
Into this subtile gipsy's net;
Who, after all her high pretence
To modesty and innocence,
Was thought by most to be a woman,
That to all other knights was common.
  Hard was his fate in this I own,
Nor will I for the trapes atone:
Indeed to guess I am not able,
What made her thus inexorable,
Unless she did not like his wit,
Or, what is worse, his perquisite.
Howe'er it was, the wound she gave
The Knight, he carried to his grave:
Vile harlot! to destroy a knight
That could both plead, aud pray, and fight.
Oh! cruel, base, inhuman drab,
To give him such a mortal stab,
That made him pine away and moulder,
As though that he had been no soldier:
Could'st thou find no one else to kill,
Thou instrument of death and hell!
But Hudibras, who stood the Bears
So oft against the Cavaliers,
And in the very heat of war
Took stout Crowdero prisoner;
And did such wonders all along,
That far exceed both pen and tongue.
  If he had been in battle slain,
We 'ad had less reason to complain;

But to be murder'd by a whore,
Was ever knight so serv'd before?
But since he's gone, all we can say,
He chanc'd to die a lingering way;
If he had liv'd a longer date,
He might, perhaps, have met a fate
More violent, and fitting for
A knight so fam'd in Civil war.
To sum up all, from love and danger
He's now (O happy Knight!) a stranger:
And if a Muse can aught foretell,
His fame shall fill a chronicle,
And he in after-ages be,
Of errant knights the' epitome.

HUDIBRAS'S EPITAPH.

Under this stone rests Hudibras,
A Knight as errant as e'er was:
The controversy only lies,
Whether he was more stout than wise;
Nor can we here pretend to say,
Whether he best could fight or pray;
So, till those questions are decided,
His virtues must rest undivided.
Full oft he suffer'd bangs and drubs,
And full as oft took pains in tubs;
Of which the most that can be said,
He pray'd and fought, and fought and pray'd.
As for his personage and shape,
Among the rest we'll let them scape;
Nor do we, as things stand, think fit
This stone should meddle with his wit.

One thing, 'tis true, we ought to tell,
He liv'd and died a colonel;
And for the Good old Cause stood buff,
'Gainst many a bitter kick and cuff.
But since his Worship's dead and gone,
And mouldering lies beneath this stone,
The Reader is desir'd to look
For his achievements in his Book;
Which will preserve of Knight the tale,
Till Time and Death itself shall fail.

FINIS.

Whittingham and Rowland, Printers, Goswell Street, London.

DRYDEN.

An infant, waking, to the paps would press,
And meets, instead of milk, a falling tear.

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Drawn by A.W. Devis *Engraved by Ant^y Cardon.*

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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JOHN DRYDEN.

COLLATED WITH THE BEST EDITIONS:

BY

THOMAS PARK, ESQ. F.S.A.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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ENCOMIUMS ON DRYDEN.

ON MR. DRYDEN'S RELIGIO LAICI.

BY THE EARL OF ROSCOMMON.

Be gone, you slaves, you idle vermin go,
Fly from the scourges, and your master know;
Let free, impartial men, from Dryden learn
Mysterious secrets, of a high concern,
And weighty truths; solid convincing sense,
Explain'd by unaffected eloquence.
What can you (reverend Levi) here take ill?
Men still had faults, and men will have them still;
He that hath none, and lives as angels do,
Must be an angel;—but what's that to you?
While mighty Lewis finds the Pope too great,
And dreads the yoke of his imposing seat,
Our sects a more tyrannic power assume,
And would for scorpions change the rods of Rome;
That Church detain'd the legacy divine;
Fanatics cast the pearls of heaven to swine:
What then have thinking honest men to do,
But choose a mean between the' usurping two?
Nor can the' Egyptian patriarch blame thy Muse,
Which for his firmness does his heat excuse;
Whatever councils have approv'd his creed,
The preface, sure, was his own act and deed.

Our Church will have that preface read you'll say:
'Tis true; but so she will the' Apocrypha;
And such as can believe them, freely may.

But did that God (so little understood)
Whose darling attribute is being good,
From the dark womb of the rude chaos bring
Such various creatures, and make man their king;
Yet leave his favourite man, his chiefest care,
More wretched than the vilest insects are?

O! how much happier and more safe are they?
If helpless millions must be doom'd a prey
To yelling furies, and for ever burn
In that sad place from whence is no return;
For unbelief in one they never knew,
Or for not doing what they could not do!
The very fiends know for what crime they fell,
And so do all their followers that rebel:
If then a blind, well-meaning Indian stray,
Shall the great gulf be show'd him, for the way?

For better ends our kind Redeemer died,
Or the fall'n angels' rooms will be but ill supplied.

That Christ, who, at the great deciding day,
(For he declares what he resolves to say)
Will damn the goats for their ill-natur'd faults,
And save the sheep for actions, not for thoughts,
Hath too much mercy to send men to hell
For humble charity, and hoping well.

To what stupidity are zealots grown,
Whose inhumanity, profusely shown
In damning crowds of souls, may damn their own;
I'll err at least on the securer side,
A convert free from malice and from pride.

FROM ADDISON'S ACCOUNT

OF THE ENGLISH POETS.

But see where artful Dryden next appears,
Grown old in rhyme, but charming ev'n in years.
Great Dryden next! whose tuneful Muse affords
The sweetest numbers, and the fittest words.
Whether in comic sounds or tragic airs,
She forms her voice, she moves our smiles and tears.
If satire or heroic strains she writes,
Her hero pleases, and her satire bites.
From her no harsh unartful numbers fall,
She wears all dresses, and she charms in all:
How might we fear our English poetry,
That long has flourish'd, should decay in thee;
Did not the Muses' other hope appear,
Harmonious Congreve! and forbid our fear:
Congreve! whose fancy's unexhausted store
Has given already much, and promis'd more;
Congreve shall still preserve thy fame alive,
And Dryden's Muse shall in his friend survive.

ON ALEXANDER'S FEAST:

OR, THE POWER OF MUSIC. AN ODE.

From Pope's 'Essay on Criticism.'

Hear how Timotheus' varied lays surprise,
And bid alternate passions fall and rise!
While, at each change, the son of Libyan Jove
Now burns with glory, and then melts with love:
Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury glow,
Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to flow.

Persians and Greeks like turns of nature found,
And the world's victor stood subdued by sound.
The power of music all our hearts allow,
And what Timotheus was, is Dryden now.

CHARACTER OF DRYDEN.

FROM GRAY'S 'PROGRESS OF POESY.'

BEHOLD, where Dryden's less presumptuous car,
Wide o'er the fields of glory bear,
Two coursers of ethereal race,
With necks in thunder cloth'd, and long-resounding pace.
Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
Bright-eyed fancy hovering o'er,
Scatters from her pictur'd urn,
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.
But, ah! 'tis heard no more—
Oh! lyre divine, what daring spirit
Wakes thee now! though he inherit
Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
That the Theban eagle bear,
Sailing with supreme dominion
Through the azure deep of air:
Yet oft before his infant-eyes would run
Such forms, as glitter in the Muse's ray
With orient hues, unborrow'd of the sun:
Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate,
Beneath the good how far—but far above the great.

HEROIC STANZAS

ON

THE DEATH OF OLIVER CROMWELL.

WRITTEN AFTER HIS FUNERAL.

1658.

And now 'tis time: for their officious haste
  Who would before have borne him to the sky,
Like eager Romans, ere all rites were past,
  Did let too soon the sacred eagle fly.

Though our best notes are treason to his fame,
  Join'd with the loud applause of public voice;
Since Heaven, what praise we offer to his name,
  Hath render'd too authentic by its choice.

Though in his praise no Arts can liberal be,
  Since they, whose Muses have the highest flown,
Add not to his immortal memory,
  But do an act of friendship to their own:

Yet 'tis our duty, and our interest too,
  Such monuments as we can build to raise;
Lest all the world prevent what we should do,
  And claim a title in him by their praise.

How shall I then begin, or where conclude,
  To draw a fame so truly circular?
For in a round what order can be show'd,
  Where all the parts so equal perfect are?

His grandeur he deriv'd from Heaven alone;
  For he was great, ere Fortune made him so:
And wars, like mists that rise against the sun,
  Made him but greater seem, not greater grow.

No borrow'd bays his temples did adorn,
  But to our crown he did fresh jewels bring;
Nor was his virtue poison'd, soon as born,
  With the too early thoughts of being king.

Fortune, that easy mistress to the young,
  But to her ancient servants coy and hard,
Him at that age her favourites rank'd among,
  When she her best-lov'd Pompey did discard.

He private mark'd the fault of others' sway,
  And set as sea-marks for himself to shun;
Not like rash monarchs, who their youth betray
  By acts their age too late would wish undone.

And yet dominion was not his design;
  We owe that blessing not to him, but Heaven,
Which to fair acts unsought rewards did join,
  Rewards that less to him than us were giv'n.

Our former chiefs, like sticklers of the war,
  First sought to' inflame the parties, then to poise;
The quarrel lov'd, but did the cause abhor,
  And did not strike to hurt, but make a noise.

War, our consumption, was their gainful trade;
  We inward bled whilst they prolong'd our pain:
He fought to end our fighting, and essay'd
  To staunch the blood by breathing of the vein.

Swift and resistless through the land he past,
  Like that bold Greek who did the East subdue;
And made to battles such heroic haste,
  As if on wings of victory he flew.

He fought, secure of fortune as of fame:
  Still by new maps the island might be shown
Of conquests, which he strew'd where'er he came,
  Thick as the Galaxy with stars is sown.

His palms, though under weights they did not stand,
  Still thriv'd; no winter could his laurels fade;
Heaven in his portrait show'd a workman's hand,
  And drew it perfect, yet without a shade.

Peace was the prize of all his toil and care,
  Which War had banish'd, and did now restore:
Bologna's walls thus mounted in the air,
  To seat themselves more surely than before.

Her safety, rescued Ireland to him owes;
  And treacherous Scotland, to no interest true,
Yet bless'd that fate which did his arms dispose
  Her land to civilize, as to subdue.

Nor was he like those stars which only shine,
  When to pale mariners they storms portend;
He had his calmer influence, and his mien
  Did love and majesty together blend.

'Tis true, his countenance did imprint an awe,
  And naturally all souls to his did bow;
As wands of divination downward draw,
  And point to beds where sovereign gold doth grow.

When past all offerings to Feretrian Jove,
  He Mars depos'd, and arms to gowns made yield;
Successful councils did him soon approve
  As fit for close intrigues as open field.

To suppliant Holland he vouchsaf'd a peace,
  Our once bold rival of the British main,
Now tamely glad her unjust claim to cease,
  And buy our friendship with her idol, gain.

Fame of the' asserted sea through Europe blown,
  Made France and Spain ambitious of his love;
Each knew that side must conquer he would own,
  And for him fiercely, as for empire, strove.

No sooner was the Frenchman's cause embrac'd,
  Than the light Monsieur the grave Don out-
    weigh'd;
His fortune turn'd the scale where'er 'twas cast,
  Though Indian mines were in the other laid.

When absent, yet we conquer'd in his right;
  For though some meaner artist's skill were shown
In mingling colours, or in placing light,
  Yet still the fair designment was his own.

For from all tempers he could service draw;
  The worth of each with its alloy he knew,
And, as the confident of Nature, saw
  How she complexions did divide and brew.

Or he their single virtues did survey,
  By intuition in his own large breast,
Where all the rich ideas of them lay,
  That were the rule and measure to the rest.

When such heroic virtue Heaven sets out,
  The stars, like commons, sullenly obey;
Because it drains them when it comes about,
  And therefore is a tax they seldom pay.

From this high spring our foreign conquests flow,
  Which yet more glorious triumphs do portend;
Since their commencement to his arms they owe,
  If springs as high as fountains may ascend.

He made us free-men of the Continent,
  Whom Nature did like captives treat before;
To nobler preys the English lion sent,
  And taught him first in Belgian walks to roar.

That old unquestion'd pirate of the land, [heard,
  Proud Rome, with dread the fate of Dunkirk
And, trembling, wish'd behind more Alps to stand,
  Although an Alexander were her guard.

By his command we boldly cross'd the line,
  And bravely fought where southern stars arise;
We trac'd the far-fetch'd gold unto the mine,
  And that which brib'd our fathers made our prize.

Such was our Prince; yet own'd a soul above
  The highest acts it could produce to show:
Thus poor mechanic arts in public move,
  Whilst the deep secrets beyond practice go.

Nor died he when his ebbing fame went less,
  But when fresh laurels courted him to live;
He seem'd but to prevent some new success,
  As if above what triumphs earth could give.

His latest victories still thickest came;
  As, near the centre, motion doth increase;
Till he, press'd down by his own weighty name,
  Did, like the Vestal, under spoils decrease.

But first, the Ocean as a tribute sent
  That giant-prince of all her wat'ry herd:
And the' isle, when her protecting genius went,
  Upon his obsequies loud sighs conferr'd.

No civil broils have since his death arose,
  But faction now by habit does obey;
And wars have that respect for his repose,
  As winds for halcyons, when they breed at sea.

His ashes in a peaceful urn shall rest,
  His name a great example stands, to show
How strangely high endeavours may be blest,
  Where piety and valour jointly go.

ASTRÆA REDUX.

ON THE HAPPY RESTORATION AND RETURN OF HIS SACRED MAJESTY, CHARLES II.

1660.

Jam redit et virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna.
VIRG.

The last great age, foretold by sacred rhymes,
Renews its finish'd course; Saturnian times
Roll round again.

Now with a general peace the world was bless'd,
While ours, a world divided from the rest,
A dreadful quiet felt, and (worser far
Than arms) a sullen interval of war:
Thus when black clouds draw down the labouring [skies,
Ere yet abroad the winged thunder flies,
An horrid stillness first invades the ear,
And in that silence we the tempest fear.
The' ambitious Swede, like restless billows toss'd,
On this hand gaining, what on that he lost,
Though in his life he blood and ruin breath'd,
To his now guideless kingdom peace bequeath'd:
And Heaven, that seem'd regardless of our fate,
For France and Spain did miracles create;
Such mortal quarrels to compose in peace,
As Nature bred, and Interest did increase.

We sigh'd to hear the fair Iberian bride
Must grow a lily to the lily's side,
While our cross stars denied us Charles's bed,
Whom our first flames and virgin love did wed.
For his long absence Church and State did groan;
Madness the pulpit, Faction seiz'd the throne;
Experienc'd Age in deep despair was lost,
To see the rebel thrive, the loyal cross'd;
Youth, that with joys had unacquainted been,
Envied gray hairs that once good days had seen:
We thought our sires, not with their own content,
Had, ere we came to age, our portion spent.
Nor could our nobles hope their bold attempt
Who ruin'd crowns, would coronets exempt:
For when, by their designing leaders taught
To strike at power, which for themselves they [sought,
The vulgar, gull'd into rebellion, arm'd,
Their blood to action by their prize was warm'd.
The sacred purple then, and scarlet gown,
Like sanguine dye, to elephants was shown.
Thus, when the bold Typhœus scal'd the sky,
And forc'd great Jove from his own heaven to fly,
(What king, what crown, from Treason's reach is [free,
If Jove and heaven can violated be!)
The lesser gods, that shar'd his prosperous state,
All suffer'd in the exil'd Thunderer's fate.
The rabble now such freedom did enjoy,
As winds at sea, that use it to destroy:
Blind as the Cyclop, and as wild as he,
They own'd a lawless savage liberty,
Like that our painted ancestors so priz'd,
Ere Empire's arts their breasts had civiliz'd.
How great were then our Charles's woes, who thus
Was forc'd to suffer for himself and us!

He, toss'd by Fate, and hurried up and down,
Heir to his father's sorrows with his crown,
Could taste no sweets of youth's desired age,
But found his life too true a pilgrimage.
Unconquer'd yet in that forlorn estate,
His manly courage overcame his fate.
His wounds he took, like Romans, on his breast,
Which, by his virtue, were with laurels dress'd.
As souls reach Heaven while yet in bodies pent,
So did he live above his banishment.
That sun, which we beheld with cozen'd eyes
Within the water, mov'd along the skies.
How easy 'tis, when destiny proves kind,
With full-spread sails to run before the wind!
But those that 'gainst stiff gales laveering go,
Must be at once resolv'd and skilful too.
He would not, like soft Otho, hope prevent,
But stay'd and suffer'd Fortune to repent.
These virtues Galba in a stranger sought,
And Piso to adopted empire brought.
How shall I then my doubtful thoughts express,
That must his sufferings both regret and bless!
For when his early valour Heaven had cross'd,
And all at Worc'ster, but the honour, lost;
Forc'd into exile from his rightful throne,
He made all countries, where he came, his own;
And viewing monarchs' secret arts of sway,
A royal factor for his kingdoms lay.
Thus banish'd David spent abroad his time,
When to be God's anointed was his crime;
And, when restor'd, made his proud neighbours rue
Those choice remarks he from his travels drew.
Nor is he only by afflictions shown
To conquer others' realms, but rule his own:

Recovering hardly what he lost before,
His right endears it much, his purchase more.
Inur'd to suffer, ere he came to reign,
No rash procedure will his actions stain:
To business ripen'd by digestive thought,
His future rule is into method brought:
As they, who first proportion understand,
With easy practice reach a master's hand,
Well might the ancient poets then confer
On Night, the honour'd name of Counsellor,
Since, struck with rays of prosperous fortune blind,
We light alone in dark afflictions find.
In such adversities to sceptres train'd,
The name of Great his famous grandsire gain'd:
Who yet a king alone in name and right,
With hunger, cold, and angry Jove did fight;
Shock'd by a covenanting league's vast pow'rs,
As holy and as catholic as ours:
Till Fortune's fruitless spite had made it known,
Her blows not shook, but riveted his throne.
  Some lazy ages, lost in sleep and ease,
No action leave to busy chronicles:
Such, whose supine felicity but makes
In story chasms, in epochas mistakes;
O'er whom Time gently shakes his wings of down,
Till with his silent sickle they are mown.
Such is not Charles's too, too active age,
Which, govern'd by the wild distemper'd rage
Of some black star infecting all the skies,
Made him at his own cost, like Adam, wise.
Tremble, ye nations, who, secure before, [bore;
Laugh'd at those arms that 'gainst ourselves we
Rous'd by the lash of his own stubborn tail,
Our lion now will foreign foes assail.

With Alga who the sacred altar strows?
To all the sea-gods Charles an offering owes:
A bull to thee, Portunus, shall be slain,
A lamb to you, ye Tempests of the main:
For those loud storms, that did against him roar,
Have cast his shipwreck'd vessel on the shore.
Yet, as wise artists mix their colours so,
That by degrees they from each other go;
Black steals unheeded from the neighbouring white,
Without offending the well-cozen'd sight;
So on us stole our blessed change, while we
The' effect did feel, but scarce the manner see.
Frosts that constrain the ground, and birth deny
To flowers that in its womb expecting lie,
Do seldom their usurping power withdraw,
But raging floods pursue their hasty thaw.
Our thaw was mild, the cold not chas'd away,
But lost in kindly heat of lengthen'd day.
Heaven would no bargain for its blessings drive,
But, what we could not pay for, freely give.
The Prince of Peace would, like himself, confer
A gift unhop'd without the price of war:
Yet, as he knew his blessings worth, took care
That we should know it by repeated pray'r;
Which storm'd the skies, and ravish'd Charles from thence,
As Heaven itself is took by violence.
Booth's forward valour only serv'd to show—
He durst that duty pay we all did owe:
The' attempt was fair; but Heaven's prefixed hour
Not come: so, like the watchful traveller,
That by the moon's mistaken light did rise,
Lay down again, and clos'd his weary eyes,
'Twas Monk, whom Providence design'd to loose
Those real bonds false freedom did impose.

The blessed saints, that watch'd this turning scene,
Did from their stars with joyful wonder lean,
To see small clues draw vastest weights along;
Not in their bulk, but in their order strong.
Thus, pencils can by one slight touch restore
Smiles to that changed face that wept before.
With ease such fond chimeras we pursue,
As fancy frames for fancy to subdue:
But when ourselves to action we betake,
It shuns the mint, like gold that chemists make.
How hard was then his task, at once to be
What in the body natural we see?
Man's Architect distinctly did ordain
The charge of muscles, nerves, and of the brain,
Through viewless conduits spirits to dispense,
The springs of motion from the seat of sense.
'Twas not the hasty product of a day,
But the well-ripen'd fruit of wise delay.
He, like a patient angler, ere he strook,
Would let him play a while upon the hook.
Our healthful food the stomach labours thus,
At first embracing what it straight doth crush.
Wise leaches will not vain receipts obtrude,
While growing pains pronounce the humours crude;
Deaf to complaints they wait upon the ill,
Till some safe crisis authorise their skill.
Nor could his acts too close a vizard wear,
To 'scape their eyes whom guilt had taught to fear,
And guard with caution that polluted nest,
Whence Legion twice before was dispossess'd:
Once sacred house; which when they enter'd in,
They thought the place could sanctify a sin;
Like those that vainly hop'd kind Heaven would wink,
While to excess on martyrs' tombs they drink.

And as devouter Turks first warn their souls
To part, before they taste forbidden bowls;
So these, when their black crimes they went about,
First timely charm'd their useless conscience out.
Religion's name against itself was made;
The shadow serv'd the substance to invade;
Like zealous missions, they did care pretend
Of souls in show, but made their gold their end.
The' incensed Powers beheld with scorn from high
An heaven so far distant from the sky,
Which durst, with horses' hoofs that beat the ground,
And martial brass, bely the thunder's sound:
'Twas hence, at length just Vengeance thought it fit
To speed their ruin by their impious wit.
Thus Sforza, curs'd with a too fertile brain,
Lost by his wiles the power his wit did gain.
Henceforth their *fougue* must spend at lesser rate
Than in its flames to wrap a nation's fate.
Suffer'd to live, they are like Helots set,
A virtuous shame within us to beget.
For by example most we sinn'd before,
And glass-like clearness mix'd with frailty bore.
But since reform'd by what we did amiss,
We by our sufferings learn to prize our bliss.
Like early lovers, whose unpractis'd hearts
Were long the May-game of malicious arts,
When once they find their jealousies were vain,
With double heat renew their fires again.
'Twas this produc'd the joy that hurried o'er
Such swarms of English to the neighbouring shore,
To fetch the prize by which Batavia made
So rich amends for our impoverish'd trade.
Oh had you seen from Scheveline's barren shore,
(Crowded with troops, and barren now no more)

Afflicted Holland to his farewell bring
True sorrow, Holland to regret a king!
While waiting him his royal fleet did ride,
And willing winds to their lower'd sails denied.
The wavering streamers, flags, and standards out,
The merry seamens' rude but cheerful shout;
And last the cannons' voice that shook the skies,
And as it fares in sudden ecstasies,
And once bereft us both of ears and eyes.
The Naseby, now no longer England's shame,
But better to be lost in Charles's name,
(Like some unequal bride in nobler sheets)
Receives her lord: the joyful London meets
The princely York, himself alone a freight;
The Swiftsure groans beneath great Gloster's weight,
Secure as when the halcyon breeds, with these
He that was born to drown might cross the seas.
Heaven could not own a Providence, and take
The wealth three nations ventur'd at a stake.
The same indulgence Charles's voyage bless'd,
Which in his right had miracles confess'd.
The winds, that never moderation knew,
Afraid to blow too much, too faintly blew;
Or out of breath with joy could not enlarge
Their straiten'd lungs, or conscious of their charge,
The British Amphytrité, smooth and clear,
In richer azure never did appear;
Proud her returning Prince to entertain
With the submitted fasces of the main.

And welcome now, Great Monarch! to your own;
Behold the approaching cliffs of Albion:
It is no longer motion cheats your view,
As you meet it, the land approacheth you.

The land returns, and, in the white it wears,
The marks of penitence and sorrow bears.
But you, whose goodness your descent doth shew,
Your heavenly parentage and earthly too;
By that same mildness which your father's crown
Before did ravish, shall secure your own.
Not tied to rules of policy, you find
Revenge less sweet than a forgiving mind.
Thus, when the' Almighty would to Moses give
A sight of all he could behold and live;
A voice before his entry did proclaim
Long-suffering, Goodness, Mercy, in his name.
Your power to justice doth submit your cause,
Your goodness only is above the laws;
Whose rigid letter, while pronounc'd by you,
Is softer made: so winds that tempests brew,
When through Arabian groves they take their flight,
Made wanton with rich odours, lose their spite:
And as those lees, that trouble it, refine
The agitated soul of generous wine;
So tears of joy, for your returning spilt,
Work out, and expiate our former guilt.
Methinks I see those crowds on Dover's strand,
Who, in their haste to welcome you to land,
Chok'd up the beach with their still-growing store,
And made a wider torrent on the shore;
While, spurr'd with eager thoughts of past delight,
Those who had seen you, court a second sight;
Preventing still your steps, and making haste
To meet you often wheresoe'er you past.
How shall I speak of that triumphant day,
When you renew'd the' expiring pomp of May!

(A month that owns an interest in your name;
You and the flowers are its peculiar claim.)
That star that at your birth shone out so bright,
It stain'd the duller sun's meridian light,
Did once again its potent fires renew,
Guiding our eyes to find and worship you.
  And now time's whiter series is begun,
Which in soft centuries shall smoothly run:
Those clouds, that overcast your morn, shall fly,
Dispell'd to farthest corners of the sky.
Our nation with united interest bless'd,
Not now content to poise, shall sway the rest.
Abroad, your empire shall no limits know,
But, like the sea, in boundless circles flow.
Your much-lov'd fleet shall, with a wide command,
Besiege the petty monarchs of the land:
And as old Time his offspring swallow'd down,
Our ocean in its depths all seas shall drown.
Their wealthy trade from pirates' rapine free,
Our merchants shall no more adventurers be;
Nor in the farthest east those dangers fear,
Which humble Holland must dissemble here.
Spain to your gift alone her Indies owes;
For what the powerful takes not, he bestows:
And France, that did an exile's presence fear,
May justly apprehend you still too near.
At home the hateful names of party cease,
And factious souls are wearied into peace.
The discontented now are only they
Whose crimes before did your just cause betray:
Of those your edicts some reclaim from sin,
But most your life and bless'd example win.

Oh happy prince, whom Heaven hath taught the way,
By paying vows, to have more vows to pay!
Oh happy age! oh times like those alone,
By fate reserv'd for great Augustus' throne!
When the joint growth of arms and arts foreshew
The world a monarch, and that monarch—You.

TO

HIS SACRED MAJESTY.

A PANEGYRIC ON HIS CORONATION.

1660.

In that wild deluge where the world was drown'd,
When life and sin one common tomb had found,
The first small prospect of a rising hill
With various notes of joy the ark did fill;
Yet, when that flood in its own depths was drown'd,
It left behind it false and slippery ground;
And the more solemn pomp was still defer'd,
Till new-born Nature in fresh looks appear'd.
Thus, royal Sir, to see you landed here,
Was cause enough of triumph for a year:
Nor would your care those glorious joys repeat,
Till they at once might be secure and great;
Till your kind beams, by their continued stay,
Had warm'd the ground, and call'd the damps away.
Such vapours, while your powerful influence dries,
Then soonest vanish when they highest rise.
Had greater haste these sacred rites prepar'd,
Some guilty months had in your triumphs shar'd:

But this untainted year is all your own;
Your glories may without our crimes be shown.
We had not yet exhausted all our store,
When you refresh'd our joys by adding more:
As Heaven, of old, dispens'd celestial dew,
You gave us manna, and still give us new.
Now our sad ruins are remov'd from sight,
The season, too, comes fraught with new delight:
Time seems not now beneath his years to stoop,
Nor do his wings with sickly feathers droop:
Soft western winds waft o'er the gaudy Spring,
And open'd scenes of flowers and blossoms bring
To grace this happy day, while you appear
Not king of us alone, but of the year.
All eyes you draw, and with the eyes the heart;
Of your own pomp yourself the greatest part.
Loud shouts the nation's happiness proclaim,
And Heaven this day is feasted with your name.
Your cavalcade the fair spectators view
From their high standings, yet look up to you.
From your brave train each singles out a prey,
And longs to date a conquest from your day.
Now charg'd with blessings, while you seek repose,
Officious Slumbers haste your eyes to close;
And glorious Dreams stand ready to restore
The pleasing shapes of all you saw before.
Next, to the sacred temple you are led,
Where waits a crown for your more sacred head:
How justly from the Church that crown is due,
Preserv'd from ruin, and restor'd by you!
The grateful choir their harmony employ,
Not to make greater, but more solemn joy.
Wrapt soft and warm, your name is sent on high,
As flames do on the wings of incense fly:

Music herself is lost; in vain she brings
Her choicest notes to praise the best of kings:
Her melting strains in you a tomb have found,
And lie, like bees, in their own sweetness drown'd.
He that brought peace, all discord could atone;
His name is music of itself alone.
Now while the sacred oil anoints your head,
And fragrant scents, begun from you, are spread
Through the large dome, the people's joyful sound,
Sent back, is still preserv'd in hallow'd ground;
Which, in one blessing mix'd, descends on you,
As heighten'd spirits fall in richer dew.
Not that our wishes do increase your store;
Full of yourself, you can admit no more:
We add not to your glory, but employ
Our time, like angels, in expressing joy.
Nor is it duty, or our hopes, alone
Create that joy, but full fruition:
We know those blessings which we must possess,
And judge of future by past happiness.
No promise can oblige a prince so much
Still to be good, as long to have been such.
A noble emulation heats your breast,
And your own fame now robs you of your rest.
Good actions still must be maintain'd with good,
As bodies nourish'd with resembling food.
You have already quench'd Sedition's brand;
And Zeal, which burnt it, only warms the land.
The jealous sects, that dare not trust their cause
So far from their own will as to the laws,
You for their umpire and their synod take,
And their appeal alone to Cæsar make.
Kind Heaven so rare a temper did provide,
That Guilt, repenting, might in it confide.

Among our crimes oblivion may be set;
But 'tis our King's perfection to forget.
Virtues, unknown to these rough northern climes,
From milder heavens you bring, without their crimes.
Your calmness does no after-storms provide,
Nor seeming patience mortal anger hide.
When empire first from families did spring,
Then every father govern'd as a king;
But you, that are a sovereign prince, allay
Imperial power with your paternal sway.
From those great cares when ease your soul unbends,
Your pleasures are design'd to noble ends:
Born to command the mistress of the seas,
Your thoughts themselves in that blue empire please.
Hither in summer evenings you repair
To take the *fraicheur* of the purer air:
Undaunted here you ride, when Winter raves,
With Cæsar's heart, that rose above the waves.
More I could sing, but fear my numbers stays;
No loyal subject dares that courage praise.
In stately frigates most delight you find,
Where well-drawn battles fire your martial mind.
What to your cares we owe is learn'd from hence,
When ev'n your pleasures serve for our defence.
Beyond your court flows in the' admitted tide,
Where in new depths the wondering fishes glide:
Here in a royal bed the waters sleep;
When tir'd at sea, within this bay they creep:
Here the mistrustful fowl no harm suspects,
So safe are all things which our King protects.
From your lov'd Thames a blessing yet is due,
Second alone to that it brought in you;
A queen, near whose chaste womb, ordain'd by Fate,
The souls of kings unborn for bodies wait.

It was your love before made discord cease;
Your love is destin'd to your country's peace.
Both Indies, rivals in your bed, provide
With gold or jewels to adorn your bride.
This to a mighty King presents rich ore,
While that with incense does a god implore.
Two kingdoms wait your doom, and, as you choose,
This must receive a crown, or that must lose.
Thus from your royal oak, like Jove's of old,
Are answers sought, and destinies foretold;
Propitious oracles are begg'd with vows,
And crowns that grow upon the sacred boughs.
Your subjects, while you weigh the nation's fate,
Suspend to both their doubtful love or hate;
Choose only, Sir, that so they may possess,
With their own peace, their children's happiness.

SATIRE ON THE DUTCH.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR M.DC.LXII.

As needy gallants, in the scrivener's hands,
Court the rich knaves that gripe their mortgag'd lands,
The first fat buck of all the season's sent,
And keeper takes no fee in compliment;
The dotage of some Englishmen is such,
To fawn on those who ruin them, the Dutch!
They shall have all, rather than make a war
With those who of the same religion are.
The Straits, the Guinea-trade, the herrings too;
Nay, to keep friendship, they shall pickle you.

Some are resolv'd not to find out the cheat,
But, cuckold-like, love them that do the feat.
What injuries soe'er upon us fall,
Yet still the same religion answers all.
Religion wheedled us to Civil war, [spare.
Drew English blood, and Dutchmen's now would
Be gull'd no longer; for you'll find it true,
They have no more religion, faith! than you.
Interest's the god they worship in their State,
And we, I take it, have not much of that.
Well monarchies may own religion's name,
But states are atheists in their very frame.
They share a sin; and such proportions fall,
That, like a stink, 'tis nothing to them all.
Think on their rapine, falsehood, cruelty,
And that what once they were, they still would be.
To one well-born the' affront is worse and more,
When he's abus'd and baffled by a boor.
With an ill grace the Dutch their mischiefs do;
They've both ill nature and ill manners too.
Well may they boast themselves an ancient nation,
For they were bred, ere manners were in fashion;
And their new Commonwealth has set them free
Only from honour and civility.
Venetians do not more uncouthly ride,
Than did their lumber State mankind bestride.
Their sway became 'em with as ill a mien,
As their own paunches swell above their chin.
Yet is their empire no true growth but humour,
And only two kings' touch can cure the tumour.
As Cato did in Afric fruits display,
Let us before our eyes their Indies lay;
All loyal English will like him conclude,
Let Cæsar live, and Carthage be subdued.

ANNUS MIRABILIS:

THE YEAR OF WONDERS, M.DC.LXVI.

AN HISTORICAL POEM.

AN ACCOUNT OF

THE ENSUING POEM.

IN A

LETTER TO THE HON. SIR ROBERT HOWARD.

SIR,

I AM so many ways obliged to you, and so little able to return your favours, that like those who owe too much, I can only live by getting farther into your debt. You have not only been careful of my fortune, which was the effect of your nobleness, but you have been solicitous of my reputation, which is that of your kindness. It is not long since I gave you the trouble of perusing a play for me[1], and now, instead of an acknowledgment, I have given you a greater, in the correction of a Poem. But since you are to bear this persecution, I will at least give you the encouragement of a martyr;—you could never suffer in a nobler cause. For I have chosen the most heroic subject

[1] Conjectured to be "The Indian Queen."

which any Poet could desire: I have taken upon me to describe the motives, the beginning, progress, and successes, of a most just and necessary war; in it, the care, management, and prudence of our King; the conduct and valour of a royal admiral[2], and of two incomparable generals[3]; the invincible courage of our captains and seamen; and three glorious victories, the result of all. After this, I have in the fire[4] the most deplorable, but, withal, the greatest argument that can be imagined; the destruction being so swift, so sudden, so vast and miserable, as nothing can parallel in story. The former part of this Poem, relating to the war, is but a due expiation for my not serving my king and country in it. All gentlemen are almost obliged to it; and I know no reason we should give that advantage to the commonalty of England, to be foremost in brave actions, which the nobles of France would never suffer in their peasants. I should not have written this, but to a person who has been ever forward to appear in all employments whither his honour and generosity have called him. The latter part of my Poem, which describes the fire, I owe first to the piety and fatherly affection of our Monarch to his suffering subjects; and, in the second place, to the courage, loyalty, and magnanimity of the City: both which were so conspicuous, that I have wanted words to celebrate them as they deserve.

2 James, Duke of York.
3 Prince Rupert, and the Duke of Albemarle.
4 The fire of London, which destroyed more than 13,000 houses.

I have called my Poem Historical, not epic; though both the actions and actors are as much heroic as any poem can contain. But, since the action is not properly one, nor that accomplished in the last successes, I have judged it too bold a title for a few stanzas, which are little more in number than a single Iliad, or the longest of the Æneids. For this reason (I mean not of length, but broken action, tied too severely to the laws of History) I am apt to agrée with those who rank Lucan rather among Historians in verse, than epic poets; in whose room, if I am not deceived, Silius Italicus, though a worse writer, may more justly be admitted.

I have chosen to write my Poem in quatrains, or stanzas of four in alternate rhyme, because I have ever judged them more noble, and of greater dignity, both for the sound and number, than any other verse in use amongst us; in which I am sure I have your approbation. The learned languages have, certainly, a great advantage of us, in not being tied to the slavery of any rhyme, and were less constrained in the quantity of every syllable, which they might vary with spondees or dactyls, besides so many other helps of grammatical figures, for the lengthening or abbreviation of them, than the modern are in the close of that one syllable, which often confines and more often corrupts the sense of all the rest. But in this necessity of our rhymes, I have always found the couplet-verse most easy, (though not so proper for this occasion) for there the work is sooner at an end, every two lines concluding the labour of the poet; but in quatrains he is to carry it farther on; and not only

so, but to bear along in his head the troublesome sense of four lines together. For those who write correctly in this kind must needs acknowledge, that the last line of the stanza is to be considered in the composition of the first. Neither can we give ourselves the liberty of making any part of a verse for the sake of rhyme, or concluding with a word which is not current English, or using the variety of female rhymes[5], all which our fathers practised: and for the female rhymes, they are still in use amongst other nations; with the Italian in every line, with the Spaniard promiscuously, with the French alternately; as those who have read the Alarique, the Pucelle, or any of their later poems, will agree with me. And besides this, they write in Alexandrines, or verses of six feet; such as amongst us is the old translation of Homer by Chapman; all which, by lengthening of their chain, makes the sphere of their activity the larger.

I have dwelt too long upon the choice of my stanza, which, you may remember, is much better defended in the preface to Gondibert; and therefore I will hasten to acquaint you with my endeavours in the writing. In general, I will only say, I have never yet seen the description of any naval fight in the proper terms which are used at sea: and if there be any such, in another language, as that of Lucan in the Third of his Pharsalia, yet I could not avail myself of it in the English; the terms of art in every tongue bearing more of the idiom of it than any other words. We hear,

[5] By 'female rhymes,' says Mr. Malone, Dryden means *double rhymes*. See his edition of Prose Works, vol. ii.

indeed, among our poets, of the thundering of guns, the smoke, the disorder, and the slaughter; but all these are common notions. And, certainly, as those who, in a logical dispute, keep in general terms, would hide a fallacy; so those, who do it in any poetical description, would veil their ignorance.

> Descriptas servare vices, operumque colores,
> Cur ego, si nequeo ignoroque, Poeta salutor?

For my own part, if I had little knowledge of the sea, yet I have thought it no shame to learn; and if I have made some few mistakes, 'tis only, as you can bear me witness, because I have wanted opportunity to correct them; the whole Poem being first written, and now sent you from a place, where I have not so much as the converse of any seamen. Yet, though the trouble I had in writing it was great, it was more than recompensed by the pleasure. I found myself so warm in celebrating the praises of military men, two such especially as the Prince and General, that it is no wonder if they inspired me with thoughts above my ordinary level. And I am well satisfied that, as they are incomparably the best subject I ever had, excepting only the Royal Family; so also, that this I have written of them is much better than what I have performed on any other. I have been forced to help out other arguments; but this has been bountiful to me; they have been low and barren of praise, and I have exalted them, and made them fruitful; but here—'Omnia sponte suâ reddit justissima tellus.' I have had a large, a fair, and a pleasant field; so fertile, that, without my cultivating, it has given me two harvests

in a summer, and in both oppressed the reaper. All other greatness in subjects is only counterfeit: it will not endure the test of danger; the greatness of arms is only real: other greatness burdens a nation with its weight; this supports it with its strength. And as it is the happiness of the age, so it is the peculiar goodness of the best of Kings, that we may praise his subjects without offending him. Doubtless it proceeds from a just confidence of his own virtue, which the lustre of no other can be so great as to darken in him; for the good or the valiant are never safely praised under a bad or a degenerate prince.

But to return from this digression to a farther account of my Poem. I must crave leave to tell you, that as I have endeavoured to adorn it with noble thoughts, so much more to express those thoughts with elocution. The composition of all poems is, or ought to be, of wit; and wit in the poet, or wit-writing (if you will give me leave to use a school-distinction) is no other than the faculty of imagination in the writer, which, like a nimble spaniel, beats over and ranges through the field of memory, till it springs the quarry it hunted after; or, without metaphor, which searches over all the memory for the species or ideas of those things which it designs to represent. Wit written is that which is well defined, the happy result of thought, or product of imagination. But to proceed from wit, in the general notion of it, to the proper wit of an heroic or historical poem, I judge it chiefly to consist in the delightful imaging of persons, actions, passions, or things. 'Tis not the jerk or sting of an epigram, nor the seeming contradiction of a poor antithesis,

(the delight of an ill-judging audience in a play of rhyme) nor the gingle of a more poor paranomasia; neither is it so much the morality of a grave sentence, affected by Lucan, but more sparingly used by Virgil; but it is some lively and apt description, dressed in such colours of speech, that it sets before your eyes the absent object as perfectly and more delightfully than nature. So then, the first happiness of the poet's imagination is properly invention, or finding of the thought; the second is fancy, or the variation, deriving or mouldering of that thought, as the judgment represents it proper to the subject; the third is elocution, or the art of clothing and adorning that thought, so found and varied, in apt, significant, and sounding words: the quickness of the imagination is seen in the invention, the fertility in the fancy, and the accuracy in the expression. For the two first of these, Ovid is famous amongst the poets; for the latter, Virgil. Ovid images more often the movements and affections of the mind, either combating between two contrary passions, or extremely discomposed by one. His words, therefore, are the least part of his care; for he pictures Nature in disorder, with which the study and choice of words is inconsistent. This is the proper wit of dialogue or discourse, and consequently of the drama, where all that is said is to be supposed the effect of sudden thought; which, though it excludes not the quickness of wit in repartees, yet admits not a too curious election of words, too frequent allusions, or use of tropes, or in fine, any thing that shows remoteness of thought or labour in the writer.

On the other side, Virgil speaks not so often to us in the person of another, like Ovid, but in his own: he relates almost all things as from himself, and thereby gains more liberty than the other, to express his thoughts with all the graces of elocution, to write more figuratively, and to confess as well the labour as the force of his imagination. Though he describes his Dido well and naturally in the violence of her passions, yet he must yield in that to the Myrrha, the Biblis, the Althæa, of Ovid; for, as great an admirer of him as I am, I must acknowledge, that if I see not more of their souls than I see of Dido's; at least, I have a greater concernment for them: and that convinces me that Ovid has touched those tender strokes more delicately than Virgil could. But when action or persons are to be described, when any such image is to be set before us; how bold, how masterly, are the strokes of Virgil! We see the objects he presents us with, in their native figures, in their proper motions; but so we see them, as our own eyes could never have beheld them so beautiful in themselves. We see the soul of the poet, like that universal one of which he speaks, informing and moving through all his pictures:

——Totamque infusa per artus
Mens agitat molem, et magno se corpore miscet.

We behold him embellishing his images, as he makes Venus breathing beauty upon her son Æneas:

— Lumenque juventæ
Purpureum, et lætos oculis afflarat honores:
Quale manus addunt ebori decus, aut ubi flavo
Argentum, Pariusve lapis, circundatur auro.

See his Tempest, his Funeral Sports, his Combat of Turnus and Æneas; and in his Georgics, (which I esteem the divinest part of all his writings,) the Plague, the Country, the Battle of the Bulls, the Labour of the Bees; and those many other excellent images of Nature, most of which are neither great in themselves, nor have any natural ornament to bear them up; but the words wherewith he describes them are so excellent, that it might be well applied to him which was said by Ovid, 'Materiam superabat opus.' The very sound of his words has often somewhat that is connatural to the subject; and while we read him, we sit, as in a play, beholding the scenes of what he represents. To perform this, he made frequent use of tropes, which, you know, change the nature of a known word, by applying it to some other signification; and this is it which Horace means in his Epistle to the Pisos:

> Dixeris egregie, notum si callida verbum
> Reddiderit junctura novum.——

But I am sensible I have presumed too far, to entertain you with a rude discourse of that art which you both know so well, and put into practice with so much happiness. Yet before I leave Virgil, I must own the vanity to tell you, and by you the world, that he has been my master in this Poem: I have followed him every where; I know not with what success, but I am sure with diligence enough: my images are many of them copied from him, and the rest are imitations of him. My expressions also are as near as the idioms of

the two languages would admit of in translation. And this, Sir, I have done with that boldness for which I will stand accountable to any of our little critics, who, perhaps, are no better acquainted with him than I am. Upon your first perusal of this Poem, you have taken notice of some words which I have innovated (if it be too bold for me to say, refined) upon his Latin; which, as I offer not to introduce into English prose, so I hope they are neither improper, nor altogether unelegant in verse; and in this, Horace will again defend me.

> Et nova, fictaque nuper, habebunt verba fidem, si
> Græco fonte cadunt, parce detorta.——

The inference is exceeding plain: for, if a Roman poet might have liberty to coin a word, supposing only that it was derived from the Greek, was put into a Latin termination, and that he used this liberty but seldom and with modesty; how much more justly may I challenge that privilege to do it, with the same prerequisites, from the best and most judicious of Latin writers? In some places, where either the fancy or the words were his, or any other's, I have noted it in the margin, that I might not seem a plagiary; in others I have neglected it, to avoid as well tediousness as the affectation of doing it too often. Such descriptions or images, well wrought, (which I promise not for mine,) are, as I have said, the adequate delight of heroic poesy; for they beget admiration, which is its proper object; as the images of the burlesque, which is contrary to this, by the same

reason, beget laughter: for the one shows Nature beautified, as in the picture of a fair woman, which we all admire; the other shows her deformed, as in that of a lazar, or of a fool with distorted face and antic gestures, at which we cannot forbear to laugh, because it is a deviation from nature. But though the same images serve equally for the epic poesy, and for the historic and panegyric, which are branches of it, yet a several sort of sculpture is to be used in them. If some of them are to be like those of Juvenal, 'stantes in curribus Æmiliani,' heroes drawn in their triumphal chariots, and in their full proportion; others are to be, like that of Virgil, 'spirantia mollius æra:' there is somewhat more of softness and tenderness to be shown in them.

You will soon find I write not this without concern. Some, who have seen a paper of verses which I wrote last year to her Highness the Duchess, have accused them of that only thing I could defend in them. They said, I did, 'humi serpere;' that I wanted not only height of fancy, but dignity of words, to set it off. I might well answer with that of Horace, 'nunc non erat his locus;' I knew I addressed them to a lady, and accordingly I affected the softness of expression, and the smoothness of measure, rather than the height of thought; and in what I did endeavour, it is no vanity to say I have succeeded. I detest arrogance; but there is some difference betwixt that and a just defence. But I will not farther bribe your candour, or the reader's. I leave them to speak for me; and, if they can, to make out

that character, not pretending to a greater, which I have given them[6].

And now, Sir, it is time I should relieve you from the tedious length of this account. You have better and more profitable employment for your hours, and I wrong the public to detain you longer. In conclusion, I must leave my Poem to you with all its faults, which I hope to find fewer in the printing by your emendations. I know you are not of the number of those of whom the younger Pliny speaks; 'Nec sunt parum multi, qui carpere amicos suos judicium vocant;' I am rather too secure of you on that side. Your candour in pardoning my errors may make you more remiss in correcting them; if you will not withal consider that they come into the world with your approbation, and through your hands. I beg from you the greatest favour you can confer upon an absent person, since I repose upon your management what is dearest to me, my fame and reputation; and therefore I hope it will stir you up to make my Poem fairer by many of your blots; if not, you know the story of the gamester, who married the rich man's daughter, and, when her father denied the portion, christened all the children by his surname, that if, in conclusion, they must beg, they should do so by one name as well as by the other. But since the reproach of my faults will light on you, it is but reason I should do you that justice to the readers, to let them

6 A copy of verses, here introduced, to Anne Hyde, Duchess of York, will be found in vol. iii. of Dryden's poems.

know,—that if there be any thing tolerable in this Poem, they owe the argument to your choice, the writing to your encouragement, the correction to your judgment, and the care of it to your friendship, to which he must ever acknowledge himself to owe all things, who is,

SIR,

The most obedient, and most

faithful of your servants,

JOHN DRYDEN.

From Charlton in Wiltshire,
Nov. 10, 1666.

TO THE METROPOLIS OF GREAT BRITAIN,

THE MOST RENOWNED AND

LATE FLOURISHING CITY OF LONDON.

IN ITS REPRESENTATIVES

The Lord Mayor and Court of Aldermen, the Sheriffs, and Council of it.

As perhaps I am the first who ever presented a work of this nature to the metropolis of any nation, so it is likewise consonant to justice, that he who was to give the first example of such a Dedication, should begin it with that City which has set a pattern to all others of true loyalty, invincible courage, and unshaken constancy. Other cities have been praised for the same virtues, but I am much deceived if any have so dearly purchased their reputation; their fame has been won them by cheaper trials than an expensive, though necessary war, a consuming pestilence, and a more consuming fire. To submit yourselves with that humility to the judgments of Heaven, and at the same time to raise yourselves with that vigour above all human enemies; to be combated at once from above and from below; to be struck down and to triumph; I know not whether such trials have been ever paralleled in any nation; the resolution and successes of them never can be. Never had Prince or People more mutual reason to love each other, if suffering for each other can endear affection. You have come together a pair of matchless lovers, through many difficulties; he through a long exile, various traverses of fortune, and the interposition of many rivals, who violently

ravished and withheld you from him; and certainly you have had your share in sufferings. But Providence has cast upon you want of trade, that you might appear bountiful to your country's necessities; and the rest of your afflictions are not more the effects of God's displeasure (frequent examples of them having been in the reign of the most excellent princes) than occasions for the manifesting of your Christian and civil virtues. To you, therefore, this 'Year of Wonders' is justly dedicated, because you have made it so. You, who are to stand a wonder to all years and ages, and who have built yourselves an immortal monument on your own ruins. You are now a phœnix in her ashes, and, as far as humanity can approach, a great emblem of the suffering Deity: but Heaven never made so much piety and virtue to leave it miserable. I have heard, indeed, of some virtuous persons who have ended unfortunately, but never of any virtuous nation: Providence is engaged too deeply, when the cause becomes so general; and I cannot imagine it has resolved the ruin of that people at home, which it has blessed abroad with such successes. I am therefore to conclude that your sufferings are at an end; and that one part of my Poem has not been more an history of your destruction, than the other a prophecy of your restoration. The accomplishment of which happiness, as it is the wish of all true Englishmen, so is it by none more passionately desired, than by

The greatest of your admirers,
and most humble of your servants,

JOHN DRYDEN.

ANNUS MIRABILIS:

THE YEAR OF WONDERS, M.DC.LXVI.

In thriving arts long time had Holland grown,
  Crouching at home, and cruel when abroad,
Scarce leaving us the means to claim our own;
  Our King they courted, and our merchants aw'd.

Trade, which, like blood, should circularly flow,
  Stopp'd in their channels, found its freedom lost:
Thither the wealth of all the world did go,
  And seem'd but shipwreck'd on so base a coast.

For them alone the heavens had kindly heat,
  In eastern quarries ripening precious dew:
For them the Idumæan balm did sweat,
  And in hot Ceylon spicy forests grew.

The sun but seem'd the labourer of the year;
  Each waxing moon supplied her watry store,
To swell those tides, which from the Line did bear
  Their brim-full vessels to the Belgian shore.

Thus, mighty in her ships, stood Carthage long,
  And swept the riches of the world from far;
Yet stoop'd to Rome, less wealthy, but more strong;
  And this may prove our second Punic war.

What peace can be where both to one pretend?
  (But they more diligent, and we more strong)
Or if a peace, it soon must have an end;
  For they would grow too powerful were it long.

Behold too nations then, engag'd so far,
  That each seven years the fit must shake each land;
Where France will side to weaken us by war,
  Who only can his vast designs withstand.

See how he feeds the' Iberian with delays,
  To render us his timely friendship vain;
And, while his secret soul on Flanders preys,
  He rocks the cradle of the Babe of Spain.

Such deep designs of empire does he lay
  O'er them whose cause he seems to take in hand;
And, prudently, would make them lords at sea,
  To whom with ease he can give laws by land.

This saw our King; and long within his breast
  His pensive counsels balanc'd to and fro:
He griev'd the land he freed should be opprest,
  And he less for it than usurpers do.

His generous mind the fair ideas drew
  Of fame and honour, which in dangers lay;
Where wealth, like fruit on precipices, grew,
  Not to be gather'd but by birds of prey.

The loss and gain each fatally were great;
  And still his subjects call'd aloud for war.
But peaceful kings, o'er martial people set,
  Each other's poise and counterbalance are.

He first survey'd the charge with careful eyes,
  Which none but mighty monarchs could maintain;
Yet judg'd, like vapours that from limbecs rise,
  It would in richer showers descend again.

At length resolv'd to' assert the watry ball,
  He in himself did whole armados bring;
Him aged seamen might their master call,
  And choose for general, were he not their king.

It seems as every ship their sovereign knows,
  His awful summons they so soon obey;
So hear the scaly herd when Proteus blows,
  And so to pasture follow through the sea.

To see this fleet upon the ocean move,
  Angels drew wide the curtains of the skies;
And Heaven, as if there wanted lights above,
  For tapers made two glaring comets rise.

Whether they unctuous exhalations are
  Fir'd by the sun, or seeming so alone;
Or each some more remote and slippery star,
  Which loses footing when to mortals shown:

Or one, that bright companion of the sun,
  Whose glorious aspect seal'd our new-born King;
And now a round of greater years begun,
  New influence from his walks of light did bring.

Victorious York did, first, with fam'd success,
  To his known valour make the Dutch give place:
Thus Heaven our Monarch's fortune did confess,
  Beginning conquest from his royal race.

But since it was decreed, auspicious King!
  In Britain's right that thou shouldst wed the main,
Heaven, as a gage, would cast some precious thing,
  And therefore doom'd that Lawson should be slain.

Lawson amongst the foremost met his fate,
  Whom sea-green sirens from the rocks lament:
Thus as an offering for the Grecian state,
  He first was kill'd who first to battle went.

Their chief blown up, in air, not waves, expir'd,
  To which his pride presum'd to give the law:
The Dutch confess'd Heaven present, and retir'd,
  And all was Britain the wide Ocean saw.

To nearest ports their shatter'd ships repair,
  Where by our dreadful cannon they lay aw'd:
So reverently men quit the open air,
  When thunder speaks the angry gods abroad.

And now approach'd their fleet from India fraught,
  With all the riches of the rising sun;
And precious sand from southern climates brought,
  The fatal regions where the war begun.

Like hunted castors, conscious of their store,
  Their way-laid wealth to Norway's coast they bring:
There first the North's cold bosom spices bore,
  And Winter brooded on the eastern Spring.

By the rich scent we found our perfum'd prey,
  Which, flank'd with rocks, did close in covert lie;
And round about their murdering cannon lay,
  At once to threaten and invite the eye.

Fiercer than cannon, and than rocks more hard,
  The English undertake the' unequal war:
Seven ships alone, by which the port is barr'd,
  Besiege the Indies, and all Denmark dare.

These fight like husbands, but like lovers those:
  These fain would keep, and those more fain enjoy;
And to such height their frantic passion grows,
  That what both love, both hazard to destroy.

Amidst whole heaps of spices lights a ball,
  And now their odours arm'd against them fly:
Some preciously by shatter'd porcelain fall,
  And some by aromatic splinters die.

And though by tempests of the prize bereft,
  In Heaven's inclemency some ease we find:
Our foes we vanquish'd by our valour left,
  And only yielded to the seas and wind.

Nor wholly lost we so deserv'd a prey;
  For storms, repenting, part of it restor'd:
Which, as a tribute from the Baltic sea,
  The British Ocean sent her mighty Lord.

Go, mortals, now, and vex yourselves in vain
  For wealth, which so uncertainly must come;
When what was brought so far, and with such pain,
  Was only kept, to lose it nearer home.

The son who, twice three months on the' ocean tost,
  Prepar'd to tell what he had pass'd before,
Now sees in English ships the Holland coast,
  And parents' arms, in vain, stretch'd from the shore.

This careful husband had been long away,
  Whom his chaste wife and little children mourn;
Who on their fingers learn'd to tell the day
  On which their father promis'd to return.

Such are the proud designs of human kind,
  And so we suffer shipwreck every where!
Alas! what port can such a pilot find,
  Who in the night of fate must blindly steer?

The undistinguish'd seeds of good and ill
  Heaven in his bosom from our knowledge hides;
And draws them in contempt of human skill,
  Which oft, for friends, mistaken foes provides.

Let Munster's prelate ever be accurst,
  In whom we seek the German faith in vain:
Alas! that he should teach the English first,
  That fraud and avarice in the church could reign!

Happy, who never trust a stranger's will,
  Whose friendship's in his interest understood!
Since money given, but tempts him to be ill,
  When power is too remote to make him good.

Till now, alone the mighty nations strove;
  The rest, at gaze, without the lists did stand:
And threatening France, plac'd by a painted Jove,
  Kept idle thunder in his lifted hand.

That eunuch-guardian of rich Holland's trade,
  Who envies us what he wants power to' enjoy;
Whose noiseful valour does no foe invade,
  And weak assistance will his friends destroy.

Offended that we fought without his leave,
  He takes this time his secret hate to show:
Which Charles does with a mind so calm receive,
  As one that neither seeks nor shuns his foe.

With France, to aid the Dutch, the Danes unite;
  France as their tyrant, Denmark as their slave:
But when with one three nations join to fight,
  They silently confess that one more brave.

Lewis had chas'd the English from his shore;
  But Charles the French, as subjects, does invite:
Would Heaven for each some Solomon restore,
  Who, by their mercy, may decide their right.

Were subjects so but only by their choice,
  And not from birth did forc'd dominion take;
Our prince alone would have the public voice,
  And all his neighbours' realms would deserts make.

He without fear a dangerous war pursues,
  Which without rashness he began before.
As honour made him first the danger choose:
  So still he makes it good on virtue's score.

The doubled charge his subjects' love supplies,
  Who in that bounty to themselves are kind:
So glad Egyptians see their Nilus rise,
  And in his plenty their abundance find.

With equal power he does two chiefs create,
  Two such, as each seem'd worthiest when alone;
Each able to sustain a nation's fate,
  Since both had found a greater in their own.

Both great in courage, conduct, and in fame,
  Yet neither envious of the other's praise;
Their duty, faith, and interest to the same,
  Like mighty partners equally they raise.

The Prince long time had courted Fortune's love,
  But once possess'd did absolutely reign:
Thus with their Amazons the heroes strove,
  And conquer'd first those beauties they would gain.

The Duke beheld, like Scipio, with disdain,
  That Carthage, which he ruin'd, rise once more;
And shook aloft the fasces of the main,
  To fright those slaves with what they felt before.

Together to the watery camp they haste,
  Whom matrons passing to their children show:
Infants' first vows for them to Heaven are cast,
  And future people bless them as they go.

With them no riotous pomp, nor Asian train,
  To' infect a navy with their gaudy fears;
To make slow fights, and victories but vain;
  But war, severely, like itself, appears.

Diffusive of themselves, where'er they pass,
  They make that warmth in others they expect:
Their valour works like bodies on a glass,
  And does its image on their main project.

Our fleet divides, and straight the Dutch appear,
  In number, and a fam'd commander, bold;
The narrow seas can scarce their navy bear,
  Or crowded vessels can their soldiers hold.

The Duke, less numerous, but in courage more,
  On wings of all the winds to combat flies:
His murdering guns a loud defiance roar,
  And bloody crosses on his flag-staffs rise.

Both furl their sails, and strip them for the fight;
  Their folded sheets dismiss the useless air:
The' Elean plains could boast no nobler sight,
  When struggling champions did their bodies bare.

Borne each by other in a distant line,
  The sea-built forts in dreadful order move:
So vast the noise, as if not fleets did join,
  But lands unfix'd, and floating nations strove.

Now pass'd, on either side they nimbly tack;
  Both strive to intercept and guide the wind:
And in its eye more closely they come back,
  To finish all the deaths they left behind.

On high-rais'd decks the haughty Belgians ride,
  Beneath whose shade our humble frigates go:
Such port the elephant bears, and so defied
  By the rhinoceros, her unequal foe.

And as the built, so different is the fight;
  Their mounting shot is on our sails design'd:
Deep in their hulls our deadly bullets light,
  And through the yielding planks a passage find.

Our dreaded Admiral from far they threat,
  Whose batter'd rigging their whole war receives:
All bare, like some old oak which tempests beat,
  He stands, and sees below his scatter'd leaves.

Heroes of old, when wounded, shelter sought;
  But he, who meets all danger with disdain,
E'en in their face his ship to anchor brought,
  And, steeple-high, stood prop'd upon the main.

At this excess of courage, all amaz'd,
  The foremost of his foes a while withdraw:
With such respect in enter'd Rome they gaz'd,
  Who on high chairs the god-like fathers saw.

And now, as where Patroclus' body lay, [Greeks;
  Here Trojan chiefs advanc'd, and there the
Ours o'er the Duke their pious wings display,
  And theirs the noblest spoils of Britain seek.

Mean time his busy mariners he hastes,
  His shatter'd sails with rigging to restore;
And willing pines ascend his broken masts,
  Whose lofty heads rise higher than before.

Straight to the Dutch he turns his dreadful prow,
  More fierce the important quarrel to decide:
Like swans, in long array his vessels show,
  Whose crests, advancing, do the waves divide.

They charge, re-charge, and all along the sea
  They drive, and squander the huge Belgian fleet:
Berkeley[1] alone, who nearest danger lay,
  Did a like fate with lost Creüsa meet.

The night comes on; we eager to pursue
  The combat still, and they asham'd to leave;
Till the last streaks of dying day withdrew,
  And doubtful moonlight did our rage deceive.

[1] Sir Charles Berkeley, Earl of Falmouth.

In the' English fleet each ship resounds with joy,
  And loud applause of their great leader's fame:
In fiery dreams the Dutch they still destroy,
  And, slumbering, smile at the imagin'd flame.

Not so the Holland-fleet, who, tir'd and done,
  Stretch'd on their decks, like weary oxen lie:
Faint sweats all down their mighty members run,
  (Vast bulks, which little souls but ill supply.)

In dreams they fearful precipices tread,
  Or, shipwreck'd, labour to some distant shore;
Or in dark churches walk among the dead;
  They wake with horror, and dare sleep no more.

The morn they look on with unwilling eyes,
  Till, from their main-top, joyful news they hear
Of ships, which by their mould bring new supplies,
  And in their colours Belgian lions bear.

Our watchful General had discern'd from far
  This mighty succour, which made glad the foe:
He sigh'd, but like a father of the war,
  His face spake hope, while deep his sorrows flow.

His wounded men he first sends off to shore,
  Never, till now, unwilling to obey: [plore,
They not their wounds, but want of strength de-
  And think them happy who with him can stay.

Then, to the rest, "Rejoice, (said he) to-day;
  In you the fortune of Great Britain lies;
Among so brave a people you are they
  Whom Heaven has chose to fight for such a prize.

"If number English courages could quell,
  We should at first have shunn'd, not met, our foes;
Whose numerous sails the fearful only tell:
  Courage from hearts, and not from numbers,
    grows."

He said; nor needed more to say: with haste
  To their known stations cheerfully they go;
And all at once, disdaining to be last,
  Solicit every gale to meet the foe.

Nor did the' encourag'd Belgians long delay,
  But, bold in others, not themselves, they stood;
So thick, our navy scarce could steer their way,
  But seem'd to wander in a moving wood.

Our little fleet was now engag'd so far,
  That, like the swordfish in the whale, they fought;
The combat only seem'd a civil war,
  Till through their bowels we our passage wrought.

Never had valour, no not ours, before
  Done aught like this upon the land or main,
Where not to be o'ercome was to do more
  Than all the conquests former kings did gain.

The mighty ghosts of our great Harries rose,
  And armed Edwards look'd, with anxious eyes,
To see this fleet among unequal foes, [rise.
  By which fate promis'd them their Charles should

Mean time the Belgians tack upon our rear, [send;
  And raking chase-guns through our sterns they
Close by, their fire-ships, like jackals, appear,
  Who on their lions for the prey attend.

Silent, in smoke of cannon they came on:
  (Such vapours once did fiery Cacus hide:)
In these the height of pleas'd revenge is shown,
  Who burn contented by another's side.

Sometimes, from fighting squadrons of each fleet,
  Deceiv'd themselves, or to preserve some friend,
Two grappling Ætnas on the ocean meet,
  And English fires with Belgian flames contend.

Now, at each tack, our little fleet grows less,
  And, like maim'd fowl, swim lagging on the main:
Their greater loss their numbers scarce confess,
  While they lose cheaper than the English gain.

Have you not seen, when, whistled from the fist,
  Some falcon stoops at what her eye design'd,
And with her eagerness the quarry miss'd,
  Straight flies at check, and clips it down the wind?

The dastard crow, that to the wood made wing,
  And sees the groves no shelter can afford,
With her loud caws her craven kind does bring,
  Who, safe in numbers, cuff the noble bird.

Among the Dutch thus Albemarle did fare:
  He could not conquer, and disdain'd to fly:
Past hope of safety, 'twas his latest care,
  Like falling Cæsar, decently to die.

Yet pity did his manly spirit move,
  To see those perish who so well had fought;
And, generously, with his despair he strove,
  Resolv'd to live, till he their safety wrought.

Let other Muses write his prosperous fate,
  Of conquer'd nations tell, and kings restor'd;
But mine shall sing of his eclips'd estate,
  Which, like the sun's, more wonders does afford.

He drew his mighty frigates all before,
  On which the foe his fruitless force employs:
His weak ones deep into his rear he bore,
  Remote from guns, as sick men from the noise.

His fiery cannon did their passage guide,
  And following smoke obscur'd them from the foe:
Thus Israel, safe from the Egyptians' pride,
  By flaming pillars and by clouds did go.

Elsewhere the Belgian force we did defeat,
  But here our courages did theirs subdue:
So Xenophon once led that fam'd retreat,
  Which first the Asian empire overthrew.

The foe approach'd; and one, for his bold sin,
  Was sunk; as he that touch'd the ark was slain:
The wild waves master'd him, and suck'd him in,
  And smiling eddies dimpled on the main.

This seen, the rest at awful distance stood,
  As if they had been there as servants set,
To stay, or to go on, as he thought good,
  And not pursue, but wait on his retreat.

So Libyan huntsmen, on some sandy plain,
  From shady coverts rous'd, the lion chase;
The kingly beast roars out with loud disdain,
  And slowly moves, unknowing to give place.

But if some one approach to dare his force,
  He swings his tail, and swiftly turns him round;
With one paw seizes on his trembling horse,
  And with the other tears him to the ground.

Amidst these toils succeeds the balmy night;
  Now hissing waters the quench'd guns restore;
And weary waves, withdrawing from the fight,
  Lie lull'd and panting on the silent shore.

The moon shone clear on the becalmed flood,
  Where, while her beams like glittering silver play,
Upon the deck our careful General stood,
  And deeply mus'd on the succeeding day.

"That happy sun, (said he) will rise again,
  Who twice victorious did our navy see:
And I alone must view him rise in vain,
  Without one ray of all his star for me.

"Yet, like an English General will I die,
  And all the ocean make my spacious grave;
Women and cowards on the land may lie:
  The sea's a tomb that's proper for the brave."

Restless he pass'd the remnant of the night,
  Till the fresh air proclaim'd the morning nigh:
And burning ships, the martyrs of the fight,
  With paler fires beheld the eastern sky.

But now, his stores of ammunition spent,
  His naked valour is his only guard;
Rare thunders are from his dumb cannon sent,
  And solitary guns are scarcely heard.

Thus far had Fortune power, he forc'd to stay,
  Nor longer durst with Virtue be at strife:
This, as a ransom, Albemarle did pay,
  For all the glories of so great a life.

For now brave Rupert from afar appears,
  Whose waving streamers the glad General knows:
With full-spread sails his eager navy steers,
  And every ship in swift proportion grows.

The anxious Prince had heard the cannon long,
  And from that length of time dire omens drew
Of English overmatch'd, and Dutch too strong,
  Who never fought three days, but to pursue.

Then, as an eagle, who with pious care
  Was beating widely on the wing for prey,
To her now silent eiry does repair,
  And finds her callow infants forc'd away:

Stung with her love, she stoops upon the plain,
  The broken air loud whistling as she flies;
She stops, and listens, and shoots forth again,
  And guides her pinions by her young ones' cries.

With such kind passion hastes the Prince to fight,
  And spreads his flying canvass to the sound:
Him, whom no danger, were he there, could fright,
  Now, absent, every little noise can wound.

As in a drought the thirsty creatures cry,
  And gape upon the gather'd clouds for rain;
And first the martlet meets it in the sky,
  And with wet wings joys all the feather'd train.

With such glad hearts did our despairing men
  Salute the' appearance of the Prince's fleet:
And each ambitiously would claim the ken,
  That with first eyes did distant safety meet.

The Dutch, who came like greedy hinds before,
  To reap the harvest their ripe ears did yield,
Now look like those, when rolling thunders roar,
  And sheets of lightning blast the standing field.

Full in the Prince's passage, hills of sand
  And dangerous flats in secret ambush lay,
Where the false tides skim o'er the cover'd land,
  And seamen with dissembled depths betray.

The wily Dutch, who, like fall'n angels, fear'd
  This new Messiah's coming, there did wait;
And round the verge their braving vessels steer'd,
  To tempt his courage with so fair a bait.

But he, unmov'd, contemns their idle threat,
  Secure of fame whene'er he pleas'd to fight:
His cold experience tempers all his heat,
  And inbred worth doth boasting valour slight.

Heroic virtue did his actions guide,
  And he the substance, not the' appearance chose:
To rescue one such friend he took more pride,
  Than to destroy whole thousands of such foes.

But when approach'd, in strict embraces bound,
  Rupert and Albemarle together grow:
He joys to have his friend in safety found,
  Which he to none but to that friend would owe.

The cheerful soldiers, with new stores supplied,
  Now long to execute their spleenful will;
And, in revenge for those three days they tried,
  Wish one, like Joshua's, when the sun stood still.

Thus re-inforc'd, against the adverse fleet,
  Still doubling ours, brave Rupert leads the way:
With the first blushes of the morn they meet,
  And bring night back upon the new-born day.

His presence soon blows up the kindling fight,
  And his loud guns speak thick like angry men:
It seem'd as slaughter had been breath'd all night,
  And Death new-pointed his dull dart again.

The Dutch too well his mighty conduct knew,
  And matchless courage, since the former fight:
Whose navy still a stiff-stretch'd cord did shew,
  Till he bore in, and bent them into flight.

The wind he shares, while half their fleet offends
  His open side, and high above him shows:
Upon the rest at pleasure he descends,
  And, doubly harm'd, he double harms bestows.

Behind, the General mends his weary pace,
  And sullenly to his revenge he sails:
So glides some trodden serpent on the grass,
  And long behind his wounded volume trails.

The' increasing sound is borne to either shore,
  And for their stakes the throwing nations fear:
Their passions double with the cannons' roar,
  And with warm wishes each man combats there.

Plied thick and close as when the fight begun,
  Their huge unwieldly navy wastes away:
So sicken weaning moons too near the sun,
  And blunt their crescents on the edge of day.

And now reduc'd on equal terms to fight,
  Their ships like wasted patrimonies show;
Where the thin scattering trees admit the light,
  And shun each other's shadows, as they grow.

The warlike Prince had sever'd from the rest
  Two giant ships, the pride of all the main,
Which with his one so vigorously he press'd,
  And flew so home, they could not rise again.

Already batter'd, by his lee they lay,
  In vain upon the passing winds they call;
The passing winds through their torn canvass play,
  And flagging sails on heartless sailors fall.

Their open'd sides receive a gloomy light,
  Dreadful as day let into shades below:
Without, grim Death rides barefac'd in their sight,
  And urges entering billows as they flow.

When one dire shot, the last they could supply,
  Close by the board the Prince's mainmast bore;
All three, now helpless, by each other lie,
  And this offends not, and those fear no more.

So have I seen some fearful hare maintain
  A course, till tir'd before the dog she lay;
Who, stretch'd behind her, pants upon the plain,
  Past power to kill, as she to get away.

With his loll'd tongue he faintly licks his prey;
  His warm breath blows her flix up as she lies;
She, trembling, creeps upon the ground away,
  And looks back to him with beseeching eyes.

The Prince unjustly does his stars accuse,
  Which hinder'd him to push his fortune on;
For what they to his courage did refuse,
  By mortal valour never must be done.

This lucky hour the wise Batavian takes,
  And warns his tatter'd fleet to follow home:
Proud to have so got off with equal stakes,
  Where 'twas a triumph not to be o'ercome.

The General's force, as kept alive by flight,
  Now, not oppos'd, no longer can pursue:
Lasting till Heaven had done his courage right;
  When he had conquer'd, he his weakness knew.

He casts a frown on the departing foe,
  And sighs to see him quit the watery field:
His stern fix'd eyes no satisfaction show,
  For all the glories which the fight did yield.

Though, as when fiends did miracles avow,
  He stands confess'd even by the boastful Dutch;
He only does his conquest disavow,
  And thinks too little what they found too much.

Return'd, he with the fleet resolv'd to stay;
  No tender thoughts of home his heart divide;
Domestic joys and cares he puts away;
  For realms are households which the great must [guide.

As those who unripe veins in mines explore,
  On the rich bed again the warm turf lay,
Till time digests the yet imperfect ore,
  And know it will be gold another day:

So looks our Monarch on this early fight,
  The' essay and rudiments of great success,
Which all-maturing Time must bring to light,
  While he, like Heaven, does each day's labour
    bless.

Heaven ended not the first or second day,
  Yet each was perfect to the work design'd;
God and kings' work, when they their works survey,
  A passive aptness in all subjects find.

In burden'd vessels, first, with speedy care,
  His plenteous stores do season'd timber send;
Thither the brawny carpenters repair,
  And, as the surgeons of maim'd ships, attend.

With cord and canvass from rich Hamburgh sent,
  His navies molted wings he imps once more;
Tall Norway fir their masts in battle spent,
  And English oaks sprung leaks and planks restore.

All hands employ'd, the royal work grows warm:
  Like labouring bees on a long summer's day,
Some sound the trumpet for the rest to swarm,
  And some on bells of tasted lilies play.

With glewy wax some new foundations lay
  Of virgin-combs, which from the roof are hung;
Some arm'd within doors upon duty stay,
  Or tend the sick, or educate the young.

So here, some pick out bullets from the sides,
  Some drive old oakum through each seam and [rift:
Their left hand does the calking iron guide,
  The rattling mallet with the right they lift.

With boiling pitch another near at hand
  (From friendly Sweden brought) the seams in-
    stops;
Which, well laid o'er, the salt sea waves withstand,
  And shakes them from the rising beak in drops.

Some the gall'd ropes with dawby marline bind,
  Or sear-cloth masts with strong tarpawling coats:
To try new shrouds one mounts into the wind,
  And one, below, their ease or stiffness notes.

Our careful Monarch stands in person by,
  His new-cast cannons' firmness to explore:
The strength of big-corn'd powder loves to try,
  And ball and cartridge sorts for every bore.

Each day brings fresh supplies of arms and men,
  And ships which all last winter were abroad;
And such as fitted since the fight had been,
  Or new from stocks were fallen into the road.

The goodly London, in her gallant trim,
  The phœnix-daughter of the vanish'd old,
Like a rich bride does to the ocean swim,
  And on her shadow rides in floating gold.

Her flag aloft spread ruffling to the wind,
  And sanguine streamers seem the flood to fire:
The weaver, charm'd with what his loom design'd,
  Goes on to sea, and knows not to retire.

With roomy decks; her guns of mighty strength,
  Whose low-laid mouths each mounting billow laves:
Deep in her draught, and warlike in her length,
  She seems a sea-wasp flying on the waves.

This martial present, piously design'd,
  The loyal City give their best-lov'd King;
And with a bounty ample as the wind,
  Built, fitted, and maintain'd, to aid him bring.

By viewing Nature, Nature's hand-maid, Art,
  Makes mighty things from small beginnings grow:
Thus fishes first to shipping did impart
  Their tail the rudder, and their head the prow.

Some log, perhaps, upon the waters swam,
  An useless drift, which rudely cut within,
And hollow'd, first a floating trough became,
  And cross some rivulet passage did begin.

In shipping such as this, the Irish kern
  And untaught Indian, on the stream did glide,
Ere sharp-keel'd boats to stem the flood did learn,
  Or fin-like oars did spread from either side.

Add but a sail, and Saturn so appear'd,
  When, from lost empire, he to exile went,
And with the golden age to Tyber steer'd,
  Where coin and commerce first he did invent.

Rude as their ship was navigation then;
  No useful compass or meridian known;
Coasting, they kept the land within their ken,
  And knew no north but when the pole-star shone.

Of all who since have us'd the open sea,
  Than the bold English none more fame have won:
Beyond the year, and out of Heaven's high way,
  They make discoveries where they see no sun.

But what so long in vain, and yet unknown,
  By poor mankind's benighted wit is sought,
Shall in this age to Britain first be shown,
  And hence be to admiring nations taught.

The ebbs of tides, and their mysterious flow,
  We, as Art's element, shall understand,
And as by line upon the ocean go,
  Whose path shall be familiar as the land.

Instructed ships shall sail to quick commerce,
  By which remotest regions are allied;
Which makes one city of the universe,
  Where some may gain, and all may be supplied.

Then we upon our globe's last verge shall go,
  And view the ocean leaning on the sky;
From thence our rolling neighbours we shall know,
  And on the lunar world securely pry.

This I foretel, from your auspicious care,
  Who great in search of God and Nature grow;
Who best your wise Creator's praise declare,
  Since best to praise his works is best to know.

O truly royal! who behold the law
  And rule of beings in your Maker's mind;
And thence, like limbecs, rich ideas draw,
  To fit the levell'd use of humankind.

But first the toils of war we must endure,
  And from the' injurious Dutch redeem the seas;
War makes the valiant of his right secure,
  And gives up Fraud to be chastis'd with ease.

Already were the Belgians on our coast,
  Whose fleet more mighty every day became
By late success, which they did falsely boast,
  And now, by first appearing, seem'd to claim.

Designing, subtle, diligent, and close,
  They knew to manage war with wise delay:
Yet all those arts their vanity did cross,
  And by their pride their prudence did betray.

Nor staid the English long; but, well supplied,
  Appear as numerous as the' insulting foe;
The combat now by courage must be tried,
  And the success the braver nation show.

There was the Plymouth squadron now come in,
  Which in the Straits last winter was abroad;
Which twice on Biscay's working bay had been,
  And on the Mid-land sea the French had aw'd.

Old expert Allen, loyal all along,
  Fam'd for his action on the Smyrna fleet:
And Holmes, whose name shall live in epic song,
  While music numbers, or while verse has feet.

Holmes, the Achates of the General's fight;
  Who first bewitch'd our eyes with Guinea gold:
As once old Cato in the Roman's sight
  The tempting fruits of Afric did unfold.

With him went Sprag, as bountiful as brave,
  Whom his high courage to command had brought:
Harman, who did the twice-fir'd Harry save,
  And in his burning ship undaunted fought.

Young Hollis, on a Muse by Mars begot,
  Born, Cæsar-like, to write and act great deeds:
Impatient to revenge his fatal shot,
  His right hand doubly to his left succeeds.

Thousands were there, in darker fame that dwell,
  Whose deeds some nobler poem shall adorn;
And, though to me unknown, they, sure, fought well,
  Whom Rupert led, and who were British born.

Of every size an hundred fighting sail:
  So vast the navy now at anchor rides,
That underneath it the press'd waters fail,
  And with its weight it shoulders off the tides.

Now anchors weigh'd, the seamen shout so shrill,
  That Heaven and earth and the wide ocean rings:
A breeze from westward waits their sails to fill,
  And rests in those high beds his downy wings.

The wary Dutch this gathering storm foresaw,
  And durst not bide it on the English coast;
Behind their treacherous shallows they withdraw,
  And there lay snares to catch the British host.

So the false spider, when her nets are spread,
  Deep ambush'd in her silent den does lie;
And feels far off the trembling of her thread,
  Whose filmy cord should bind the struggling fly.

Then if, at last, she find him fast beset,
  She issues forth, and runs along her loom;
She joys to touch the captive in her net,
  And drag the little wretch in triumph home.

The Belgians hop'd that, with disorder'd haste,
  Our deep-cut keels upon the sands might run;
Or, if with caution leisurely were past, [one.
  Their numerous gross[2] might charge us one by

But, with a fore-wind pushing them above,
  And swelling tide that heav'd them from below,
O'er the blind flats our warlike squadrons move,
  And with spread sails to welcome battle go.

It seem'd as there the British Neptune stood,
  With all his hosts of waters at command,
Beneath them to submit the' officious flood;
  And with his trident shov'd them off the sand.

To the pale foes they suddenly draw near,
  And summon them to unexpected fight:
They start like murderers when ghosts appear,
  And draw their curtains in the dead of night.

Now van to van the foremost squadrons meet,
  The midmost battles hastening up behind;
Who view, far off, the storm of falling sleet,
  And hear their thunder rattling in the wind.

At length the adverse admirals appear;
  The two bold champions of each country's right:
Their eyes describe the lists as they come near,
  And draw the lines of death before they fight.

[2] The bulk of their army, or main body.

The distance judg'd for shot of every size,
  The linstocks touch, the pondrous ball expires;
The vigorous seaman every port-hole plies,
  And adds his heart to every gun he fires.

Fierce was the fight on the proud Belgians' side,
  For honour, which they seldom sought before:
But now they by their own vain boasts were tried,
  And forc'd, at least in show, to prize it more.

But sharp remembrance on the English part,
  And shame of being match'd by such a foe,
Rouse conscious virtue up in every heart,
  And seeming to be stronger, makes them so.

Nor long the Belgians could that fleet sustain,
  Which did two generals' fates and Cæsar's bear:
Each several ship a victory did gain,
  As Rupert or as Albemarle were there.

Their batter'd admiral too soon withdrew,
  Unthank'd by ours for his unfinish'd fight:
But he the minds of his Dutch masters knew,
  Who call'd that Providence, which we call'd
    Flight.

Never did men more joyfully obey,
  Or sooner understood the sign to fly:
With such alacrity they bore away,
  As if, to praise them, all the States stood by.

O famous Leader of the Belgian fleet!
  Thy monument inscrib'd such praise shall wear,
As Varro, timely flying, once did meet,
  Because he did not of his Rome despair.

Behold that navy which, a while before,
  Provok'd the tardy English close to fight,
Now draw their beaten vessels close to shore,
  As larks lie dar'd, to shun the hobbies' flight.

Whoe'er would English monuments survey,
  In other records may our courage know;
But let them hide the story of this day,
  Whose fame was blemish'd by too base a foe.

Or if too busily they will inquire
  Into a victory which we disdain,
Then let them know the Belgians did retire
  Before the patron saint[3] of injur'd Spain.

Repenting England this revengeful day
  To Philip's[4] manes did an offering bring;
England, which first, by leading them astray,
  Hatch'd up rebellion to destroy her King.

Our fathers bent their baneful industry,
  To check a monarchy that slowly grew;
But did not France or Holland's fate foresee,
  Whose rising power to swift dominion flew.

In Fortune's empire blindly thus we go,
  And wander after pathless Destiny;
Whose dark resorts since Prudence cannot know,
  In vain it would provide for what shall be.

But whate'er English to the bless'd shall go,
  And the fourth Harry or first Orange meet,
Find him disowning of a Bourbon foe,
  And him detesting a Batavian fleet.

3 St. James: on whose day this victory was gained.
4 Philip II. of Spain.

Now on their coasts our conquering navy rides,
  Waylays their merchants, and their land besets;
Each day new wealth without their care provides;
  They lie asleep with prizes in their nets.

So close behind some promontory lie
  The huge leviathans to attend their prey,
And give no chase, but swallow in the fry
  Which through their gaping jaws mistake the way.

Nor was this all; in ports and roads remote
  Destructive fires among whole fleets we send[5];
Triumphant flames upon the waters float,
  And out-bound ships at home their voyage end.

Those various squadrons variously design'd,
  Each vessel freighted with a several load,
Each squadron waiting for a several wind,
  All find but one, to burn them in the road.

Some bound for Guinea, golden sand to find,
  Bore all the gauds the simple natives wear;
Some for the pride of Turkish courts design'd,
  For folded turbans finest holland bear.

Some English wool, vex'd in a Belgian loom,
  And into cloth of spungy softness made,
Did into France or colder Denmark doom,
  To ruin with worse ware our staple trade.

Our greedy seamen rummage every hold,
  Smile on the booty of each wealthier chest;
And as the priests, who with their gods make bold,
  Take what they like, and sacrifice the rest.

[5] Burning of the fleet in the Ely, by Sir Robert Holmes.

But, ah! how unsincere are all our joys! [stay;
Which, sent from Heaven, like lightning make no
Their palling taste the journey's length destroys,
Or Grief, sent post, o'ertakes them on the way.

Swell'd with our late successes on the foe,
Which France and Holland wanted power to cross,
We urge an unseen fate to lay us low,
And feed their envious eyes with English loss[6].

Each element his dread command obeys,
Who makes or ruins with a smile or frown;
Who, as by one he did our nation raise,
So now he with another pulls us down.

Yet London, empress of the Northern clime,
By an high fate thou greatly didst expire;
Great as the world's, which, at the death of Time,
Must fall, and rise a nobler frame—by fire.

As when some dire usurper Heaven provides,
To scourge his country with a lawless sway,
His birth, perhaps, some petty village hides,
And sets his cradle out of Fortune's way:

Till fully ripe, his swelling fate breaks out,
And hurries him to mighty mischiefs on;
His prince, surpris'd at first, no ill could doubt,
And wants the power to meet it when 'tis known.

Such was the rise of this prodigious fire,
Which, in mean buildings first obscurely bred,
From thence did soon to open streets aspire,
And straight to palaces and temples spread.

6 Transition to the Fire of London.

The diligence of Trade, and noiseful Gain,
  And Luxury, more late, asleep were laid:
All was the Night's, and, in her silent reign,
  No sound the rest of Nature did invade.

In this deep quiet, from what source unknown,
  Those seeds of fire their fatal birth disclose;
And, first, few scattering sparks about were blown,
  Big with the flames that to our ruin rose.

Then in some close-pent room it crept along,
  And, smouldering as it went, in silence fed:
Till the' infant monster, with devouring strong,
  Walk'd boldly upright with exalted head.

Now, like some rich or mighty murderer,
  Too great for prison, which he breaks with gold;
Who fresher for new mischiefs does appear,
  And dares the world to tax him with the old:

So 'scapes the' insulting fire his narrow jail,
  And makes small outlets into open air;
There the fierce winds his tender force assail,
  And beat him downward to his first repair.

The winds, like crafty courtezans, withheld
  His flames from burning, but to blow them more;
And every fresh attempt he is repell'd
  With faint denials, weaker than before.

And now, no longer letted of his prey,
  He leaps up at it with enrag'd desire;
O'erlooks the neighbours with a wide survey,
  And nods at every house his threatening fire.

The ghosts of traitors from the bridge descend,
  With bold fanatic spectres to rejoice;
About the fire into a dance they bend,
  And sing their sabbath-notes with feeble voice.

Our guardian angel saw them where they sate,
  Above the palace of our slumbering King:
He sigh'd, abandoning his charge to Fate,
  And, drooping, oft look'd back upon the wing.

At length the crackling noise and dreadful blaze
  Call'd up some waking lover to the sight;
And long it was ere he the rest could raise,
  Whose heavy eyelids yet were full of night.

The next to danger, hot pursued by Fate,
  Half-cloth'd, half-naked, hastily retire;
And frighted mothers strike their breasts, too late,
  For helpless infants left amidst the fire.

Their cries soon waken all the dwellers near;
  Now murmuring noises rise in every street:
The more remote run stumbling with their fear,
  And, in the dark, men justle as they meet.

So weary bees in little cells repose;
  But if night-robbers lift the well-stor'd hive,
An humming through their waxen city grows,
  And out upon each other's wings they drive.

Now streets grow throng'd and busy as by day:
  Some run for buckets to the hallow'd quire;
Some cut the pipes, and some the engines play,
  And some, more bold, mount ladders to the fire.

In vain: for from the east a Belgian wind
  His hostile breath through the dry rafters sent;
The flames, impell'd, soon left their foes behind,
  And forward, with a wanton fury, went.

A key of fire ran all along the shore,
  And lighten'd all the river with a blaze;
The waken'd tides began again to roar,
  And wondering fish in shining waters gaze.

Old Father Thames rais'd up his reverend head,
  But fear'd the fate of Simois would return;
Deep in his ooze he sought his sedgy bed,
  And shrunk his waters back into his urn.

The fire, mean time, walks in a broader gross;
  To either hand his wings he opens wide;
He wades the streets, and straight he reaches cross,
  And plays his longing flames on t'other side.

At first they warm, then scorch, and then they take;
  Now with long necks from side to side they feed;
At length, grown strong, their mother-fire forsake,
  And a new colony of flames succeed.

To every nobler portion of the Town
  The curling billows roll their restless tide:
In parties now they straggle up and down,
  As armies, unoppos'd, for prey divide.

One mighty squadron, with a side-wind sped,
  Through narrow lanes his cumber'd fire does haste,
By powerful charms of gold and silver led,
  The Lombard bankers and the 'Change to waste.

Another backward to the Tower would go,
  And slowly eats his way against the wind;
But the main body of the marching foe
  Against the' imperial palace is design'd.

Now day appears, and with the day the King,
  Whose early care had robb'd him of his rest;
Far off the cracks of falling houses ring,
  And shrieks of subjects pierce his tender breast.

Near as he draws, thick harbingers of smoke,
  With gloomy pillars, cover all the place,
Whose little intervals of night are broke
  By sparks that drive against his sacred face.

More than his guards his sorrows made him known,
  And pious tears which down his cheeks did show'r:
The wretched in his grief forgot their own;
  So much the pity of a king has pow'r.

He wept the flames of what he lov'd so well,
  And what so well had merited his love;
For never prince in grace did more excel,
  Or royal city more in duty strove.

Nor with an idle care did he behold;
  (Subjects may grieve, but monarchs must redress)
He cheers the fearful and commends the bold,
  And makes despairers hope for good success.

Himself directs what first is to be done,
  And orders all the succours which they bring:
The helpful and the good about him run,
  And form an army worthy such a king.

He sees the dire contagion spread so fast,
  That, where it seizes, all relief is vain;
And therefore must unwillingly lay waste
  That country, which would else the foe maintain.

The powder blows up all before the fire:
  The' amazed flames stand gather'd on a heap:
And from the' precipice's brink retire,
  Afraid to venture on so large a leap.

Thus fighting fires a while themselves consume,
  But straight, like Turks, forc'd on to win or die,
They first lay tender bridges of their fume,
  And o'er the breach in unctuous vapours fly.

Part stay for passage, till a gust of wind
  Ships o'er their forces in a shining sheet;
Part creeping under ground, their journey blind,
  And climbing from below, their fellows meet.

Thus to some desert plain, or old wood-side,
  Dire night-hags come from far to dance their round;
And o'er broad rivers on their fiends they ride,
  Or sweep in clouds above the blasted ground.

No help avails; for, hydra-like, the fire
  Lifts up his hundred heads to aim his way;
And scarce the wealthy can one half retire
  Before he rushes in to share the prey.

The rich grow suppliant, and the poor grow proud;
  Those offer mighty gain, and these ask more;
So void of pity is the' ignoble crowd,
  When others' ruin may increase their store.

As those who live by shores with joy behold
  Some wealthy vessel split or stranded nigh,
And from the rocks leap down for shipwreck'd gold,
  And seek the tempests which the others fly:

So these but wait the owners' last despair,
  And what's permitted to the flames invade;
E'en from their jaws the hungry morsels tear,
  And on their backs the spoils of Vulcan lade.

The days were all in this lost labour spent;
  And when the weary King gave place to night,
His beams he to his royal brother lent,
  And so shone still in his reflective light.

Night came, but without darkness or repose,
  A dismal picture of the general doom;
Where souls distracted, when the trumpet blows,
  And half unready, with their bodies come.

Those who have homes, when home they do repair,
  To a last lodging call their wandering friends:
Their short uneasy sleeps are broke with care,
  To look how near their own destruction tends.

Those who have none, sit round where once it was,
  And with full eyes each wonted room require;
Haunting the yet warm ashes of the place,
  As murder'd men walk where they did expire.

Some stir up coals, and watch the vestal fire,
  Others in vain from sight of ruin run;
And, while through burning labyrinths they retire,
  With loathing eyes repeat what they would shun.

The most in fields, like herded beasts, lie down,
  To dews obnoxious, on the grassy floor;
And, while their babes in sleep their sorrows drown,
  Sad parent's watch the remnants of their store.

While by the motion of the flames they guess
  What streets are burning now, and what are near,
An infant, waking, to the paps would press,
  And meets, instead of milk, a falling tear.

No thought can ease them but their Sovereign's care,
  Whose praise the' afflicted as their comfort sing:
E'en those, whom want might drive to just despair,
  Think life's a blessing under such a King.

Mean time he sadly suffers in their grief,
  Outweeps an hermit, and outprays a saint;
All the long night he studies their relief,
  How they may be supplied, and he may want.

'O God! (said he) thou patron of my days,
  Guide of my youth in exile and distress!
Who me unfriended brought'st, by wondrous ways,
  The kingdom of my fathers to possess:

'Be thou my judge, with what unwearied care
  I since have labour'd for my people's good:
To bind the bruises of a Civil war,
  And stop the issues of their wasting blood!

'Thou, who hast taught me to forgive the ill,
  And recompense, as friends, the good misled;
If mercy be a precept of thy will,
  Return that mercy on thy servant's head.

'Or, if my heedless youth has stepp'd astray,
Too soon forgetful of thy gracious hand;
On me alone thy just displeasure lay,
But take thy judgments from this mourning land.

'We all have sinn'd, and thou hast laid us low
As humble earth, from whence at first we came:
Like flying shades before the clouds we show,
And shrink like parchment in consuming flame.

'O let it be enough what thou hast done: [street,
When spotted deaths ran arm'd through every
With poison'd darts, which not the good could shun,
The speedy could outfly, or valiant meet.

'The living few, and frequent funerals then,
Proclaim'd thy wrath on this forsaken place;
And now those few, who are return'd again,
Thy searching judgments to their dwellings trace.

'O pass not, Lord, an absolute decree,
Or bind thy sentence unconditional;
But in thy sentence our remorse foresee,
And, in that foresight, this thy doom recal.

'Thy threatenings, Lord, as thine, thou may'st re-
But if immutable and fix'd they stand, [voke;
Continue still thyself to give the stroke,
And let not foreign foes oppress thy land.'

The' Eternal heard, and from the heavenly choir
Chose out the cherub with the flaming sword;
And bade him swiftly drive the' approaching fire
From where our naval magazines were stor'd.

The blessed minister his wings display'd,
  And, like a shooting star, he cleft the night:
He charg'd the flames, and those that disobey'd
  He lash'd to duty with his sword of light.

The fugitive flames, chastis'd, went forth to prey
  On pious structures, by our fathers rear'd;
By which to Heaven they did affect the way,
  Ere faith in churchmen without works was heard.

The wanting orphans saw, with watery eyes,
  Their founders' charity in dust laid low;
And sent to God their ever-answer'd cries;
  For he protects the poor, who made them so.

Nor could thy fabric, Paul, defend thee long,
  Though thou wert sacred to thy Maker's praise:
Though made immortal by a poet's song;
  And poets' songs the Theban walls could raise.

The daring flames peep'd in, and saw from far
  The awful beauties of the sacred quire;
But since it was profan'd by civil war,
  Heaven thought it fit to have it purg'd by fire.

Now down the narrow streets it swiftly came,
  And, widely opening, did on both sides prey;
This benefit we sadly owe the flame,
  If only ruin must enlarge our way.

And now four days the sun had seen our woes,
  Four nights the moon beheld the' incessant fire;
It seem'd as if the stars more sickly rose,
  And farther from the feverish North retire.

In the' empyrean Heaven, the bless'd abode,
  The Thrones and the Dominions prostrate lie,
Not daring to behold their angry God;
  And an hush'd silence damps the tuneful sky.

At length the' Almighty cast a pitying eye,
  And mercy softly touch'd his melting breast;
He saw the Town's one-half in rubbish lie,
  And eager flames drive on to storm the rest,

An hollow crystal pyramid he takes,
  In firmamental waters dipt above;
Of it a broad extinguisher he makes,
  And hoods the flames that to their quarry strove.

The vanquish'd fires withdraw from every place,
  Or, full with feeding, sink into a sleep:
Each household Genius shows again his face,
  And from the hearths the little Lares creep.

Our King this more than natural change beholds;
  With sober joy his heart and eyes abound:
To the All-good his lifted hands he folds,
  And thanks him low on his redeemed ground.

As when sharp frosts had long constrain'd the earth,
  A kindly thaw unlocks it with cold rain;
And first the tender blade peeps up to birth,
  And straight the green fields laugh with promis'd grain.

By such degrees the spreading gladness grew
  In every heart which fear had froze before:
The standing streets with so much joy they view,
  That with less grief the perish'd they deplore.

The Father of the people open'd wide
  His stores, and all the poor with plenty fed:
Thus God's anointed God's own place supplied,
  And fill'd the empty with his daily bread.

This royal bounty brought its own reward,
  And in their minds so deep did print the sense,
That if their ruins sadly they regard, [thence.
  'Tis but with fear the sight might drive him

But so may he live long that Town to sway,
  Which by his auspice they will nobler make,
As he will hatch their ashes by his stay,
  And not their humble ruins now forsake.

They have not lost their loyalty by fire;
  Nor is their courage or their wealth so low,
That from his wars they poorly would retire,
  Or beg the pity of a vanquish'd foe.

Not with more constancy the Jews of old,
  By Cyrus from rewarded exile sent,
Their royal city did in dust behold,
  Or with more vigour to rebuild it went.

The utmost malice of the stars is past, ['Town,
  And two dire comets, which have scourg'd the
In their own plague and fire have breath'd their last,
  Or, dimly, in their sinking sockets frown.

Now frequent trines the happier lights among,
  And high-rais'd Jove from his dark prison freed,
(Those weights took off that on his planet hung)
  Will gloriously the new-laid works succeed.

Methinks already, from this chemic flame,
  I see a city of more precious mould:
Rich as the town[7] which gives the Indies name,
  With silver pav'd, and all divine with gold.

Already, labouring with a mighty fate,
  She shakes the rubbish from her mounting brow,
And seems to have renew'd her charter's date,
  Which Heaven will to the death of Time allow.

More great than human, now, and more august[8],
  New deified she from her fires does rise;
Her widening streets on new foundations trust,
  And, opening, into larger parts she flies.

Before, she like some shepherdess did show,
  Who sat to bathe her by a river's side;
Not answering to her fame, but rude and low,
  Nor taught the beauteous arts of modern pride:

Now, like a maiden queen, she will behold,
  From her high turrets, hourly suitors come;
The East with incense, and the West with gold,
  Will stand, like suppliants, to receive her doom.

The silent Thames, her own domestic flood,
  Shall bear her vessels, like a sweeping train;
And often wind, as of his mistress proud,
  With longing eyes to meet her face again.

7 Mexico.

Augusta was one of the names of London.

The wealthy Tagus, and the wealthier Rhine,
  The glory of their towns no more shall boast,
And Seine, that would with Belgian rivers join,
  Shall find her lustre stain'd, and traffic lost.

The venturous merchant, who design'd more far,
  And touches on our hospitable shore,
Charm'd with the splendour of this northern star,
  Shall here unlade him, and depart no more.

Our powerful navy shall no longer meet
  The wealth of France or Holland to invade;
The beauty of this Town, without a fleet,
  From all the world shall vindicate her trade.

And while this fam'd emporium we prepare,
  The British ocean shall such triumphs boast,
That those who now disdain our trade to share,
  Shall rob, like pirates, on our wealthy coast.

Already we have conquer'd half the war,
  And the less dangerous part is left behind;
Our trouble now is but to make them dare,
  And not so great to vanquish as to find.

Thus to the eastern wealth through storms we go,
  But now the Cape once doubled, fear no more;
A constant trade-wind will securely blow[9],
  And gently lay us on the spicy shore.

[9] Alluding to the Monsoons, which blow near the Cape of Good Hope.

RELIGIO LAICI;

OR,

A LAYMAN'S FAITH.

AN EPISTLE.

1682.

THE PREFACE.

A POEM with so bold a title, and a name prefixed, from which the handling of so serious a subject would not be expected, may reasonably oblige the Author to say somewhat in defence both of himself and of his undertaking. In the first place, if it be objected to me, that being a layman, I ought not to have concerned myself with speculations which belong to the profession of divinity; I could answer, that, perhaps, laymen, with equal advantages of parts and knowledge, are not the most incompetent judges of sacred things. But in the due sense of my own weakness and want of learning, I plead not this; I pretend not to make myself a judge of faith in others, but only to make a confession of my own. I lay no unhallowed hand upon the ark; but wait on it, with the reverence that becomes me, at a distance. In the next place, I will ingenuously confess, that the helps I have used in this small treatise were many of them taken from the works of our own reverend divines of the church of England; so that the weapons with which I combat irreligion are already consecrated;

though, I suppose, they may be taken down as lawfully as the sword of Goliath was by David, when they are to be employed for the common cause against the enemies of piety. I intend not by this, to entitle them to any of my errors; which yet, I hope, are only those of charity to mankind; and such as my *own* charity has caused me to commit, that of *others* may more easily excuse.

Being naturally inclined to scepticism in philosophy, I have no reason to impose my opinions in a subject which is above it: but, whatever they are, I submit them with all reverence to my Mother-church, accounting them no farther mine than as they are authorized, or at least uncondemned, by her. And, indeed, to secure myself on this side, I have used the necessary precaution of showing this paper, before it was published, to a judicious and learned friend, a man indefatigably zealous in the service of the Church and State, and whose writings have highly deserved of both. He was pleased to approve the body of the discourse, and I hope he is more my friend than to do it out of complaisance. 'Tis true, he had too good a taste to like it all; and amongst some other faults, recommended to my second view what I have written, perhaps too boldly, on St. Athanasius, which he advised me wholly to omit. I am sensible enough that I had done more prudently to have followed his opinion; but then I could not have satisfied myself that I had done honestly, not to have written what was my own. It has always been my thought that Heathens, who never did, nor without miracle could, hear of the name of Christ, were yet in a possibility of salva-

tion. Neither will it enter easily into my belief, that before the coming of our Saviour, the whole world, excepting only the Jewish nation, should lie under the inevitable necessity of everlasting punishment, for want of that revelation which was confined to so small a spot of ground as that of Palestine. Among the sons of Noah we read of one only who was accursed; and if a blessing in the ripeness of time was reserved for Japheth, (of whose progeny we are) it seems unaccountable to me, why so many generations, of the same offspring, as preceded our Saviour in the flesh, should be all involved in one common condemnation, and yet that their posterity should be entitled to the hopes of salvation: as if a bill of exclusion had passed only on the fathers, which debarred not the sons from their succession; or that so many ages had been delivered over to hell, and so many reserved for heaven; and that the devil had the first choice, and God the next. Truly, I am apt to think, that the revealed Religion which was taught by Noah to all his sons might continue for some ages in the whole posterity: that afterwards it was included wholly in the family of Shem is manifest; but when the progenies of Cham and Japhet swarmed into colonies, and those colonies were subdivided into many others, in process of time their descendents lost, by little and little, the primitive and purer rites of divine worship, retaining only the notion of one Deity; to which succeeding generations added others: for men took their degrees in those ages from conquerors to gods. Revelation being thus eclipsed to almost all mankind, the light of nature, as the next in

dignity, was substituted; and that is it which St. Paul concludes to be the rule of the heathens, and by which they are hereafter to be judged[1].

If my supposition be true, then the consequence which I have assumed in my Poem may be also true; namely, that Deism, or the principles of natural worship, are only the faint remnants or dying flames of revealed Religion in the posterity of Noah; and that our modern philosophers, nay, and some of our philosophizing divines, have too much exalted the faculties of our souls, when they have maintained that, by their force, mankind has been able to find out that there is one Supreme Agent, or intellectual Being, which we call God; that praise and prayer are his due worship; and the rest of those deducements, which I am confident are the remote effects of Revelation, and unattainable by our discourse, I mean as simply considered, and without the benefit of divine illumination: so that we have not lifted up ourselves to God by the weak pinions of our Reason, but he has been pleased to descend to us; and what Socrates said of him, what Plato writ, and the rest of the Heathen philosophers of several nations, is all no more than the twilight of Revelation, after the sun of it was set in the race of Noah. That there is something above us, some principle of motion, our Reason can apprehend, though it cannot discover what it is by its own virtue. And

[1] "When the Gentiles which have not the law, do by nature the things contained in the law, these, having not the law, are a law unto themselves: which show the work of the law written in their hearts, their conscience also bearing witness, and their thoughts the mean while accusing, or else excusing one another." Romans ii. 14, 15.

indeed, it is very improbable that we, who by the strength of our faculties cannot enter into the knowledge of any being, not so much as of our own, should be able to find out by them that Supreme Nature which we cannot otherwise define than by saying it is Infinite; as if infinite were definable, or infinity a subject for our narrow understanding. They who would prove Religion by reason do but weaken the cause which they endeavour to support: it is to take away the pillars from our faith, and to prop it only with a twig; it is to design a tower like that of Babel, which, if it were possible (as it is not) to reach Heaven, would come to nothing by the confusion of the workmen: for every man is building a several way; impotently conceited of his own model, and his own materials. Reason is always striving, and always at a loss; and of necessity it must so come to pass, while it is exercised about that which is not its proper object. Let us be content at last to know God by his own methods; at least so much of him as he is pleased to reveal to us in the sacred Scriptures: to apprehend them to be the word of God is all our reason has to do; for all beyond it is the work of faith, which is the seal of Heaven impressed upon our human understanding.

And now, for what concerns the holy Bishop Athanasius, the preface of whose Creed seems inconsistent with my opinion; which is, that Heathens may possibly be saved. In the first place, I desire it may be considered that it is the Preface only, not the Creed itself, which (till I am better informed) is of too hard a digestion for my charity. 'Tis not that I am ignorant how many

several texts of Scripture seemingly support that clause; but neither am I ignorant how all those texts may receive a kinder and more mollified interpretation. Every man, who is read in church-history, knows *that* belief was drawn up after a long contestation with Arius, concerning the divinity of our blessed Saviour, and his being one substance with the Father; and that, thus compiled, it was sent abroad among the Christian churches, as a kind of test, which whosoever took, was looked on as an orthodox-believer. 'Tis manifest from hence, that the Heathen part of the empire was not concerned in it; for its business was not to distinguish betwixt Pagans and Christians, but betwixt heretics and true believers. This, well considered, takes off the heavy weight of censure which I would willingly avoid from so venerable a man; for if this proposition, 'Whosoever will be saved,' be restrained only to those to whom it was intended, and for whom it was composed, I mean the Christians; then the *anathema* reaches not the Heathens, who had never heard of Christ, and were nothing interested in that dispute. After all, I am far from blaming even that prefatory addition to the Creed, and as far from cavilling at the continuation of it in the Liturgy of the church, where, on the days appointed, it is publicly read: for, I suppose, there is the same reason for it now, in opposition to the Socinians, as there was then against the Arians; the one being a heresy which seems to have been refined out of the other; and with how much more plausibility of reason it combats our religion, with so much more caution it ought to be avoided: therefore the prudence of

our church is to be commended, which has interposed her authority for the recommendation of this Creed. Yet to such as are grounded in the true belief, those explanatory creeds, the Nicene, and this of Athanasius, might perhaps be spared: for what is supernatural will always be a mystery in spite of exposition: and, for my own part, the plain Apostles' Creed is most suitable to my weak understanding; as the simplest diet is the most easy of digestion.

I have dwelt longer on this subject than I intended, and longer than, perhaps, I ought; for having laid down, as my foundation, that the Scripture is a rule; that in all things needful to salvation it is clear, sufficient, and ordained by God Almighty for that purpose, I have left myself no right to interpret obscure places, such as concern the possibility of eternal happiness to Heathens; because, whatsoever is obscure, is concluded not necessary to be known.

But, by asserting the Scripture to be the canon of our faith, I have unavoidably created to myself two sorts of enemies: the Papists, indeed, more directly, because they have kept the Scripture from us, what they could, and have reserved to themselves a right of interpreting what they have delivered, under the pretence of infallibility; and the Fanatics more collaterally, because they have assumed what amounts to an infallibility, in the private spirit; and have distorted those texts of Scripture, which are not necessary to salvation, to the damnable uses of sedition, disturbance, and destruction of the civil government.

To begin with the Papists; and, to speak freely,

I think them the less dangerous (at least in appearance) to our present state; for not only the penal laws are in force against them, and their number is contemptible, but also their peers and commons are excluded from Parliament, and, consequently, those laws in no probability of being repealed. A general and uninterrupted plot of their clergy, ever since the Reformation, I suppose all Protestants believe: for it is not reasonable to think, but that so many of their orders, as were outed from their fat possessions, would endeavour a re-entrance against those whom they account heretics. As for the late design, Mr. Coleman's letters[2], for aught I know, are the best evidence; and what they discover, without wire-drawing their sense or malicious glosses, all men of reason conclude credible. If there be any thing more than this required of me, I must believe it as well as I am able, in spite of the witnesses, and out of a decent conformity to the votes of Parliament; for I suppose the Fanatics will not allow the private spirit in this case. Here the infallibility is at least in one part of the government, and our understandings as well as our wills are represented. But, to return to the Roman Catholics; how can we be secure from the practice of Jesuited Papists in that religion? For not two or three of that order, as some of them would impose upon us, but almost the whole body of them are of opinion, that their in-

[2] Mr. Coleman was secretary to the Duke of York. His letters were addressed to Father La Chaise, the French king's confessor, and his object in writing them appears to have been, the introduction of popery into England. *See Malone's Dryden*, ii. 318.

fallible master has a right over kings, not only in spirituals but temporals. Not to name Mariana, Ballarmine, Emanuel Sa, Molina, Santarel, Simancha, and at least twenty others of foreign countries, we can produce of our own nation Campian, and Doleman or Parsons, (besides many are named whom I have not read) who all of them attest this doctrine, that the Pope can depose and give away the right of any sovereign prince, *si vel paulum deflexerit*, if he shall never so little warp; but if he once comes to be excommunicated, then the bond of obedience is taken off from subjects; and they may and ought to drive him, like another Nebuchadnezzar, *ex hominum Christianorum dominatu*, from exercising dominion over Christians; and to this they are bound by virtue of divine precept, and by all the ties of conscience, under no less penalty than damnation. If they answer me (as a learned priest has lately written) that this doctrine of the Jesuits is not *de fide*, and that, consequently, they are not obliged by it; they must pardon me if I think they have said nothing to the purpose; for it is a maxim in their church, where points of faith are not decided, and that doctors are of contrary opinions, they may follow which part they please, but more safely the most received and most authorized: and their champion Bellarmine has told the world, in his Apology, that the King of England is a vassal to the Pope, *ratione directi dominii*, and that he holds in villanage of his Roman landlord; which is no new claim put in for England. Our chronicles are his authentic witnesses, that King John was deposed by the same plea, and Philip Augustus admitted tenant. And

(which makes the more for Bellarmine) the French king was again ejected, when our king submitted to the church, and the crown was received under the sordid condition of a vassalage.

It is not sufficient for the more moderate and well-meaning Papists (of which I doubt not there are many) to produce the evidences of their loyalty to the late King, and to declare their innocency in this plot. I will grant their behaviour, in the first, to have been as loyal and as brave as they desire; and will be willing to hold them excused as to the second, I mean, when it comes to my turn, and after my betters; for it is a madness to be sober alone while the nation continues drunk. But that saying of their father Cres.[3] is still running in my head, "that they may be dispensed with in their obedience to an heretic prince, while the necessity of the times shall oblige them to it;" for that (as another of them tells us) is only "the effect of Christian prudence; but when once they shall get power to shake him off, an heretic is no lawful king; and, consequently, to rise against him is no rebellion." I should be glad, therefore, that they would follow the advice which was charitably given them by a reverend prelate of our church, namely, "that they would join in a public act of disowning and detesting those Jesuitic principles; and subscribe to all doctrines which deny the Pope's authority of deposing kings, and releasing subjects from their oath of allegiance; to which I should think they might easily be induced, if it be true that this present Pope has

[3] Cressy: chaplain to Lords Strafford and Falkland, before he became a Romanist.

condemned the doctrine of king-killing (a thesis of the Jesuits) maintained amongst others, *ex cathedra*, (as they call it) or in open consistory.

Leaving them, therefore, in so fair a way (if they please themselves) of satisfying all reasonable men of their sincerity and good meaning to the government; I shall make bold to consider that other extreme of our religion, I mean the Fanatics, or Schismatics, of the English church. Since the Bible has been translated into our tongue, they have used it so, as if their business was not to be saved, but to be damned, by its contents. If we consider only them, better had it been for the English nation that it had still remained in the original Greek and Hebrew, or at least in the honest Latin of St. Jerome, than that several texts in it should have been prevaricated to the destruction of that government which put it into so ungrateful hands.

How many heresies the first translation of Tindal produced in few years, let my Lord Herbert's History of Henry the Eighth inform you; insomuch, that for the gross errors in it, and the great mischiefs it occasioned, a sentence passed on the first eddition of the Bible, too shameful almost to be repeated[4]. After the short reign of Edward the Sixth, (who had continued to carry on the Reformation on other principles than it was begun) every one knows, that not only the chief promoters of that work, but many others, whose consciences would not dispense with Popery, were forced, for fear of persecution, to change climates;

[4] Tindal's Translation was prohibited by royal proclamation, and the copies condemned to be burned.

from whence returning at the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign, many of them who had been in France, and at Geneva, brought back the rigid opinions and imperious discipline of Calvin to graft upon our Reformation; which, though they cunningly concealed at first, (as well knowing how nauseously that drug would go down, in a lawful monarchy, which was prescribed for a rebellious commonwealth) yet they always kept it in reserve, and were never wanting to themselves either in court or parliament, when either they had any prospect of a numerous party of fanatic members in the one, or the encouragement of any favourite in the other, whose covetousness was gaping at the patrimony of the church. They who will consult the works of our venerable Hooker, or the account of his life, or more particularly the letter written to him on this subject by George Cranmer[5], may see by what gradations they proceeded. From the dislike of cap and surplice, the very next step was admonitions to the Parliament against the whole government ecclesiastical: then came out volumes in English and Latin in defence of their tenets; and, immediately, practices were set on foot to erect their discipline without authority. Those not succeeding, satire and railing was the next; and Martin Mar-Prelate[6] (the Marvel of those times) was the first Presbyterian scribbler who sanctified libels and scurrility to the use of the good old cause: which was done, says my author, upon this account, that (their serious trea-

[5] See Isaac Walton's Life of Mr. Richard Hooker.

[6] A name assumed by John Penry. See Wood's Ath. Oxon.

tises having been fully answered and refuted) they might compass by railing what they had lost by reasoning: and when their cause was sunk in court and parliament, they might at least hedge in a stake amongst the rabble: for to their ignorance all things are wit which are abusive; but if church and state were made the theme, then the doctoral degree of wit was to be taken at Billingsgate." Even the most saint-like of the party, though they durst not excuse this contempt and vilifying of the government, yet were pleased, and grinned at it with a pious smile; and called it a judgment of God against the hierarchy. Thus sectaries (we may see) were born with teeth, foul-mouthed and scurrilous from their infancy; and if spiritual pride, venom, violence, contempt of superiors, and slander, had been the marks of orthodox-belief, the Presbytery, and the rest of our Schismatics, (which are their spawn,) were always the most visible church in the Christian world.

It is true, the government was too strong at that time for a rebellion; but, to show what proficiency they had made in Calvin's school, even then their mouths watered at it; for two of their gifted brotherhood, Hacket and Coppinger (as the story tells us) got up into a pease-cart, and harangued the people, to dispose them to an insurrection, and to establish their discipline by force; so that, however it comes about that now they celebrate Queen Elizabeth's birth-night as that of their saint and patroness, yet then they were for doing 'the work of the Lord' by arms against her; and, in all probability, they wanted but a fanatic lord-mayor and two sheriffs of their party to have compassed it.

Our venerable Hooker, after many admonitions which he had given them, towards the end of his preface, breaks out into this prophetic speech: "There is in every one of these considerations most just cause to fear lest our hastiness to embrace a thing of so perilous consequence, (meaning the Presbyterian discipline) should cause posterity to feel those evils which, as yet, are more easy for us to prevent, than they would be for them to remedy."

How fatally this Cassandra has foretold, we know too well by sad experience. The seeds were sown in the time of Queen Elizabeth; the bloody harvest ripened in the reign of King Charles the Martyr; and because all the sheaves could not be carried off without shedding some of the loose grains, another crop is too like to follow; nay, I fear it is unavoidable, if the Conventiclers be permitted still to scatter.

A man may be suffered to quote an adversary to our Religion, when he speaks truth; and it is the observation of Maimburg, in his History of Calvinism, that "wherever that discipline was planted and embraced, rebellion, civil war, and misery, attended it." And how, indeed, should it happen otherwise? Reformation of church and state has always been the ground of our divisions in England. While we were Papists, our holy Father rid us, by pretending authority out of the Scriptures to depose princes; when we shook off his authority, the Sectaries furnished themselves with the same weapons, and out of the same magazine, the Bible. So that the Scriptures, which are in themselves the greatest security of governors, as commanding ex-

press 'obedience to them,' are now turned to their destruction; and never, since the Reformation, has there wanted a text of their interpreting to authorize a rebel. And it is to be noted by the way, that the doctrines of king-killing and deposing, which have been taken up only by the worst party of the Papists, the most frontless flatterers of the Pope's authority, have been espoused, defended, and are still maintained, by the whole body of Nonconformists and Republicans. It is but dubbing themselves the 'people of God,' which it is the interest of their preachers to tell them they are, and their own interest to believe; and after that, they cannot dip into the Bible, but one text or another will turn up for their purpose. If they are under persecution, as they call it, then that is a mark of their election; if they flourish, then God works miracles for their deliverance, and the saints are to possess the earth.

They may think themselves to be too roughly handled in this paper; but I, who know best how far I could have gone on this subject, must be bold to tell them they are spared; though, at the same time, I am not ignorant that they interpret the mildness of a writer to them as they do the mercy of the government; in the one they think it fear, and conclude it weakness in the other. The best way for them to confute me is, (as I before advised the Papists,) to disclaim their principles, and renounce their practices. We shall all be glad to think them true Englishmen, when they obey the king; and true Protestants, when they conform to the church-discipline.

It remains that I acquaint the reader that these

verses were written for an ingenious young gentleman[7], my friend, upon his translation of 'The Critical History of the Old Testament, composed by the learned Father Simon:' the verses, therefore, are addressed to the translator of that work, and the style of them is, what it ought to be, epistolary.

If any one be so lamentable a critic as to require the smoothness, the numbers, and the turn of heroic poetry in this Poem, I must tell him, that if he has not read Horace, I have studied him, and hope the style of his Epistles is not ill imitated here. The expressions of a poem, designed purely for instruction, ought to be plain and natural, and yet majestic; for here the poet is presumed to be a kind of lawgiver, and those three qualities which I have named are proper to the legislative style. The florid, elevated, and figurative way, is for the passions; for love and hatred, fear and anger, are begotten in the soul by showing their objects out of their true proportion, either greater than the life, or less: but instruction is to be given, by showing them what they naturally are. A man is to be cheated into passion, but to be reasoned into truth.

7 Henry Dickinson; says Mr. Walter Scott.

RELIGIO LAICI.

Ornari res ipsa negat, contenta docere.

Dim as the borrow'd beams of moon and stars
To lonely, weary, wandering travellers,
Is reason to the soul: and as on high
Those rolling fires discover but the sky,
Not light us here; so Reason's glimmering ray
Was lent, not to assure our doubtful way,
But guide us upward to a better day.
And as those nightly tapers disappear
When day's bright lord ascends our hemisphere;
So pale grows Reason at Religion's sight;
So dies, and so dissolves in supernatural light.
Some few, whose lamp shone brighter, have been led
From cause to cause, to Nature's secret head,
And found that one first principle must be;
But what, or who, that Universal HE;
Whether some soul encompassing this ball
Unmade, unmov'd; yet making, moving all,
Or various atoms' interfering dance
Leapt into form, the noble work of Chance;
Or this great All was from eternity,—
Not e'en the Stagarite himself could see;
And Epicurus guess'd as well as he.

As blindly grop'd they for a future state;
As rashly judg'd of Providence and Fate:
But least of all could their endeavours find
What most concern'd the good of humankind;
For happiness was never to be found,
But vanish'd from 'em like enchanted ground.
One, thought content the good to be enjoyed;
This, every little accident destroy'd:
The wiser madmen did for virtue toil,
A thorny, or at best a barren soil:
In pleasure some their glutton-souls would steep,
But found their line too short, the well too deep;
And leaky vessels which no bliss could keep.
Thus anxious thoughts in endless circles roll,
Without a centre where to fix the soul:
In this wild maze their vain endeavours end:
How can the less the greater comprehend?
Or finite reason reach infinity?
For what could fathom God, were more than He.
The Deist thinks he stands on firmer ground:
Cries, Ευρηκα; the mighty secret's found:
God is that spring of good; supreme, and best;
We, made to serve, and in that service blest.
If so, some rules of worship must be given,
Distributed alike to all by Heaven;
Else God were partial, and to some denied
The means his justice should for all provide.
This general worship is to praise and pray;
One part to borrow blessings, one to pay:
And when frail nature slides into offence,
The sacrifice for crimes is penitence.
Yet since the' effects of Providence, we find,
Are variously dispens'd to humankind;

That vice triumphs, and virtue suffers here,
(A brand that sovereign Justice cannot bear)
Our reason prompts us to a future state,
The last appeal from fortune and from fate,
Where God's all-righteous ways will be declar'd,
The bad meet punishment; the good, reward.
Thus man, by his own strength, to Heaven would [soar,
And would not be oblig'd to God for more.
Vain, wretched creature! how art thou misled,
To think thy wit these god-like notions bred.
These truths are not the product of thy mind,
But dropt from Heaven, and of a nobler kind.
Reveal'd Religion first inform'd thy sight,
And Reason saw not, till Faith sprung the light.
Hence all thy natural worship takes the source;
'Tis Revelation what thou think'st discourse:
Else how com'st thou to see these truths so clear,
Which so obscure to Heathens did appear?
Not Plato these, nor Aristotle found,
Nor he whose wisdom oracles renown'd.
Hast thou a wit so deep, or so sublime,
Or canst thou lower dive, or higher climb?
Canst thou by reason more of Godhead know
Than Plutarch, Seneca, or Cicero?
Those giant-wits, in happier ages born,
When arms and arts did Greece and Rome adorn,
Knew no such system; no such piles could raise
Of natural worship, built on prayer and praise,
To one sole God:
Nor did remorse, to expiate sin, prescribe,
But slew their fellow-creatures for a bribe:
The guiltless victim groan'd for their offence,
And cruelty and blood was penitence.

If sheep and oxen could atone for men,
Ah! at how cheap a rate the rich might sin!
And great oppressors might Heaven's wrath beguile,
By offering his own creatures for a spoil!
  Dar'st thou, poor worm, offend Infinity?
And must the terms of peace be given by thee?
Then thou art justice in the last appeal;
Thy easy God instructs thee to rebel;
And, like a king remote and weak, must take
What satisfaction thou art pleas'd to make.
  But if there be a Power too just and strong
To wink at crimes, and bear unpunish'd wrong,
Look humbly upward, see His will disclose
The forfeit first, and then the fine impose:
A mulct thy poverty could never pay,
Had not Eternal Wisdom found the way,
And with celestial wealth supplied thy store;
His justice makes the fine, His mercy quits the score.
See God descending in thy human frame,
The' Offended suffering in the offender's name;
All thy misdeeds to Him imputed see,
And all His righteousness devolv'd on thee.
  For granting we have sinn'd, and that the' offence
Of man is made against Omnipotence;
Some price that bears proportion must be paid,
And infinite with infinite be weigh'd.
See then the Deist lost; remorse for vice
Not paid, or, paid, inadequate in price:
What farther means can reason now direct?
Or what relief from human wit expect?
That shows us sick; and sadly are we sure
Still to be sick, till Heaven reveal the cure:
If then Heaven's will must needs be understood,
(Which must, if we want cure, and Heaven be good)

Let all records of will reveal'd be shown,
With Scripture all in equal balance thrown,
And our one sacred Book will be that one.

Proof needs not here; for whether we compare
That impious, idle, superstitious ware
Of rites, lustrations, offerings, which before,
In various ages, various countries bore,
With Christian faith and virtues, we shall find
None answering the great ends of humankind,
But this one rule of life; that shows us best
How God may be appeas'd, and mortals blest!
Whether from length of time its worth we draw,
The word is scarce more ancient than the law:
Heaven's early care prescrib'd for every age,
First in the soul, and after in the page:
Or whether more abstractedly we look,
Or on the writers, or the written Book,
Whence but from Heaven could men unskill'd in arts,
In several ages born, in several parts,
Weave such agreeing truths? or how, or why
Should all conspire to cheat us with a lie?
Unask'd their pains, ungrateful their advice,
Starving their gain, and martyrdom their price.

If on the Book itself we cast our view,
Concurrent heathens prove the story true:
The doctrine; miracles, which must convince,
For Heaven in them appeals to human sense;
And though they prove not, they confirm the cause,
When what is taught agrees with Nature's laws.

Then for the style; majestic and divine,
It speaks no less than God in every line:
Commanding words, whose force is still the same
As the first fiat that produc'd our frame,

All faiths beside, or did by arms ascend,
Or sense indulg'd has made mankind their friend:
This only doctrine does our lusts oppose,
Unfed by Nature's soil in which it grows,
Cross to our interests, curbing sense and sin,
Oppress'd without, and undermin'd within,
It thrives through pain; its own tormentors tires;
And with a stubborn patience still aspires.
To what can reason such effects assign,
Transcending nature, but to laws divine?
Which in that sacred volume are contain'd,
Sufficient, clear, and for that use ordain'd.
  But stay; the Deist here will urge anew,
No supernatural worship can be true;
Because a general law is that alone
Which must to all, and every where, be known;
A style so large as not this Book can claim,
Nor aught that bears Reveal'd Religion's name:
'Tis said the sound of a Messiah's birth
Is gone through all the habitable earth;
But still that text must be confin'd alone
To what was then inhabited and known;
And what provision could from thence accrue
To Indian souls, and worlds discover'd new?
In other parts it helps, that ages past [brac'd,
The Scriptures there were known, and were em-
Till sin spread once again the shades of night:
What's that to these who never saw the light?
  Of all objections this indeed is chief,
To startle reason, stagger frail belief:
We grant, 'tis true, that Heaven from human sense
Has hid the secret paths of Providence:
But boundless wisdom, boundless mercy, may
Find, e'en for those bewilder'd souls, a way:

If from his nature foes may pity claim,
Much more may strangers who ne'er heard his name:
And though no name be for salvation known,
But that of his eternal Son alone;
Who knows how far transcending goodness can
Extend the merits of that Son to man?
Who knows what reasons may his mercy lead,
Or ignorance invincible may plead?
Not only charity bids hope the best,
But more the great Apostle has exprest;
That, 'if the Gentiles (whom no law inspir'd)
By nature did what was by law requir'd;
They who the written rule had never known,
Were to themselves both rule and law alone;
To Nature's plain indictment they shall plead,
And by their conscience be condemn'd or freed.'
Most righteous doom! because a rule reveal'd
Is none to those from whom it was conceal'd.
Then those who follow'd Reason's dictates right
Liv'd up, and lifted high their natural light;
With Socrates may see their Maker's face,
While thousand rubric martyrs want a place.
  Nor doth it balk my charity to find
The' Egytian[1] Bishop of another mind:
For though his Creed eternal truth contains,
'Tis hard for man to doom to endless pains
All who believ'd not all his zeal requir'd,
Unless he first could prove he was inspir'd.
Then let us either think he meant to say—
'This faith, where publish'd, was the only way;'
Or else conclude that, Arius to confute,
The good old man, too eager in dispute,
Flew high, and, as his Christian fury rose,
Damn'd all for heretics who durst oppose.

[1] Athanasius, patriarch of Alexandria.

Thus far my charity this path hath tried,
(A much unskilful, but well-meaning guide) [bred
Yet what they are, e'en these crude thoughts were
By reading that which better thou hast read,
Thy matchless Author's work[2]; which thou, my friend,
By well translating, better dost commend:
Those youthful hours, which, of thy equals most
In toys have squander'd, or in vice have lost,
Those hours hast thou to nobler use employ'd,
And the severe delights of truth enjoy'd:
Witness this weighty book, in which appears
The crabbed toil of many thoughtful years,
Spent by thy author in the sifting care
Of Rabbins' old sophisticated ware
From gold divine; which he who well can sort,
May afterwards make Algebra a sport.
A treasure, which if country-curates buy,
They Junius and Tremellius may defy;
Save pains in various readings and translations,
And, without Hebrew, make most learn'd quotations.
A work so full with various learning fraught,
So nicely ponder'd, yet so strongly wrought,
As Nature's height and Art's last hand requir'd;
As much as man could compass, uninspir'd:
Where we may see what errors have been made
Both in the copiers' and translators' trade;
How Jewish, Popish interests, have prevail'd,
And where infallibility has fail'd.

For some, who have his secret meaning guess'd,
Have found our author not too much a priest:

[2] Critical History of the Old Testament by Pere Simon. See Preface to this Poem.

For fashion-sake he seems to have recourse
To Pope, and councils, and tradition's force:
But he that old traditions could subdue,
Could not but find the weakness of the new.
If Scripture, though deriv'd from heavenly birth,
Has been but carelessly preserv'd on earth;
If God's own people, who of God before
Knew what we know, and had been promis'd more
In fuller terms, of Heaven's assisting care,
And who did neither time nor study spare
To keep this Book untainted, unperplext,
Let in gross errors, to corrupt the text;
Omitted paragraphs, embroil'd the sense,
With vain traditions stopt the gaping fence,
Which every common hand pull'd up with ease;
What safety, from such brush-wood helps as these?
If written words from time are not secur'd,
How can we think have oral sounds endur'd?
Which thus transmitted, if one mouth has fail'd,
Immortal lies on ages are intail'd;
And that some such have been, is prov'd too plain,
If we consider interest, church, and gain.
"Oh but, (says one) tradition set aside,
Where can we hope for an unerring guide?
For, since the' original Scripture has been lost,
All copies disagreeing, maim'd the most;
Or Christian faith can have no certain ground,
Or truth in church-tradition must be found."
Such an omniscient church we wish indeed;
'Twere worth both Testaments, cast in the Creed;
But if this mother be a guide so sure,
As can all doubts resolve, all truths secure;
Then her infallibility as well,
Where copies are corrupt or lame, can tell;

Restore lost canon with as little pains
As truly explicate what still remains;
Which yet no council dare pretend to do,
Unless, like Esdras, they could write it new:
Strange confidence, still to interpret true,
Yet not be sure that all they have explain'd
Is in the blest original contain'd!
More safe, and much more modest 'tis to say,
God would not leave mankind without a way;
And that the Scriptures, though not every where
Free from corruption, or entire, or clear,
Are uncorrupt, sufficient, clear, entire,
In all things which our needful faith require.
If others in the same glass better see,
'Tis for themselves they look, but not for me;
For my salvation must its doom receive
Not from what others, but what I believe.
  Must all tradition then be set aside?—
This to affirm were ignorance or pride.
Are there not many points, some needful, sure,
To saving faith, that Scripture leaves obscure?
Which every sect will wrest a several way;
For what one sect interprets, all sects may:
We hold, and say we prove from Scripture plain,
That Christ is God; the bold Socinian
From the same Scripture urges he's but Man.
Now what appeal can end the' important suit?
Both parts talk loudly, but the rule is mute.
  Shall I speak plain, and, in a nation free,
Assume an honest layman's liberty?
I think (according to my little skill)
To my own Mother-church submitting still)
That many have been sav'd, and many may,
Who never heard this question brought in play.

The' unletter'd Christian, who believes in gross,
Plods on to Heaven, and ne'er is at a loss:
For the straight gate would be made straighter yet,
Were none admitted there but men of wit.
The few, by Nature form'd, with learning fraught,
Born to instruct, as others to be taught,
Must study well the sacred page, and see
Which doctrine, this or that, does best agree
With the whole tenor of the work divine,
And plainliest points to Heaven's reveal'd design:
Which exposition flows from genuine sense,
And which is forc'd by wit and eloquence.
Not that tradition's parts are useless here,
When general, old, disinterested, clear:
That ancient Fathers thus expound the page,
Gives truth the reverend majesty of age;
Confirms its force by biding every test;
For best authorities next rules are best;
And still the nearer to the spring we go,
More limpid, more unsoil'd, the waters flow.
Thus first traditions were a proof alone,
Could we be certain such they were, so known;
But since some flaws in long descent may be,
They make not truth, but probability.
E'en Arius and Pelagius durst provoke
To what the centuries preceding spoke:
Such difference is there in an oft-told tale;
But truth by its own sinews will prevail.
Tradition written, therefore, more commends
Authority, than what from voice descends:
And this, as perfect as its kind can be,
Rolls down to us the sacred history,
Which from the universal church receiv'd,
Is tried, and, after, for itself believ'd.

The partial Papists would infer from hence
Their church, in last resort, should judge the sense.
But first they would assume, with wondrous art,
Themselves to be the whole, who are but part
Of that vast frame, the church: yet grant they were
The handers down, can they from thence infer
A right to' interpret? or would they alone
Who brought the present, claim it for their own?
The Book's a common largess to mankind,
Not more for them than every man design'd;
The welcome news is in the letter found,
The carrier's not commission'd to expound.
It speaks itself, and what it does contain,
In all things needful to be known is plain.
In times o'ergrown with rust and ignorance,
A gainful trade their clergy did advance;
When want of learning kept the layman low,
And none but priests were authoriz'd to know:
When what small knowledge was in them did dwell,
And he a god who could but read or spell;
Then Mother-church did mightily prevail,
She parcell'd out the Bible by retail;
But still expounded what she sold or gave,
To keep it in her power to damn and save:
Scripture was scarce, and, as the market went,
Poor laymen took salvation on content,
As needy men take money, good or bad;
God's word they had not, but the priest's they had.
Yet, whate'er false conveyances they made,
The lawyer still was certain to be paid.
In those dark times they learn'd their knack so well,
That by long use they grew infallible:
At last, a knowing age began to' inquire
If they the Book, or that did them inspire;

And, making narrower search, they found, though late,
That what they thought the priest's was their estate;
Taught by the will produc'd (the written word)
How long they had been cheated on record.
Then every man, who saw the title fair,
Claim'd a child's part, and put in for a share;
Consulted soberly his private good,
And sav'd himself as cheap as e'er he could.
'Tis true, my friend, (and far be flattery hence)
This good had full as bad a consequence:
The Book thus put in every vulgar hand,
Which each presum'd he best could understand,
The common rule was made the common prey,
And at the mercy of the rabble lay:
The tender page with horny fists was gall'd,
And he was gifted most that loudest bawl'd:
The Spirit gave the doctoral decree,
And every member of a company
Was of his trade, and of the Bible, free.
Plain truths enough for needful use they found,
But men would still be itching to expound:
Each was ambitious of the' obscurest place,
No measure ta'en from knowledge, all from grace:
Study and pains were now no more their care,
Texts were explain'd by fasting and by pray'r;
This was the fruit the private Spirit brought,
Occasion'd by great zeal and little thought.
While crowds unlearn'd, with rude devotion warm,
About the sacred viands buz and swarm,
The fly-blown text creates a crawling brood,
And turns to maggots what was meant for food.
A thousand daily sects rise up and die;
A thousand more the perish'd race supply:

So all we make of Heaven's discover'd will
Is not to have it, or to use it ill.
The danger's much the same, on several shelves
If others wreck us, or we wreck ourselves.
What then remains but, waving each extreme,
The tides of ignorance and pride to stem?
Neither so rich a treasure to forego,
Nor proudly seek beyond our power to know?
Faith is not built on disquisitions vain;
The things we must believe are few and plain:
But since men will believe more than they need,
And every man will make himself a creed,
In doubtful questions 'tis the safest way,
To learn what unsuspected Ancients say;
For 'tis not likely we should higher soar
In search of Heaven than all the church before:
Nor can we be deceiv'd, unless we see
The Scripture and the Fathers disagree.
If, after all, they stand suspected still,
(For no man's faith depends upon his will)
'Tis some relief, that points not clearly known,
Without much hazard, may be let alone;
And, after hearing what our church can say,
If still our reason runs another way,
That private reason 'tis more just to curb,
Than by disputes the public peace disturb:
For points obscure are of small use to learn,
But common quiet is mankind's concern!
Thus have I made my own opinions clear,
Yet neither praise expect, nor censure fear;
And this unpolish'd, rugged verse I chose,
As fittest for discourse, and nearest prose:
For while from sacred truth I do not swerve,
Tom Sternhold's or Tom Shadwell's rhymes will
serve.

THRENODIA AUGUSTALIS:

A Funeral Pindaric Poem,

SACRED TO THE HAPPY MEMORY OF KING CHARLES II.

1685.

Fortunati ambo! si quid mea carmina possunt,
Nulla dies unquam memori vos eximet ævo. VIRG.

THUS long my grief has kept me dumb:
Sure there's a lethargy in mighty woe,
Tears stand congeal'd, and cannot flow;
And the sad soul retires into her inmost room.
Tears, for a stroke foreseen, afford relief;
But, unprovided for a sudden blow,
Like Niobe we marble grow,
And petrify with grief.
Our British heaven was all serene;
No threatening cloud was nigh,
Not the least wrinkle to deform the sky;
We liv'd as unconcern'd and happily
As the first age in Nature's golden scene.
Supine amidst our flowing store,
We slept securely, and we dream'd of more;
When suddenly the thunder-clap was heard:
It took us unprepar'd, and out of guard,
Already lost, before we fear'd.

The' amazing news of Charles at once were spread;
At once the general voice declar'd
'Our gracious Prince was dead.'
No sickness known before, no slow disease,
To soften grief by just degrees;
But, like an hurricane on Indian seas,
The tempest rose;
An unexpected burst of woes;
With scarce a breathing-space betwixt,
This now becalm'd, and perishing the next.
As if great Atlas from his height
Should sink beneath his heavenly weight,
And with a mighty flaw, the flaming wall
(As once it shall), [this nether ball;
Should gape immense, and, rushing down, o'erwhelm
So swift and so surprising was our fear:
Our Atlas fell indeed; but Hercules was near.

His pious brother[1], sure the best
Who ever bore that name,
Was newly risen from his rest,
And with a fervent flame
His usual morning-vows had just addrest
For his dear Sovereign's health;
And hop'd to have 'em heard,
In long increase of years,
In honour, fame, and wealth!
Guiltless of greatness, thus he always pray'd,
Nor knew, nor wish'd those vows he made
On his own head should be repaid.
Soon as the' ill-omen'd rumour reach'd his ear,
(Ill news is wing'd with fate, and flies apace)
Who can describe the amazement of his face?

[1] James, Duke of York.

Horror in all his pomp was there,
Mute and magnificent, without a tear;
And then the hero first was seen to fear.
Half unarray'd, he ran to his relief,
So hasty and so artless was his grief:
Approaching Greatness met him with her charms
Of power and future state;
But look'd so ghastly in a brother's fate,
He shook her from his arms.—
Arriv'd within the mournful room, he saw
A wild distraction, void of awe,
And arbitrary grief unbounded by a law;
God's image, God's anointed, lay
Without motion, pulse, or breath,
A senseless lump of sacred clay,
An image, now, of death!
Amidst his sad attendants groans and cries;
The lines of that ador'd, forgiving face,
Distorted from their native grace;
An iron slumber sat on his majestic eyes.
The pious Duke———forbear, audacious Muse,
No terms thy feeble art can use
Are able to adorn so vast a woe:
The grief of all the rest like subject-grief did show;
His like a sovereign did transcend;
No wife, no brother, such a grief could know,
Nor any name, but friend.

O wondrous changes of a fatal scene,
Still varying to the last!
Heaven, though its hard decree was past,
Seem'd pointing to a gracious turn again;
And Death's uplifted arm arrested in its haste.

Heaven half repented of the doom,
And almost griev'd it had foreseen
What, by foresight, it will'd eternally to come.
Mercy above did hourly plead
For her resemblance here below,
And mild Forgiveness intercede
To stop the coming blow.
New miracles approach'd the' ethereal throne,
Such as his wondrous life had oft and lately known,
And urg'd that still they might be shown.
On earth his pious brother pray'd and vow'd,
Renouncing greatness at so dear a rate,
Himself defending what he could
From all the glories of his future fate.
With him the' innumerable crowd
Of armed prayers
Knock'd at the gates of Heaven, and knock'd aloud;
The first well-meaning rude petitioners
All for his life assail'd the throne,
All would have brib'd the Skies by offering up
their own.
So great a throng not Heaven itself could bar;
'Twas almost borne by force, as in the Giants' war.
The prayers, at least, for his reprieve were heard;
His death, like Hezekiah's, was deferr'd:
Against the sun the shadow went;
Five days those five degrees were lent
To form our patience, and prepare the' event.
The second causes took the swift command,
The medicinal head, the ready hand,
All eager to perform their part;
All but eternal Doom was conquer'd by their art:
Once more the fleeting soul came back

To' inspire the mortal frame,
And in the body took a doubtful stand,
Doubtful and hovering, like expiring flame
That mounts and falls by turns, and trembles o'er
the brand.

The joyful short-liv'd news soon spread around,
Took the same train, the same impetuous bound:
The drooping Town in smiles again was drest;
Gladness in every face exprest,
Their eyes before their tongues confest.
Men met each other with erected look,
The steps were higher that they took;
Friends to congratulate their friends made haste,
And long inveterate foes saluted as they past.
Above the rest heroic James appear'd,
Exalted more, because he more had fear'd;
His manly heart, whose noble pride
Was still above
Dissembled hate or varnish'd love,
Its more than common transport could not hide;
But, like an eagre[2], rode in triumph o'er the tide.
Thus, in alternate course,
The tyrant passions, hope and fear,
Did in extremes appear,
And flash'd upon the soul with equal force.
Thus, at half-ebb, a rolling sea
Returns, and wins upon the shore;
The watery herd, affrighted at the roar,
Rest on their fins awhile, and stay,
Then backward take their wondering way:

[2] An eagre is a tide swelling above another tide, and observable in the Trent and Severn.

The prophet wonders more than they
At prodigies but rarely seen before,
And cries, 'A king must fall, or kingdoms change
their sway.'
Such were our counter-tides at land, and so
Presaging of the fatal blow
In their prodigious ebb and flow.
The royal soul, that, like the labouring moon,
By charms of art was hurried down,
Forc'd with regret to leave her native sphere,
Came but awhile on liking here;
Soon weary of the painful strife,
And made but faint essays of life.
An evening light,
Soon shut in night;
A strong distemper, and a weak relief;
Short intervals of joy, and long returns of grief.

The sons of Art all med'cines tried,
And every noble remedy applied:
With emulation each essay'd
His utmost skill; nay more, they pray'd:
Never was losing game with better conduct play'd:
Death never won a stake with greater toil,
Nor e'er was Fate so near a foil:
But, like a fortress on a rock,
The' impregnable disease their vain attempts did
mock.
They min'd it near; they batter'd from afar
With all the cannon of the medicinal war:
No gentle means could be essay'd;
'Twas beyond parley when the siege was laid:
The' extremest ways they first ordain,
Prescribing such intolerable pain,
As none but Cæsar could sustain:

Undaunted Cæsar underwent
The malice of their art, nor bent
Beneath whate'er their pious rigour could invent.
In five such days he suffer'd more
Than any suffer'd in his reign before:
More, infinitely more, than he
Against the worst of rebels could decree,
A traitor, or twice-pardon'd enemy.
Now Art was tir'd without success;
No racks could make the stubborn malady confess
The vain insurancers of life,
And he who most perform'd, and promis'd less,
Ev'n Short[3] himself, forsook the' unequal strife.
Death and despair was in their looks;
No longer they consult their memories or books:
Like helpless friends, who view from shore
The labouring ship, and hear the tempest roar,
So stood they with their arms across,
Not to assist, but to deplore
The' inevitable loss.

Death was denounc'd, that frightful sound,
Which e'en the best can hardly bear:
He took the summons void of fear,
And, unconcern'dly, cast his eyes around,
As if to find and dare the grisly challenger.
What Death could do he lately tried,
When in four days he more than died.
The same assurance all his words did grace;
The same majestic mildness held its place,
Nor lost the Monarch in his dying face:
Intrepid, pious, merciful, and brave,
He look'd as when he conquer'd and forgave.

[3] The King's physician.

As if some angel had been sent
To lengthen out his government,
And to foretel as many years again
As he had number'd in his happy reign;
So cheerfully he took the doom
Of his departing breath,
Nor shrunk, nor stept aside for Death;
But, with unalter'd pace, kept on,
Providing for events to come
When he resign'd the throne.
Still he maintain'd his kingly state,
And grew familiar with his fate:
Kind, good, and gracious, to the last,
On all he lov'd before, his dying beams he cast.
Oh, truly good and truly great,
For glorious as he rose, benignly so he set!
All that on earth he held most dear,
He recommended to his care,
To whom both Heaven
The right had given,
And his own love bequeath'd supreme command:
He took and press'd that ever-loyal hand,
Which could in peace secure his reign,
Which could in wars his power maintain;
That hand, on which no plighted vows were ever vain.
Well, for so great a trust, he chose
A prince who never disobey'd,
Not when the most severe commands were laid;
Nor want nor exile with his duty weigh'd;
A prince on whom, if Heaven its eyes could close,
The welfare of the world it safely might repose.

That king who liv'd to God's own heart,
Yet less serenely died than he:

Charles left behind no harsh decree,
For schoolmen with laborious art
To save from cruelty:
Those for whom love could no excuses frame
He graciously forgot to name.
Thus far my Muse, though rudely, has design'd
Some faint resemblance of his godlike mind;
But neither pen nor pencil can express
The parting brother's tenderness:
Though that's a term too mean and low;
(The bless'd above a kinder word may know;)
But what they did and what they said,
The Monarch who triumphant went,
The militant who staid,
Like painters, when their heightening arts are spent,
I cast into a shade.
That all-forgiving King,
The type of Him above,
That inexhausted spring
Of clemency and love,
Himself to his next self accus'd,
And ask'd that pardon which he ne'er refus'd,
For faults not his, for guilt and crimes
Of godless men, and of rebellious times;
For an hard exile, kindly meant,
When his ungrateful country sent
Their best Camillus into banishment[4]; [consent.
And forc'd their sovereign's act, they could not his
Oh how much rather had that injur'd chief
Repeated all his sufferings past,
Than hear a pardon begg'd at last,
Which given, could give the dying no relief!
He bent, he sunk beneath his grief!

[4] The Duke of York had been banished into Flanders.

His dauntless heart would fain have held
From weeping, but his eyes rebell'd :
Perhaps the godlike hero in his breast
Disdain'd, or was asham'd to show
So weak, so womanish a woe,
Which yet the brother and the friend so plenteously confess'd.

Amidst that silent shower the royal mind
An easy passage found,
And left its sacred earth behind ; [sound,
Nor murmuring groan express'd, nor labouring
Nor any least tumultuous breath ;
Calm was his life, and quiet was his death ;
Soft as those gentle whispers were
In which the' Almighty did appear ;
By the still voice the prophet knew him there.
That peace which made thy prosperous reign to shine,
That peace thou leav'st to thy imperial line,
That peace, oh happy Shade, be ever thine !

For all those joys thy restoration brought,
For all the miracles it wrought,
For all the healing balm thy mercy pour'd
Into the nation's bleeding wound,
And care that after kept it sound ;
For numerous blessings yearly shower'd,
And property with plenty crown'd ;
For freedom still maintain'd alive,
Freedom, which in no other land will thrive,
Freedom, an English subjects sole prerogative,
Without whose charms e'en peace would be
But a dull quiet slavery ;

For these, and more, accept our pious praise;
'Tis all the subsidy
The present age can raise;
The rest is charg'd on late posterity:
Posterity is charg'd the more,
Because the large abounding store,
To them, and to their heirs, is still entail'd by thee.
Succession, of a long descent,
Which chastely in the channels ran,
And from our demi-gods began,
Equal almost to time in its extent;
Through hazards numberless and great
Thou hast deriv'd this mighty blessing down,
And fix'd the fairest gem that decks the' imperial crown.
Not Faction, when it shook thy regal seat,
Not senates insolently loud,
(Those echoes of a thoughtless crowd)
Not foreign or domestic treachery
Could warp thy soul to their unjust decree.
So much thy foes thy manly mind mistook,
Who judg'd it by the mildness of thy look;
Like a well-temper'd sword it bent at will,
But kept the native toughness of the steel.

Be true, O Clio, to thy hero's name;
But draw him strictly so,
That all who view the piece may know
He needs no trappings of fictitious fame:
The load's too weighty; thou may'st choose
Some parts of praise, and some refuse:
Write, that his annals may be thought more lavish than the muse.

In scanty truth thou hast confin'd
The virtues of a royal mind,
Forgiving, bounteous, humble, just, and kind:
His conversation, wit, and parts,
His knowledge in the noblest, useful arts,
Were such, dead authors could not give;
But habitudes of those who live,
Who, lighting him, did greater lights receive:
He drain'd from all, and all they knew;
His apprehension quick, his judgment true;
That the most learn'd, with shame, confess
His knowledge more, his reading only less.

Amidst the peaceful triumphs of his reign,
What wonder if the kindly beams he shed
Reviv'd the drooping arts again,
If Science rais'd her head,
And soft Humanity, that from Rebellion fled?
Our isle, indeed, too fruitful was before,
But all uncultivated lay
Out of the Solar Walk and Heaven's high way;
With rank Geneva weeds run o'er,
And cockle, at the best, amidst the corn it bore:
The royal Husbandman appear'd,
And plough'd, and sow'd, and till'd;
The thorns he rooted out, the rubbish clear'd,
And blest the' obedient field;
When, straight, a double harvest rose,
Such as the swarthy Indian mows,
Or happier climates near the line,
Or Paradise, manur'd and drest by hands divine.

As when the new-born phœnix takes his way,
His rich paternal regions to survey,

Of airy choristers a numerous train
Attends his wondrous progress o'er the plain;
So, rising from his father's urn,
So glorious did our Charles return.
The' officious Muses came along,
A gay, harmonious quire, like angels, ever young:
The Muse, that mourns him now, his happy triumph
sung.
Even they could thrive in his auspicious reign,
And such a plenteous crop they bore
Of purest and well-winnow'd grain,
As Britain never knew before.
Though little was their hire, and light their gain,
Yet somewhat to their share he threw;
Fed from his hand, they sung and flew, [dew.
Like birds of Paradise, that liv'd on morning
Oh, never let their lays his name forget!
The pension of a prince's praise is great.
Live then, thou great Encourager of arts,
Live ever in our thankful hearts;
Live blest above, almost invok'd below,
Live, and receive this pious vow,
Our patron once, our guardian-angel now.
Thou Fabius of a sinking state,
Who didst, by wise delays, divert our fate,
When Faction, like a tempest, rose
In Death's most hideous form,
Then art to rage thou didst oppose,
To weather out the storm:
Not quitting thy supreme command,
Thou heldst the rudder with a steady hand,
Till safely on the shore the bark did land;
The bark that all our blessings brought, [fraught.
Charg'd with thyself and James, a doubly royal

Oh frail estate of human things,
And slippery hopes below!
Now to our cost your emptiness we know;
(For 'tis a lesson dearly bought)
Assurance here is never to be sought.
The best and best belov'd of kings,
And best deserving to be so,
When scarce he had escap'd the fatal blow
Of faction and conspiracy,
Death did his promis'd hopes destroy:
He toil'd, he gain'd, but liv'd not to enjoy.
What mists of Providence are these
Through which we cannot see!
So saints, by supernatural power set free,
Are left at last in martyrdom to die;
Such is the end of oft-repeated miracles.—
Forgive me, Heaven, that impious thought,
'Twas grief for Charles, to madness wrought,
That question'd thy supreme decree!
Thou didst his gracious reign prolong,
Even in thy saints' and angels' wrong,
His fellow-citizens of immortality;
For twelve long years of exile borne,
Twice twelve we number'd since his blest return:
So strictly wert thou just to pay,
Even to the driblet of a day,
Yet still we murmur, and complain
The quails and manna should no longer rain:
Those miracles 'twas needless to renew;
The chosen flock has now the Promis'd land in view.

A warlike prince ascends the regal state,
A prince long exercis'd by Fate:
Long may he keep, though he obtains it late!

Heroes in Heaven's peculiar mould are cast;
They, and their poets, are not form'd in haste:
Man was the first in God's design, and man was
False heroes, made by flattery so, [made the last.
Heaven can strike out, like sparkles, at a blow;
But, ere a prince is to perfection brought,
He costs Omnipotence a second thought.
With toil and sweat,
With hardening cold, and forming heat,
The Cyclops did their strokes repeat,
Before the' impenetrable shield was wrought.
It looks as if the Maker would not own
The noble work for his,
Before 'twas tried and found a masterpiece.

View then a monarch ripen'd for a throne!
Alcides thus his race began,
O'er infancy he swiftly ran;
The future god, at first, was more than man:
Dangers and toils, and Juno's hate,
Ev'n o'er his cradle lay in wait,
And there he grappled first with Fate:
In his young hands the hissing snakes he prest;
So early was the deity confest:
Thus, by degrees, he rose to Jove's imperial seat;
Thus difficulties prove a soul legitimately great.
Like his, our hero's infancy was tried;
Betimes the Furies did their snakes provide,
And to his infant arms oppose
His father's rebels, and his brother's foes;
The more opprest, the higher still he rose:
Those were the preludes of his fate,
That form'd his manhood, to subdue
The hydra of the many-headed hissing crew.

As after Numa's peaceful reign
The martial Ancus did the sceptre wield,
Furbish'd the rusty sword again,
Resum'd the long-forgotten shield,
And led the Latins to the dusty field:
So James the drowsy Genius wakes
Of Britain, long entranc'd in charms,
Restiff, and slumbering on its arms:
'Tis rous'd, and with a new-strung nerve the spear
already shakes.
No neighing of the warrior-steeds,
No drum, or louder trumpet, needs
To' inspire the coward, warm the cold;
His voice, his sole appearance, makes them bold.
Gaul and Batavia dread the' impending blow;
Too well the vigour of that arm they know;
They lick the dust, and crouch beneath their fatal
foe.
Long may they fear this awful prince,
And not provoke his lingering sword,
Peace is their only sure defence,
Their best security his word.
In all the changes of his doubtful state,
His truth, like Heaven's, was kept inviolate:
For him to promise is to make it fate.
His valour can triumph o'er land and main:
With broken oaths his fame he will not stain,
With conquest basely bought, and with inglorious
gain.

For once, O Heaven! unfold thy adamantine Book.
And let his wondering senate see,
If not thy firm immutable decree,
At least the second page of strong contingency,

Such as consists with wills originally free:
Let them with glad amazement look
On what their happiness may be;
Let them not still be obstinately blind,
Still to divert the good thou hast design'd,
Or with malignant penury
To starve the royal virtues of his mind.

Faith is a Christian's and a subject's test;
Oh give them to believe, and they are surely blest!
They do; and, with a distant view, I see
The' amended vows of English loyalty:
And all beyond that object there appears
The long retinue of a prosperous reign,
A series of successful years,
In orderly array, a martial, manly train.
Behold e'en to remoter shores
A conquering navy proudly spread;
The British cannon formidably roars,
While, starting from his oozy bed,
The' asserted Ocean rears his reverend head,
To view and recognize his ancient Lord again,
And, with a willing hand, restores
The faces of the main.

BRITANNIA REDIVIVA:

A Poem on the Prince,

BORN 10TH JUNE, 1688.

Our vows are heard betimes, and Heav'n takes care
To grant, before we can conclude, the pray'r;
Preventing angels met it half the way,
And sent us back to praise who came to pray.
Just on the day, when the high-mounted sun
Did farthest in its northern progress run,
He bended forward, and ev'n stretch'd the sphere
Beyond the limits of the lengthen'd year,
To view a brighter sun in Britain born;
That was the business of his longest morn;
The glorious object seen, 'twas time to turn.
Departing Spring could only stay to shed
Her gloomy beauties on the genial bed,
But left the manly Summer in her stead,
With timely fruit the longing land to cheer,
And to fulfil the promise of the year.
Betwixt two Seasons comes the' auspicious heir,
This age to blossom, and the next to bear.
Last solemn Sabbath saw the church attend,
The Paraclete in fiery pomp descend;
But when his wondrous octave[1] roll'd again,
He brought a royal Infant in his train.
So great a blessing to so good a King
None but the' eternal Comforter could bring.

[1] Trinity-Sunday is the octave of Whit-Sunday.

Or did the mighty Trinity conspire,
As once in council to create our sire?
It seems as if they sent the new-born guest
To wait on the procession of their feast;
And on their sacred anniverse decreed
To stamp their image on the promis'd seed.
Three realms united, and on one bestow'd,
An emblem of their mystic union show'd:
The mighty Trine the triple empire shar'd,
As every person would have one to guard.

Hail, Son of Prayers! by holy violence
Drawn down from Heaven; but long be banish'd [thence,
And late to thy paternal skies retire:
To mend our crimes whole ages would require;
To change the' inveterate habit of our sins,
And finish what thy godlike sire begins.
Kind Heaven, to make us Englishmen again,
No less can give us than a patriarch's reign.

The sacred cradle to your charge receive,
Ye Seraphs, and by turns the guard relieve;
Thy father's angel and thy father join
To keep possession, and secure the line;
But long defer the honours of thy fate:
Great may they be like his, like his be late;
That James his running century may view,
And give this son an auspice to the new.

Our wants exact at least that moderate stay:
For see the Dragon winged on his way,
To watch the travail, and devour the prey.
Or, if allusions may not rise so high,
Thus, when Alcides rais'd his infant-cry,
The snakes besieg'd his young divinity:
But vainly with their forked tongues they threat;
For opposition makes a hero great.

To needful succour all the good will run,
And Jove assert the godhead of his son.
  O still repining at your present state,
Grudging yourselves the benefits of fate,
Look up, and read in characters of light
A blessing sent you in your own despite.
The manna falls, yet that celestial bread,
Like Jews, you munch, and murmur while you feed:
May not your fortune be like theirs, exil'd,
Yet forty years to wander in the wild;
Or if it be, may Moses live at least,
To lead you to the verge of promis'd rest.
  Though poets are not prophets, to foreknow
What plants will take the blight, and what will grow;
By tracing Heaven, his footsteps may be found:
Behold! how awfully he walks the round!
God is abroad, and, wondrous in his ways,
The rise of empires and their fall surveys:
More (might I say) than with an usual eye,
He sees his bleeding church in ruin lie,
And hears the souls of saints beneath his altar cry.
Already has he lifted high the sign[2]
Which crown'd the conquering arms of Constantine:
The moon[3] grows pale at that presaging sight,
And half her train of stars have lost their light.
  Behold another Sylvester[4], to bless
The sacred standard, and secure success;
Large of his treasures, of a soul so great,
As fills and crowds his universal seat.

[2] The Cross.
[3] The Crescent of the Turks.
[4] Pope Sylvester.

Now view at home a second Constantine[5];
(The former, too, was of the British line)
Has not his healing balm your breaches clos'd,
Whose exile many sought, and few oppos'd?
O! did not Heaven, by its eternal doom,
Permit those evils that this good might come?
So manifest, that e'en the moon-ey'd sects
See whom, and what, this Providence protects.
Methinks, had we within our minds no more
Than that one shipwreck on the fatal ore[6],
That only thought may make us think again,
What wonders God reserves for such a reign.
To dream that Chance his preservation wrought,
Were to think Noah was preserv'd for nought;
Or the surviving eight were not design'd
To people earth, and to restore their kind.

When humbly on the royal Babe we gaze,
The manly lines of a majestic face
Give awful joy: 'tis paradise to look
On the fair frontispiece of Nature's book:
If the first opening page so charms the sight,
Think how the' unfolded volume will delight!
See how the venerable Infant lies
In early pomp; how through the mother's eyes
The father's soul, with an undaunted view,
Looks out, and takes our homage as his due.
See on his future subjects how he smiles,
Nor meanly flatters, nor with craft beguiles;
But with an open face, as on his throne,
Assures our birthrights, and assumes his own.
Born in broad day-light, that the' ungrateful rout
May find no room for a remaining doubt;

[5] King James II. [6] The Lemmon Ore.

Truth, which itself is light, does darkness shun,
And the true eaglet safely dares the sun.
  Fain would the fiends have made a dubious birth[7],
Loth to confess the Godhead cloth'd in earth:
But sicken'd, after all their baffled lies,
To find an heir-apparent in the skies:
Abandon'd to despair, still may they grudge,
And, owning not the Saviour, prove the Judge:
  Not great Æneas stood in plainer day,
When the dark mantling mist dissolv'd away;
He to the Tyrians show'd his sudden face,
Shining with all his goddess-mother's grace:
For she herself had made his count'nance bright,
Breath'd honour on his eyes, and her own purple [light.
  If our victorious Edward[8], as they say,
Gave Wales a prince on that propitious day;
Why may not years, revolving with his fate,
Produce his like, but with a longer date?
One who may carry to a distant shore
The terror that his fam'd forefather bore.
But why should James, or his young hero stay
For slight presages of a name or day?
We need no Edward's fortune to adorn
That happy moment when our Prince was born:
Our Prince adorns this day, and ages hence
Shall wish his birth-day for some future prince.
  Great Michael, prince of all the' ethereal hosts,
And whate'er inborn saints our Britain boasts;
And thou, the' adopted patron[9] of our isle,
With cheerful aspects on this infant smile:
The pledge of Heaven, which, dropping from above
Secures our bliss, and reconciles his love.

7 Alluding to the temptations in the wilderness.
8 Edward the Black Prince, born on Trinity-Sunday.
9 St. George.

Enough of ills our dire rebellion wrought,
When to the dregs we drank the bitter draught;
Then airy atoms did in plagues conspire,
Nor did the' avenging angel yet retire,
But purg'd our still-increasing crimes with fire.
Then perjur'd plots, the still-impending test,
And worse—but charity conceals the rest:
Here stop the current of the sanguine flood;
Require not, gracious God! thy martyr's blood;
But let their dying pangs, their living toil,
Spread a rich harvest through their native soil:
A harvest ripening for another reign,
Of which this royal Babe may reap the grain.
Enough of early saints one womb has giv'n;
Enough increas'd the family of Heav'n:
Let them for his and our atonement go,
And reigning bless'd above, leave him to rule below.
Enough already has the year foreshow'd;
His wonted course the sea has overflow'd,
The meads were floated with a weeping spring,
And frighten'd birds in woods forgot to sing:
The strong-limb'd steed beneath his harness faints,
And the same shivering sweat his lord attaints.
When will the minister of wrath give o'er?
Behold him at Arauna's threshing-floor[10]!
He stops, and seems to sheathe his flaming brand,
Pleas'd with burnt incense from our David's hand.
David has bought the Jebusite's abode,
And rais'd an altar to the living God.
Heaven, to reward him, make his joys sincere:
No future ills nor accidents appear
To sully and pollute the sacred infant's year.

10 Alluding to the passage in the first book of Kings, chap. xxiv.

Five months to discord and debate were given;
He sanctifies the yet remaining seven.
Sabbath of months! henceforth in him be bless'd,
And prelude to the realm's perpetual rest!
  Let his baptismal drops for us atone;
Lustrations for offences not his own.
Let conscience, which is interest ill disguis'd,
In the same font be cleans'd, and all the land baptiz'd.
Unnam'd as yet, at least unknown to fame,
Is there a strife in Heaven about his name;
Where every famous predecessor vies,
And makes a faction for it in the skies?
Or must it be reserv'd to thought alone?
Such was the sacred Tetragrammaton[11].
Things worthy silence must not be reveal'd;
Thus the true name of Rome was kept conceal'd,
To shun the spells and sorceries of those
Who durst her infant majesty oppose.
But when his tender strength in time shall rise
To dare ill tongues and fascinating eyes,
This isle, which hides the little thunderer's fame,
Shall be too narrow to contain his name:
The' artillery of Heaven shall make him known;
Crete could not hold the god when Jove was grown.
  As Jove's increase[12], who from his brain was born,
Whom arms and arts did equally adorn,
Free of the breast was bred, whose milky taste,
Minerva's name to Venus had debas'd;
So this imperial Babe rejects the food
That mixes monarchs' with plebeian blood;

11 Jehovah: unlawful to be pronounced by the Jews.
12 Pallas.

Food that his inborn courage might control,
Extinguish all the father in his soul,
And, for his Estian race, and Saxon strain,
Might reproduce some second Richard's reign.
Mildness he shares from both his parents' blood:
But kings too tame are despicably good:
Be this the mixture of this regal child,
By nature manly, but by virtue mild.

Thus far the furious transport of the news
Had to prophetic madness fir'd the Muse;
Madness ungovernable, uninspir'd,
Swift to foretel whatever she desir'd.
Was it for me the dark abyss to tread,
And read the book which angels cannot read?
How was I punish'd when the sudden blast[13],
The face of Heaven and our young Sun o'ercast!
Fame, the swift ill, increasing as she roll'd,
Disease, Despair, and Death, at three reprises told:
At three insulting strides she stalk'd the Town,
And, like Contagion, struck the loyal down.
Down fell the winnow'd wheat; but mounted high,
The whirlwind bore the chaff, and hid the sky.
Here black Rebellion shooting from below,
(As earth's gigantic brood by moments grow)
And here the sons of God are petrified with woe:
An apoplex of grief! so low were driven
The saints, as hardly to defend their Heaven.

As when pent vapours run their hollow round,
Earthquakes, which are convulsions of the ground,
Break bellowing forth, and no confinement brook,
Till the third settles what the former shook;

13 A false report of the Prince's death.

Such heavings had our souls; till, slow and late,
Our life with his return'd, and faith prevail'd on
Fate,
By prayers the mighty blessing was implor'd,
To prayers was granted, and by prayers restor'd.
So ere the Shunamite[14] a son conceiv'd,
The prophet promis'd, and the wife believ'd.
A son was sent, the son so much desir'd;
But soon upon the mother's knees expir'd.
The troubled seer approach'd the mournful door,
Ran, pray'd, and sent his pastoral staff before,
Then stretch'd his limbs upon the child and mourn'd,
Till warmth, and breath, and a new soul return'd.
Thus Mercy stretches out her hand, and saves
Desponding Peter sinking in the waves.
As when a sudden storm of hail and rain
Beats to the ground the yet unbearded grain,
Think not the hopes of harvest are destroy'd
On the flat field, and on the naked void:
The light, unloaded stem, from tempest freed,
Will raise the youthful honours of his head;
And, soon restor'd by native vigour, bear
The timely product of the bounteous year.
Nor yet conclude all fiery trials past;
For Heaven will exercise us to the last;
Sometimes will check us in our full career
With doubtful blessings, and with mingled fear;
That, still depending on his daily grace,
His every mercy for an alms may pass;
With sparing hands will diet us to good;
Preventing surfeits of our pamper'd blood.
So feeds the mother-bird her craving young
With little morsels, and delays 'em long.

[14] In the second book of Kings, chap. iv.

'True, this last blessing was a royal feast;
But where's the wedding-garment on the guest?
Our manners, as religion were a dream,
Are such as teach the nations to blaspheme.
In lusts we wallow, and with pride we swell,
And injuries with injuries repel;
Prompt to revenge, not daring to forgive,
Our lives unteach the doctrine we believe.
Thus Israel sinn'd, impenitently hard,
And vainly thought the present ark their guard[15];
But when the haughty Philistines appear,
They fled, abandon'd to their foes and fear;
Their God was absent, though his ark was there.
Ah! lest our crimes should snatch this pledge away,
And make our joys the blessings of a day!
For we have sinn'd him hence, and that he lives,
God to his promise, not our practice, gives;
Our crimes would soon weigh down the guilty scale,
But James, and Mary, and the Church prevail.
Nor Amalek can rout the chosen bands[16],
While Hur and Aaron hold up Moses' hands.
By living well, let us secure his days,
Moderate in hopes, and humble in our ways.
No force the free-born spirit can constrain,
But charity and great examples gain.
Forgiveness is our thanks for such a day;
'Tis godlike, God in his own coin to pay.
But you, propitious Queen! translated here,
From your mild Heaven, to rule our rugged sphere
Beyond the sunny walks and circling year;
You, who your native climate have bereft
Of all the virtues, and the vices left;

15 1 Sam. iv. 10. 16 Exod. xvii. 8.

Whom piety and beauty make their boast,
Though beautiful is well in pious lost;
So lost as star-light is dissolv'd away,
And melts into the brightness of the day;
Or gold about the regal diadem,
Lost to improve the lustre of the gem;
What can we add to your triumphant day?
Let the great gift the beauteous giver pay:
For should our thanks awake the rising sun,
And lengthen as his latest shadows run,
That, though the longest day, would soon, too soon be done.
Let angels' voices with their harps conspire,
But keep the' auspicious infant from the choir:
Late let him sing above, and let us know
No sweeter music than his cries below.

Nor can I wish to you, great Monarch! more
Than such an annual income to your store;
The day which gave this Unit, did not shine
For a less omen, than to fill the Trine.
After a Prince an Admiral beget;
The Royal Sovereign wants an anchor yet.
Our isle has younger titles still in store,
And when the' exhausted land can yield no more,
Your line can force them from a foreign shore.

The name of Great your martial mind will suit;
But Justice is your darling attribute:
Of all the Greeks 'twas but one hero's[17] due,
And in him Plutarch prophesied of you:
A prince's favour but on few can fall,
But justice is a virtue shar'd by all.

Some kings the name of Conquerors have assum'd,
Some to be great, some to be gods presum'd;

[17] Aristides. See his life in Plutarch.

But boundless power and arbitrary lust
Made tyrants still abhor the name of Just;
They shunn'd the praise this godlike virtue gives,
And fear'd a title that reproach'd their lives.
The power from which all kings derive their state,
Whom they pretend, at least, to imitate,
Is equal both to punish and reward;
For few would love their God unless they fear'd.
Resistless force and immortality
Make but a lame, imperfect deity:
Tempests have force unbounded to destroy,
And deathless being e'en the damn'd enjoy;
And yet Heaven's attributes, both last and first,
One without life, and one with life accurst:
But Justice is Heaven's self, so strictly he,
That could it fail, the Godhead could not be.
This virtue is your own; but life and state
Are one to Fortune subject, one to Fate:
Equal to all, you justly frown or smile;
Nor hopes nor [illegible] our steady hand beguile;
Yourself our [illegible] hold, the world's our isle.

END OF VOL. I.

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